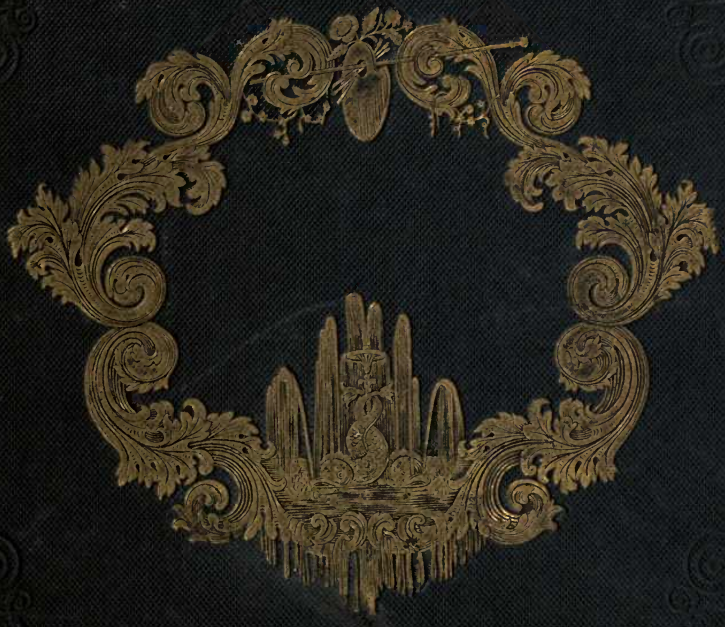

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THE LITTLE GLEANER.

New

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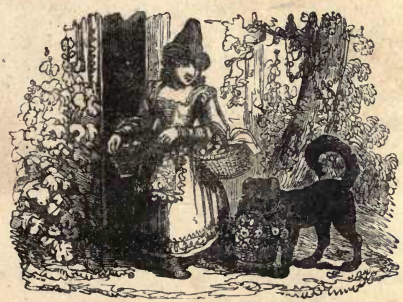
TALES AND NARRATIVES,

For the Entertainment and Instruction of Young People.

EDITED BY MRS. CHARLES CECIL.

WITH FINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS.



Dorothy and her Dog.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY RENSHAW AND KIRKMAN;

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

W. J. Sears, Printer, 4, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

CONTENTS.

MY BROTHER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS GREENWOOD.

Boy, love thy sister: how she loveth thee,
Well that embrance, and well that look expresses;
Guarding from harm thy helpless infancy.
Be not forgetful of her young caresses:
When added years reverse the tender duty,
Guard thou, as fondly, her defenceless beauty.

Oh never, then, let thy affection sleep,
But promply pour it forth whene'er she needeth;
As oft she will,—for we are born to weep;
And, ah! most oft the gentlest spirit bleedeth,
Since treachery and foul wrong usurped dominion,
Where love alone once plied his downy pinion.

As in thy lap her little store of flowers,
Fragrant and fair, disdaining selfish pleasure,
Without reluctance or reserve she pours:
So know thy gen'rous after-love no measure,
On her conferring, or with her dividing,
The bounties Heaven is evermore providing.

Boy, love thy sister: let not her soft eye
Be dimmed with tears at thy ungrateful coldness:
Add to her joys—swift to her rescue fly,
When danger threats—and with that look of boldness,
Stand forth her champion. Of her tenderness
In childhood think, and shield her from distress.

THE FORGOTTEN WORD.

It is an eve of summer; the glad sky
Smiles on the slumbers of the tranquil earth
As a fond mother gazes on the babe,
Asleep upon her bosom.

At the door
Of yonder cottage sits a peasant-girl—
A fair, pale girl,—and, cradled on her knee,
A younger child is sleeping; in her hand
A book informs us that the studious maid
Hath stolen from labour's claims this evening hour
For reading and reflection.

Patient child!
Thine image, sculptured by the graver's hand,
May teach full many a lesson—may reprove
The thoughtless sluggard in Acquirement's path,
And rouse him to exertion; or may cheer
The faint and weary student who, like thee,
Must steal from sterner duties all the time
He dares devote to study; and thy look
May cheer thy youthful learner in his task,
And bid him not relax to climb the steep
Where Fame's proud temple soars.

Thou gentle girl!
Thy task is self-requiting, and the toil
Becomes, indeed, a pleasure. Fare thee well!
Thy studious look, and meek, up-gazing eye,
Shall dwell mid Memory's treasures, and shall beam
O'er many an hour of study and of thought—
The cheering spirit of my waking dream.

DOCILITY.

BY MRS. C. S. HALL.

My gentle girl, thine eye is mild,
  But beaming with intelligence;
As if to show, though yet a child,
  How well may sweetness blend with sense.
From books, with information fraught—
At once the nurse and child of thought—
The mind will take its tinge at length,
And grow more lovely as it gathers strength.

But, ah! there may be found in books,
  Lessons that tempt the heart to roam;
And the good girl, before she looks,
  Consults the elders of her home:
They point to wisdom's page and show,
The more we read, the more we know
Of Him, through whom we feel and see—
Of Him whose words were, "CHILDREN, come to me!"

My gentle girl, thy thoughts are pure
  As the first dew-drop of the spring;
Oh, may thy peace of mind endure,
  Through ills that many winters bring!
Thou canst not hope to pass through life,
Unsought by care, unscathed by strife;
But if thine eye with grief grow dim,
Thy Heavenly Father bids thee trust in him.

Oh, trust in Him, when young and gay!
  "Sow in thy youth, to reap in age;"
And "*keep* thy feet in wisdom's way:"—
  Such are the maxims of the sage.
So shall thy moral beauty give
A charm that with thy life shall live;
So shall thy mind be firm as truth,
And thy heart flourish in eternal youth.

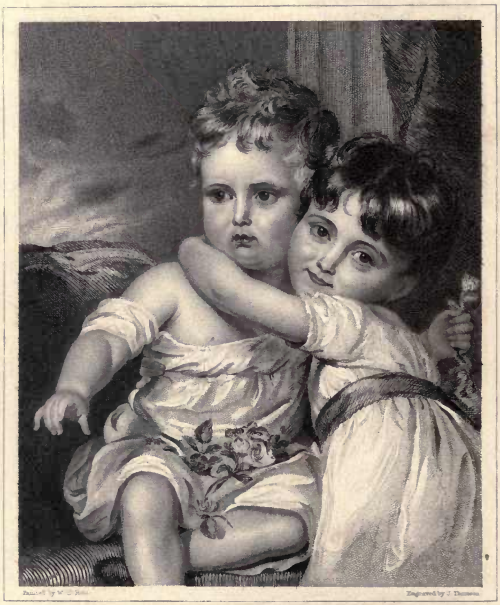
THE LOST CHILD.

A PERSON travelling in America describes a sermon he heard in the following manner:—The preacher read the parable of the prodigal son, and when he came to these words, 'and when he saw him afar off, he ran, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him,' he stopped. 'This,' said he, 'is my text.' I had heard it preached on a hundred times. I thought I could preach a sermon on it myself; but even his manner of reading it told me he had discovered something in this passage of scripture that was new to me. He proceeded to illustrate the love which our heavenly Father bears to his disobedient children, from the affection manifested by parents towards their offspring, in all circumstances, even when disobedient and unnatural in their conduct; and the joy they experience when they return to their duty. I felt that I had never heard the subject handled in so interesting and feeling a manner; and my reflections involuntarily took a retrospect of my early life, and I taxed my memory for an unkind look, word, or action, towards the dear authors of my being; I felt an assurance that those around me were similarly engaged. There was a peculiar solemnity pervading the whole audience; some eyes began to moisten; I felt my own do so likewise. 'But,' says the preacher, 'I will tell you a story. In the year 1821, I was stationed in Ohio. You know, my friends,' said he, 'there are extensive woods in that part of the state. In places there are no dwellings within miles of each other; and animals of prey are often seen there. One evening, late in autumn, a few of the neighbours were assembled around me in one of those solitary dwellings, and we had got well engaged in the worship of God, when it was announced that the child of a widow was lost in the wood

It was cold, and the wind blew, and some rain was falling. The poor woman was in agony, and our meeting was broken up. All prepared to go in search of the lost child; the company understood the business better than I did, for they had been bred in these extensive *barrens;* and occurrences like the present are, probably, not unfrequent among them. They equipped themselves with lanterns and torches, for it was quite dark, and tin horns to give signals to different parts of the company when they should become widely separated. For my part, I thought duty required that I should take charge of the miserable woman; she was nearly frantic, and as time permitted her to view her widowed and childless condition, and the circumstances of the probable death of her child, her misery seemed to double upon her. She took my arm; the company divided into parties; and, taking different directions, we commenced the search. The understanding was, that when the child should be found, a certain *wind* of the horn should be made, and that all who should hear it should repeat the signal; in this way all the company would receive the information. The prospect of finding a lost child in these extensive forests would, at any time, be sufficiently discouraging. The difficulty must be greatly increased by a dark rainy night. We travelled many miles, and to a late hour; at length we became satisfied that further search would be unavailing; and all but the mother determined to return home. It was an idea she could not for a moment endure. She would hear of nothing but further search. Her strength, at last, began to fail her, and I prevailed on her to return to her abode. As she turned her face from further search, and gave up her child as lost, her misery was almost too great for endurance. 'My child,' said she, 'has been deavoured by a wild beast; his little limbs have been torn asunder; and his blood been drunk by the hideous monster;'—and the idea was agony. As she clung to my arm, it seemed as if her heart-strings would break. At times I had almost to support her in my arms to prevent her from falling to the earth. As we proceeded on our way back, I thought I heard, at a great distance, the sound of a horn. We stopped and listened; it was repeated; it was the concerted signal; the child was found. 'And what,' said the preacher, 'were the feelings of the mother? —'my child was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.''

It was too much. The whole assembly burst into an involuntary gush of tears. Some sobbed outright, and others attempted, in vain, to conceal their emotions. 'Such,' said the preacher, 'are the feelings of your heavenly Father, when he sees his disobedient and wandering children returning to him, when even afar off.'

In some valleys of the Alps (kingdom of Wirtemberg) and in particular in that called Lauterthal, the rearing of snails has been carried to a large scale. Towards the end of June they are gathered on fields and in forests by children and the poor people, and sold by the hundred to the snail mongers for from four to five creuzers (five to seven farthings.) They are then put in large grass gardens, and fed, in rainy weather, with cabbage leaves and other vegetables. When they shut themselves in the month of September, they are sent down the Danube to Vienna and Hungary. Many of the snail-mongers carry more than 80,000 with them. They are sold in the winter for two or three florins the hundred.



MY BROTHER.

BOYS AND GIRLS AT SEA;

OR, TALES OF A VOYAGE, FOR STAY AT HOME TRAVELLERS.

"The topsail shivers in the wind,
The ship she drifts to sea."

It was a delightful spring morning when Mr Chelmer and his family, having arrived from Philadelphia a few days before, embarked in the steam-boat Nautilus to join the vessel that was to convey them from New York to London. As their absence was to be but short, the pain of parting from their friends in Philadelphia very soon subsided. They were disposed to think lightly of the probable inconveniences of the voyage, and to anticipate much enjoyment from their visit to Europe. The children, particularly, were in high spirits, and very impatient to find themselves on board the ship and the voyage actually commencing.

Charles Chelmer and his sisters Sophia and Emily were all remarkably handsome, and much resembled each other. They had beautiful features, blooming complexions, and well-proportioned figures. Their dark brown hair cut closely behind, curled gracefully on their fine foreheads, and their eyes of the deepest blue were equally expressive of sweetness and intelligence. Charles was sixteen, Sophia fourteen, and little Emily had just entered her eighth year.

In addition to their own children, Mr. and Mrs. Chelmer had the care of Matilda Massingham, a young lady from Virginia, whose age was about fifteen. Her father had in his youth resided several years in Philadelphia, during which time he became acquainted with Mr. Chelmer, and had since corresponded with him. Her mother's family was connected by marriage with some relations of Mrs. Chelmer. Mr. Massingham was owner of a large tobacco plantation, and a great number of slaves; but having a numerous family to provide for, he was induced to accept the offer of a brother settled in England, who proposed to adopt Matilda, as he had no children of his own, and had requested that she might be sent to London to complete her education under the superintendence of his wife, an English lady.

Matilda Massingham was a tall, thin girl, with very light hair and very light eyes, a fair skin inclining to freckle, and small, insignificant features. She had been taught by an extremely foolish mother to consider herself a beauty, and had been dressed like a woman, and taken to balls and parties from her earliest childhood. She was attended by a black girl, named Phillis, who had been brought up with her, and treated sometimes as a companion and sometimes as a slave, according to the whims of her young mistress.

In little more than an hour, the steam-boat was alongside of the ship, which was waiting at Staten Island for the passengers, and the Chelmer family soon found themselves safely deposited on the deck of the fine vessel that was to be their habitation for the next four or five weeks.

Matilda, who had visited the ship a few days before, when she lay at the wharf, expressed much dissatisfaction on finding the elegant silk damask curtains and rich Brussels carpets all removed, and curtains of chintz and common

ingrain carpets substituted in their places. The captain explained to her, that, during the voyage, the furniture was liable to be damaged by the waves occasionally breaking over the ship, and the salt water running down into the cabin, and that it was also exposed to other accidental injuries. For this reason, it is always the custom to remove and put away the most costly articles before the vessel goes to sea.

Matilda, who was a very forward girl, replied rudely, "that she thought it was cheating the passengers, to show them the ship elegantly fitted up while she lay in the harbour, and then to make them perform the voyage with inferior carpets and curtains." The captain smiled, and saying that he believed it was generally understood by the passengers that such was the arrangement in all the packets that sailed between America and Europe, he left her and went on deck.

Mrs. Chelmer, with the assistance of Sophia, selected as much of their baggage as they would require on the voyage, and arranged it in their state-rooms, for so are called the little sleeping apartments on ship-board. The remaining trunks were deposited in the steerage, a place in the middle of the ship, where the luggage is stowed away, and where the inferior grade of passengers (who cannot afford to pay the cabin price) sleep and eat. Mrs. Chelmer and Emily were to share one of the state-rooms that opened into the ladies' cabin, and Sophia and Matilda occupied another; while Mr. Chelmer and Charles had a room in the dining cabin. There was just as many passengers as could be accommodated with convenience, and no more.

Matilda (who had called Phillis to attend to her things,) was much out of humour on finding that all her numerous trunks and boxes were not to remain in the cabin. She declared that she should want every article in them before the voyage was over, and that she was not going to make a fright of herself because she was at sea, being determined to dress exactly as she did on shore. "I wonder," said she to Sophia, "how you and your mother can think of disfiguring yourselves for four or five weeks with those black China-crape frocks, and the black silk calashes you have provided for the voyage. As to Emily she is but a child, and it is no matter what she wears. And your father and Charles, how will they look in their grey jackets and their blue cloth caps?"

"I suspect," replied Sophia, "that before a week has elapsed, you will regret having refused my mother's offer of equipping you with dresses similar to her's and mine. She has been at sea before, and knows the convenience of being drest in the simplest manner possible, and of wearing nothing that is easily spoiled, or that requires a long time to arrange.

When their state-rooms were fixed, the ladies went on deck, where they found Mr. Chelmer talking to another gentleman, and Charles seated with Emily on one of the benches at the head of the cabin stairs, (called the companion way,) and explaining to his little sister the process of getting the ship under way.

"Oh! Sophia," exclaimed Emily, "Charles has been telling me that the ship is held fast and prevented from moving by a large iron thing called an anchor, such as we have often seen in pictures, and which has a cable (a very strong thick rope) fastened to it. Some cables are made of a heavy iron chain. When the captain wishes the ship to stop in a river or bay, he orders an anchor to be thrown out, and the anchor sticks down in the mud or sand at the bottom of the

water. Sometimes it requires two or three anchors to hold a ship fast. When the captain intends the vessel to sail, or to get under way, as they call it, the sailors wind up the anchor by the windlass. This is what they are doing now."

Charles. Look, look towards the head of the ship, and you will see the anchor hanging suspended over the water. See, they are just drawing it up.

Matilda. What do you call the head?

Charles. The head is the front or forepart of the ship. The bows, as the sailors say. The back part of the vessel is the stern. The cabin is at the stern. In the middle is the steerage, where passengers of the lower class are accommodated. Forward, or near the head of the ship is the forecastle, where the sailors live, and down below all, is the hold, where the cargo is deposited.

Emily. And by what names are the three masts of the ship distinguished?

Charles. The one nearest to the head of the vessel is called the fore-mast. That in the middle is the main-mast, and that nearest the stern is the mizen-mast.

Sophia. The mizen-mast goes up through the dining cabin.

Emily. Oh! Sophia, just look at the sailors standing on those round smooth pieces of wood that go across the masts.

Charles. Those are called the yards. You see the sails are fastened to them.

Emily. Yes. The sailors are now untying the strings that keep the sails tucked up tight to the yards.

Sophia. That is, that the sails may be loosened and spread out to catch the wind, which will fill them and make the ship go.

Emily. Oh: I am so much afraid those poor sailors will fall! See how they walk and stand, and kneel, and lean over the yards as fearlessly as if they were down on the floor of the deck. And some, while they are untying the sails, have nothing to put their feet on but a single rope. See, there are three or four almost at the very top of the masts. I wonder their heads are not dizzy. Look! look! how they run up and down those dangerous rope-ladders.

Charles. Those rope ladders are called the shrouds.

Matilda. For my part, I care not what they are called. I see no use in explaining or understanding all those things. I take interest in nothing that concerns a ship except the cabin. I intend to be on deck as little as possible.

Emily. Well: I like to know as much as I can about every thing.

The anchor was now up and deposited in its place at the bow. The sails were shaken out, and rustled in the breeze which was soon to fill them. The tide was favourable, and in a short time the vessel passed the light-house at Sandy Hook, and was at sea before the bell rang for dinner.

Seated at a long table which was covered with a variety of excellent dishes, the passengers all seemed to enjoy the favourable commencement of their voyage. The wind being fair, the ship went steadily on, and there was none of that rolling, tossing motion which causes sea-sickness. When they came on deck after dinner, the heights of Never-sink had assumed the blue tint of distance, and seemed rapidly receding from the sight. A boat came along-side in which the pilot took his departure, having safely brought the ship out of the harbour. Nearly all the passengers charged the pilot with farewell letters to their friends, which he was to put into the post-office on his return to New York.

Several of the ladies shed tears as the pi[illegible]

descended into the boat, and the gentlemen all shook hands with him. He seemed to be the last connecting link between them and the country they were leaving, and whose shore had now faded into a dim, dark line along the edge of the western horizon.

At sunset the land had entirely disappeared, and nothing was visible all around but the vast, unbounded ocean, with the clear blue sky and the bright long rays of the evening star sparkling in the west.

"And now," said Charles, "we are really at sea."

"Hail! thou multitudinous ocean!"

During the night the wind increased, and becoming more easterly, there was a great deal of motion in the vessel. Before morning all the ladies were very sea-sick, and also several of the gentlemen. Mr. Chelmer, however, felt no symptoms of this most annoying disorder, and in a few hours Charles had perfectly recovered. Mrs. Chelmer and her daughters bore their sickness extremely well, and made great exertions to assist Matilda, whose groans and lamentations were most melancholy to hear. She screamed at every roll of the ship, and though she had at first chosen the upper berth, she insisted now on being removed to the under one, lest she should fall out. She would not allow her maid Phillis to go to bed, but ordered her to sit up with her all night, though the poor girl suffered much more from sickness than her young mistress did. At last, Mrs. Chelmer, whose compassion was much excited, dismissed Phillis to her sleeping place, saying she would herself attend on Miss Massingham. This was no easy task, and Matilda bitterly lamented that she had ever undertaken the voyage, and when Mr. Chelmer came into the cabin, to see how they all were, she foolishly insisted on his desiring the captain to go back to New York and put her on shore again, declaring that it would be impossible for her to live to get to England.

Next morning none of the ladies were well enough to appear at the breakfast table, but before noon little Emily's sickness was entirely gone, and Charles had no difficulty in persuading her to accompany him on deck. He assisted her carefully to the staircase, and as the ship rolled, they found their various slips and stumbles, and the difficulty they had in keeping their feet, rather amusing than otherwise.

Emily looked round, and saw not the glimpse of any thing like land; only the world of waters beneath them, and the clouds above their heads. The colour of the sea had changed from green to dark blue. It is always blue at a considerable distance from land. Charles held Emily up to look over the side of the vessel, which was ploughing her way through the foaming waves, throwing her spray from her bows, and leaving a long white track of froth behind her. Emily was much interested in watching the billows, which seemed to chase each other till their curling tops burst into foam. Her father showed her some sea gulls flying so low that their white wings almost dipped into the water, and a multitude of porpoises swimming at a distance, in a shoal which extended as far as the eye could reach. They are a large coarse fish with a head shaped something like that of a hog. Sometimes one would playfully spring out of the water, and tumble into it again with a great splash.

Several days passed on with much sameness.

Once, on a sudden roll of the ship, Emily would have been precipitated head foremost down the cabin stairs, had she not been caught by a sailor that was standing near, receiving some orders from the mate, and who hastily started forward and saved her from falling. This man, Charles afterwards informed her, was called Tom White, and he was his favorite of all the crew. Being a Yankee *, and of course very expert at working in wood, Tom White made in some of his leisure moments a very pretty wooden bowl, plate, fork and spoon, which he commissioned Charles to present to his little sister. Emily was delighted with these things. She put them away in a box, and was as careful of them as Matilda professed to be of her trinkets.

In the course of a week all the passengers were again in good health and spirits, except Matilda, who continued sick because she would not make the slightest exertion to be otherwise. She lay all the time in her berth, with poor Phillis sitting beside her, or going every hour to the steward to ask for something which Matilda had taken a fancy to eat, and which must immediately be prepared for her. Somtimes she wanted a pork steak, sometimes a peice of plumb cake; sometimes a mutton chop, and then a plate of figs; sometimes a fried chicken, and then a custard or a slice of broiled ham; sometimes coffee, sometimes lemonade, and sometimes chocolate. Of these various thing she generally ate heartily, and then got sick again. Never was there a more troublesome passenger than this forward and perverse girl. Mrs. Chelmer, finding that Matilda's sickness was protracted by her lying constantly in bed, and eating and drinking improperly, at last insisted on her making an exertion to go on deck, one day when the weather was fine, and the sea perfectly calm.

But Matilda refused to be seen in the cabin or on deck unless she was handsomly dressed, and as she said that after her hair was pinned up it would be several hours before the curls could be opened, her appearance in public had to be postponed till next morning.

Accordingly, that night she managed to sit up in bed while Phillis pinned up her curls, and next morning the pins were taken out, the curls loosened, and the great business of dressing commenced; but it was not over in less than two hours. The captain then conveyed her up the cabin stairs, and she appeared on deck in a white muslin frock profusely decorated with insertion trimming and worked flowers, a pink guaze scarf, and a leghorn hat, ornamented with gauze ribbon and roses. Her stays were laced so tight that she could scarcely breathe, and her feet were squeezed into shoes that were too small for them. Her style of dress was so entirely different from that of the other ladies and so ill-suited to the place, and she looked so conceited and so affected, that it was scarcely possible to avoid smiling as she took two or three turns up and down the deck, languidly leaning on the captain's arm, and then threw herself into a chair, declaring she was nearly dead with fatigue.

However, as there was no motion in the ship, and as Matilda really felt better for breathing the fresh air, she was persuaded to remain on deck till dinner-time. But in the course of the morning her beautiful scarf became very much daubed with tar, the lower flounce of her frock was sadly nibbled by the ship goat, and one of her white kid gloves, which she had taken off while eating an orange, was nearly devoured by

* This term, when used by an American, means a native of New England.

the same mischievous animal. These accidents much discomposed her, and she beat the goat so severely with her parasol that poor Nanny never ventured to approach her again during the remainder of the voyage.

It was a lovely day, the sky was without a cloud, the sea was calm and smooth as a mirror, and various fishes and sea insects were swimming round the ship. Charles got a bucket with a long rope fastened to it, and amused himself by letting it down into the water to see what he could fish up. He caught a bead-fish, which was about a foot long, clear as an icicle, and with a dozen eyes dispersed at equal distances from head to tail. He also brought up in the bucket a medusa or sea-nettle, which looked like a cake of yellowish jelly. Charles had heard that the medusa, on being touched, caused a stinging sensation like a vegetable nettle, and he was going to put his finger on it, when Emily caught his hand, and begged him to desist. "My dear little sister," said Charles, "do you think I cannot bear a trifling pain to satisfy my curiosity? I know that it will sting my hand, but I should like to ascertain exactly how it feels. I have heard it described, but there is nothing like one's own experience." So saying, he laid his finger on the medusa, and held it there for about a minute, but the pain was very severe, and it caused for a short time considerable redness and inflammation. Charles, however, bore it with great composure, and joined the gentlemen in laughing at his experiment; but the tears came into the eyes of the tender-hearted little Emily.

"How calm, how beautiful is the sea," said Charles, "how delightful it would be to bathe in this clear smooth water." Just as he spoke, Mr. Chelmer told him to look towards the stern, and he would see something that would totally destroy his inclination for bathing.

He then pointed out to the children a monstrous shark which was swimming near the ship, and opening his enormous mouth with its three rows of teeth, in pursuit of a small fish which glided rapidly before him. The little fish suddenly displayed a pair of wings, rose from the sea, and flew out of sight. The children were delighted with the opportunity of seeing a flying fish, and even Matilda seemed to take some interest in so singular a spectacle.

In the afternoon Mr. Chelmer conducted his daughters all over the ship, and explained to them the various parts of the vessel, and their respective uses. On this expedition, Matilda would not accompany them, saying she had no desire to clamber up and down ladders, and poke into dark holes and corners, at the risk of tearing and soiling her frock, or knocking her hat against the low ceilings.

When they came on deck again, the girls were much terrified to see Charles ascending the shrouds of the main-top-gallant-mast. Emily began immediately to scream, and Mrs. Chelmer, who had just come out of the cabin, called to him to descend immediately. "If he chooses to risk his life," said Matilda, who was sitting quietly on deck, "let him take the consequences. I am sure I have had no idea of screaming after him." "Oh, Matilda," exclaimed Sophia, "Charles is not your brother. But see, he is coming down, as soon as he heard my mother call him."

"My dear," said Mr. Chelmer to his wife, "to a strong active boy, with firm nerves and a steady head, the danger of going aloft is not so great as it appears to be, particularly when the weathe is as calm as it now is. I have frequently, in

former voyages, been at the mast head myself, and I assure you it is an exploit which any one of our sex (above the age of childhood) ought to be equal to. You see how the sailor boys run up the shrouds?" "But they are accustomed to it," said Sophia. "Some time must be the first," observed Mr. Chelmer.

Charles had now safely descended to the deck, and apologised to his mother and sisters for alarming them, saying "he had hoped to have finished his tour above, before they had come up from theirs below." "I can assure you," said Matilda, "he has done even worse than you have seen, for he crossed over from one mast to another by a single rope, which hung suspended like a festoon. He reminded me of a man I saw at the circus, clinging to a slack rope."

The calm continued nearly all day. As the sun declined, nothing could be more splendid than its reflection on the water, which was now slightly rippled by a light breeze. As

"The white sails caught the evening ray.
The waves beneath them seemed to burn."

A sunset at sea is a glorious sight, as there is nothing to intercept the view. The sun, broad and dilated, descends till it touches the line where the western sky meets the western ocean. There it appears to rest awhile on the lowest verge of the horizon, and then it slowly seems to sink into the sea, leaving behind it a streak of crimson light which gradually fades away as the stars come out.

"Their march is o'er the mountain waves."

In the course of the night a mass of heavy clouds gathered in the north-east, the wind sprang up right a-head, and before morning it blew a violent gale.

Matilda's terrors entirely banished her sea-sickness, and she lay in her berth declaring she would not leave it again till the voyage was over. One moment she screamed at the rolling of the ship, the next she cried out that she was sicker than ever. At intervals she fretted for ripe strawberries, and wished herself back in Virginia, that she might get some.

None of the Chelmer family were sick again, and very few of the other passengers, so that, notwithstanding the storm, the breakfast table was nearly as well attended as usual. The repast, however, was not a very comfortable one. The ship rolled so much that the waves frequently broke over her side, and the water pouring down through the insterstices of the sky-light, it had been necessary to put on the hood or cover. This made the cabin so dark, (the windows being closed also,) that the lamp which hung over the table was lighted at breakfast-time.

The breakfast went on with great difficulty. The passengers had to hold their plates in their hands as well as their cups, and frequently both cup and plate fell, while the holder was saving himself by catching at the back of the settee. Suddenly a tremendous wave came pouring down the stairs, and swept every thing off the table, leaving the cabin floor several inches deep in water. The company, to avoid the wet, jumped on the chairs and settees, and some scrambled up to the bulk head, for so is called the broad sort of shelf which goes under the cabin windows. Charles, who sat near the stairs, was completely drenched.

The passengers, though startled at first, could not help smiling at the grotesque attitudes in which they saw each other. Some still kept in

their hands forks with pieces of meat on them, others held egg-cups upside down, the egg streaming over their clothes. One gentleman grasped tightly in both hands a plate of hot muffins, and several had their mouths full of salt water. Broken cups and plates, eggs, pieces of meat and bread, lumps of sugar, pats of butter, and various other breakfast materials were swimming and melting about the floor: streams of sea-water were dripping from the table-cloth. There was much exclamation, and the shrieks of Matilda from the ladies' cabin added greatly to the noise.

She was sitting up in her bed, eating her breakfast which Phillis held for her: the door of her room was open, when a sudden and violent pitch of the vessel tossed her out of her berth, and poor Matilda continued rolling over the floor till she found herself at the foot of the stairs deluged in the water which had just poured down there. Mr. Chelmer and a young gentleman ran to her assistance, and soon found, that though very much frightened she was not hurt. They carried her to her apartment, but when she passed the looking-glass that hung over the sofa, and which she had a habit of looking into that no disaster could conquer, she stopped, transfixed with horror at the deplorable figure she made. The water was streaming from the ends of her sleeves and from the hem of her wrapper, her cap had fallen off, and hung round her neck by its strings: her comb was broken in half: her hair, dripping with wet, was dangling over her shoulders: the curls which Phillis had pinned up the night before, were in wretched disorder, the hair-pins having fallen out, and most of them lodged in the collar of her gown and down her back. "To think," she exclaimed to Mrs. Chelmer, who came to Matilda's room to assist her, "to think that I should have been seen such a wretched figure,—I shall never be able to look the gentlemen in the face again; I will stay in England all my life, I will never return to America, I will never go to sea again while I live."

By this time the water was wiped up from the floor, and carried out in a bucket, and some degree of order was restored, but as there was a possibility of a similar accident recurring, the ladies retreated to their own cabin, and took refuge in their berths, where they spent a most tedious day; as the motion of the ship made it difficult for them to read, Sophia got into Emily's berth, and very kindly amused her little sister by telling her stories, and relating various amusing anecdotes.

Charles ventured several times on deck, being unwilling, as he said, to lose the opportunity of witnessing so grand and awful a spectacle as a storm at sea. The waves were tremendously high, and followed each other with a fury which seemed irresistible. The sky was entirely obscured with clouds, and a heavier and darker mass was coming up from the north-east. As the wind rose, the swell of the waves increased, till the whole ocean looked as if covered with foam. The vessel carried very little sail, but the straining of the masts, the creaking of the timbers, and the whistling of the wind through the rigging, made a combination of melancholy sounds. As the ship rolled from side to side, she seemed alternately to sink into a deep valley between two mountains of water, which appeared nearly as high as the mast-head, and to rise upon them as they went down till she looked as if riding on their tops. It was not till a wave dashing over the deck carried off a hencoop, that Charles, whose whole attention was absorbed in

the scene before him, found it was better for him to quit deck.

The night set in, dark, dreary, and with the storm increasing. The gentlemen all assembled in the dining cabin; some who had never been at sea before, testified much uneasiness; others who had witnessed storms still greater, made light of this. The captain, wrapped in his great coat, remained on deck calling to the men through his speaking-trumpet, and as the storm grew louder, the shouting, running, and trampling over head was almost terrific to those below.

As usual on such occasions, the conversation in the cabin turned principally on shipwrecks, and various appalling tales were recounted on this melancholy subject.

One gentleman, who had frequently been at sea, related that he was once wrecked on some rocks near a small island in the West Indies. They saw the people on the shore, but the surf was so high and the breakers so tremendous, that no boat could be sent out to their assistance. The crew were all night clinging to the wreck, expecting every moment to be washed away. Fortunately they had on board a large Newfoundland dog, and in the morning they put one end of a rope in the dog's mouth, and directed him to swim to the shore with it, the other end being made fast to the vessel. The faithful and sagacious animal completely succeeded in the experiment. He soon reached the land, buffeting the billows with the most unshrinking courage. The people on the beech then took the rope, and held it firmly, while the crew one by one worked themselves along it, till they all reached the shore in safety. Just as the last man jumped on the beech, the vessel went to pieces

Charles, who was extravagantly fond of dogs, was so delighted with this anecdote, that he could not forbear going to the door of the ladies cabin and petitioning for admittance, that he might immediately relate it to his sisters. When he had done telling it, the girls made many inquiries as to what he had seen on deck. They were not much alarmed at the storm, as their father had assured them that there was no real danger, the ship being in every respect a good one, and the captain an excellent seaman, and the whole crew expert and orderly.

Emily said, she hoped that none of the poor sailors were aloft that dreadful night, and when Charles replied that several of them were in that dangerous situation, and that in a storm it was absolutely necessary that some of the crew should be thus exposed, she shuddered at every howl of the blast, and at every roll of the ship. But her brother consoled her by the assurance that sailors were so accustomed to going aloft in dark nights, that they could manage to do so with little or no difficulty, and that from practice and dexterity they rarely missed their footing.

However, as soon as Charles had left the cabin, little Emily knelt in her bed, and clasping her hands, prayed earnestly that God would not allow any of the poor sailors to fall into the sea, particularly Tom White.

"Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds.

Towards morning the storm abated, and in the course of the following day it entirely subsided, so that the ladies could again venture on deck, though there was still considerable motion in the ship, as after a severe gale it is generally a long time before the waves settle, or before the sea goes down, as the sailors call it. But the sun

was bright, and every thing looked cheerful.—The attention of all on board was soon attracted by a whale which was seen at a distance, spouting up water from his nostrils, and throwing aside the foam as he proceeded through the waves.

Next day, there was a fine fair wind, and early in the morning Charles ran down to inform his sisters that they were going nine knots an hour. He seldom failed to be present at the throwing out of the log line, by which the speed of the vessel is ascertained, and which is always done by one of the mates. He had also learned to take an observation with the quadrant, and he taught little Emily the points of the compass,

"That oracle to man in mercy given,
Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from Heaven."

The wind continued fair, the vessel made rapid progress, and in a few days they approached the banks of Newfoundland, which lie near an island of the same name, and are famous for their extensive cod fisheries. Here they saw many land birds flying about, and the water again looked green. They passed two fishing boats, from which they got thirty fresh cod, in exchange for some beef, pork and cigars. These were sufficient to feast the whole crew, as well as the passengers.

Matilda, hearing that land was not far off, immediately summoned Phillis to commence dressing her, supposing that of course the passengers were all going on shore; and she was much disappointed when Mrs. Chelmer told her that American ships, on their way to Europe, never stop at Newfoundland, and rarely approach near enough to discern the coast.

Two days after they passed the banks, the atmosphere became excessively cold, and the captain thought they were approaching an iceberg. "What is an ice-berg?" asked Matilda. "It is an immense mass or rock of ice," replied Sophia, "which in the spring is loosened from the coasts of Green-land, or other northern regions, and floats down into warmer latitudes." "Well, I do not want to see it," said Matilda, "I hate all curiosities."

Very soon an ice-berg appeared at a distance. When far off it resembled a white cloud, but as it came nearer, it looked like an immense rock. The cold became so intense that the ladies did not find their shawls warm enough, and went down to get their cloaks. Sophia tried to persuade Matilda, (who was now quite well,) to come on deck and see the ice-berg. This she at first refused, but after Sophia had gone up, she recollected that she would now have an opportunity of displaying her rich purple satin cloak, which would appear to great advantage, beside the plain black silk cloak of the Chelmers. She found that this capacious mantle would entirely cover her morning gown. So putting a long white lace veil over her hat, to conceal that her curls were pinned up, she sent for Charles Chelmer to assist her to the deck.

They were soon within a mile of the ice-berg, which was stupendously lofty, nearly as high as the main-mast head. It was broken in the most singular and grotesque forms; some of its pinnacles towering up to a great height above the rest, and others leaning over so far that they looked as if they would fall every moment. Its general colour was a beautiful greenish blue, but as the sun broke from under a cloud, and shone full upon it, it displayed all the various tints of the rainbow. Its numerous summits were covered with snow, which was now melting

and pouring down its sides like cataracts. The children were amazed at the tremendous height of the ice-berg, but Mr. Chelmer told them that there was very probably five times as much of it below the surface of the water as above.

The ship was kept off from the ice-berg, as they are dangerous on account of their suction, or propensity to draw the vessel towards them.

The captain related that he was once very near being knocked to pieces between two ice-bergs. The ship was drawn into the current between them. They approached nearer to each other, and it appeared so certain that they would meet and crush the vessel, that the captain and crew abandoned her and took to the long-boat. When, just as they had cleared themselves from the ship, a sudden gust of wind blew the ice-bergs apart in different directions, and the crew returned to the vessel, which thus escaped uninjured.

In spite of her elegant cloak, the cold soon induced Matilda to return to the cabin, and the chilliness of the atmosphere continued long after they had lost sight of the ice-berg.

Next day the weather was delightfully pleasant, and unusually warm for the season. The wind was still fair, and the vessel seemed almost to fly through the water. In the evening the passengers remained on deck till long after dark, watching the sparkling foam which seemed to play round the ship like liquid fire, and there were various discussions among the gentlemen as to the cause of the luminous appearance of the sea at night, when

> "Awaked before the rushing prow,
> The mimic fires of ocean glow,
> Those lightnings of the wave."

> "For her there's a story in every breeze,
> And a picture in every wave."

The following day they saw a ship, which was evidently laying her course to the west, and which the captain immediately pronounced to be an American vessel. As there was a probability of the two ships very soon passing each other, most of the passengers adjourned to the cabin to finish letters which they had been writing at their leisure, in case of meeting a vessel on her way to America.

Sophia ran down to try and persuade Matilda to come and see the strange ship, but Matilda said she would not go on deck unless she was dressed, and it was now too warm to envelope herself in her cloak.

When Sophia returned to the deck, the strange vessel was coming on very fast, and when quite near she displayed American colours.

The two ships were soon alongside, and the two Captains went to the quarter railing with their speaking trumpets, through which they accosted each other. The strange vessel was found to be a packet returning to Philadelphia from Liverpool.

Mutual enquiries having been made and answered, the letters were all tied together, and the ends of the twine were drawn through a hole made in a large potatoe, the weight of which was to prevent the parcel from being blown into the sea. The packet was then pitched on board the Philadelphia ship, and two letters for London were in the same manner thrown on the deck of the New York vessel. The latest news from England and America having been exchanged through the speaking trumpets, the captains took their leave, the ships passed rapidly on, and in a short time lost sight of each other.

Among the other letters, was one which Emily

rejoiced in having finished the day before, so that it was quite ready to be fastened to the potatoe with the rest, and thrown on board the Philadelphia ship. It was her first attempt at letter-writing, and addressed to her cousin, Harriet Williams.

Dear Harriet,

We are now at sea. We look all round and see nothing but water every where. The land of America we have left far behind us, and the land of England is still so distant that we may not come to it for several weeks.

At night when I lie in my berth under my mother's, and hear the waves rushing along the side of the vessel so very near me, I often think, suppose the boards were to get loose, and the water pour in and drown me. Sometimes it makes so much noise that I really think it must begin to pour in, till my mother convinces me that there is no danger. And then at night, when the wind blows hard, there is such a trampling and running over-head, and such a shouting, and such a creaking and swinging of things backward and forward, as the ship rolls from side to side.

The rolling of the ship is a very bad thing, though it sometimes makes us laugh. Often, when we are walking across the cabin, we have to save ourselves from falling by catching at the chairs, table, doors, or any thing we can get hold of; and going up stairs is very bad indeed.

But what I most wonder at is, that the poor sailors can climb up the masts, and stand out on the yards, when the ship is rolling as if she would fall over every moment. Would you believe, Harriet, that they go aloft, as they call it, in the night as well as in the day; yes, and in dark stormy nights too; and still not one of our sailors has yet fallen into the sea.

I pity the poor sailors very much. They work very hard, and the worse the weather, the more they have to do. And when they get wet with the waves that sometimes dash over the deck, they cannot immediately go down and change their clothes, as Charles does. Pulling so much at the hard ropes makes their hands almost as rough as iron, and they are often daubed with tar. The sailors have no soft bread to eat, but only a sort of biscuit, which is so hard that I cannot bite it, though Charles says he likes it very well. They boil their tea in tin cans, and their dinners are salt beef or salt pork with dried beans and peas. I do not believe they ever have a dessert. I often wish they could taste of some of the nice pies and puddings we have in the cabin, and particularly the plum cake. At the cabin-table there is always plenty of wine and porter and lemonade, but the poor sailors have nothing to drink but nasty grog.

However, in spite of all their sufferings they seem pleasant and good-humoured; I often hear them singing and whistling. There is one very good sailor, named Tom White, though he cannot be called handsome. He saved me from falling down the cabin stairs, and has made me a very pretty wooden bowl, and also a plate, fork and spoon. They are really beautiful: so very nicely finished. I will show them to you as soon as I return to Philadelphia.

One day when there was a calm, and the ship could not sail for want of wind, several of the sailors were whistling to call up the breeze. That is, they thought if they whistled the wind would arise. This is certainly very foolish. I

should have supposed that men who had seen so much of the world would have had more sense.

The calm was very beautiful. The water was perfectly smooth, and as the sun shone on it, it looked of all colours, blue and green and purple and gold. Still, though there was not a breath of wind, and no waves, the sea was all the time heaving slowly up and down.

Afterwards came a storm which was very dreadful, and much like the storms in Robinson Crusoe, only that our ship was not wrecked. When I see you I will tell you a great deal more about it, and I will also describe to you the beautiful glittering ice-berg which made us all so cold.

We have a goat on board, and a dear little white kid, which I love very much indeed,—I even hug and kiss it. The goat gives us milk for our tea and coffee, and that is the way in which ships are supplied with milk. We have also sheep and pigs, and long coops full of turkeys, geese, ducks, and fowls, some of which are killed every day for dinner. But I take care never to know any thing about the killing.

The kitchen is called the caboose, and is a little wooden house on the deck. I wonder how the cook, who is a black man, can get so much cooking done in so small a place, for it is scarcely larger than a closet. The steward generally makes the pies and puddings in the pantry, and one day my mother made a very large plum pudding. We all helped by way of amusement. My mother beat the eggs and prepared the spice, Charles chopped the suet, Sophia stoned the saisins, and I picked the currants, and did not put a single one into my mouth. The pudding was very good indeed, and made none of us sick, though I was allowed to eat two slices.

Dear Harriet, I must now leave off, as my paper is entirely full. This letter is to be put on board the very first ship that we meet on her way to America, and as there is no knowing at what moment we may see such a ship, I wish to fold it, and seal it, and have it quite ready.

Your affectionate cousin,

EMILY CHELMER.

"When on a clear and cloudless night
The moon shall pour her level light,
And tremble on the silver sea."

The next evening was so warm and beautiful, that all the passengers remained on deck till a late hour.

Emily had volunteered to take a long sleep in the afternoon, that she might be allowed to sit up that evening and see the moonlight, and even Matilda consented to stay on deck. Suddenly a distant ship, which they had discerned before sun-set, crossed like a dark spot the flood of light that glittered on the ocean, and came out with her topsails tinted with the resplendent ray.

"How beautiful!" was the general exclamation.

"I am always delighted," said Sophia, "to see a ship even at a distance. I wish we could meet one every day."

"I once crossed the Atlantic," said Mrs. Musgrave, a lady who was going to London to join her husband, "at a time when we all dreaded the sight of a ship."

Sophia. I do not understand how a ship can ever be an object of terror.

Charles. Oh! I do. It must have been in

time of war. And the fear was of being taken by the enemy.

Sophia. Or of having an engagement; that must be worst of all.

Emily. And did you often meet ships, Mrs. Musgrave, at the same time you were so much afraid of them?

Mrs. Musgrave. Not often. But we met one with which we actually had an engagement.

Sophia. An engagement! a sea fight! Dear Mrs. Musgrave have you actually been in a battle?

Charles. Oh, Mrs. Musgrave, how I envy you. Do tell us how it was. Do describe it to us.

Matilda. I believe I will go down stairs. If Mrs. Musgrave is going to tell about wounds, and blood, and killing, and all such disagreeable things, I shall get quite sick.

Mrs. Musgrave. Do not be afraid, Miss Massingham. Though I was really in a ship during an engagement, I had no opportunity of witnessing any of the horrors you speak of.

Sophia. Oh, Mrs. Musgrave, be kind enough to tell us what you did see and hear.

Emily. Dear mother, it is a warm pleasant evening, and I am very wide awake. Shall I not sit up, till Mrs. Musgrave has told us about the battle? Only think of a lady being in a sea-fight.

Mrs. Musgrave. I was then a girl but twelve years old.

Emily. So young! I wonder you did not die with fear.

Matilda. And have you recollected it ever since?

Mrs. Musgrave. The impressions of childhood are generally lasting, and I happen to be blest with a most excellent memory. So remarkable an event in the life of a very young girl was not likely to be forgotten; and for many years afterwards I occasionally heard my parents relate particulars of this engagement, so that it was impossible I should not have a correct idea of it.

Charles. Dear Mrs. Musgrave, we are all attention.

"The sun, just arisen, illumined the deep,
Our ship skimm'd the surface with prosperous gale,
When the boatswain aroused our companions from sleep,
And proclaim'd the approach of an enemy's sail."

"I MUST first inform you," said Mrs. Musgrave, "that the engagement, of which you wish to hear a description, took place at a time when war was expected between France and America, and when both nations had begun to capture each other's ships whenever they could. Our family had lived seven years in London, and on our return to Philadelphia we embarked in a very large vessel which had been an English East-Indiaman, but had been purchased by American merchants for the American India trade. This ship had thirty guns, and a gun deck like a frigate. She was of great size; and exclusive of the cabins below, had a cabin on the upper deck, from which we walked in and out without having occasion to go up or down stairs.

Emily. How very convenient!

Mrs. Musgrave. This place, which was called the round house, was very plainly furnished. It had no carpet: there was a long dining-table with a locker on one side, and two green settees on the other, and some common green chairs. But its other equipments were of a very warlike

description. Over the doors were boarding pikes and hatchets or tomahawks. Round the mizen mast was arranged a circle of muskets. The walls were decorated with swords, placed across each other, with a pistol in every angle. At each end of the room was a large arm-chest, filled with cutlasses and pistols.

Matilda. What a horrid place! I never could have eaten my dinner in it.

Mrs. Musgrave. Opening into the dining cabin were two large state rooms; one occupied by the captain and another gentleman, the other by our own family. Our apartment was sufficiently spacious to hold two large beds, placed end to end, a table, a sofa, and a piano. It had three windows, and a back door opening into the stern gallery, which was a fine balcony projecting over the water, and enclosed with venetian shutters.

Sophia. That stern gallery must have been delightful to sit in, and read or work, or look out at the sea.

Mrs. Musgrave. It was certainly a very pleasant and convenient place, and having a roof and shutters was secure from the weather. We had a tedious voyage down the British channel, in consequence of storms and contrary winds, and the morning after we lost sight of land, a large armed ship was discovered with the dawn, steering the same course, and evidently in chase of us. The sailors guessed her at once to be a French ship, and the captain being immediately called up, confirmed the suspicion as soon as he saw her. As she sailed much faster than we did, and was evidently gaining on us, our commander seeing that an engagement was inevitable, determined to lay to and wait for her, that the event might be decided at once. The boatswain piped all hands, that is, he blew the little silver whistle (which hung by a chain to his buttonhole,) in a manner which denoted that all the crew were to come on deck. Orders were given to prepare for action immediately.

The captain sent our family a message, informing us of what was apprehended, and requesting us to rise as soon as possible. Our alarm, as you may suppose, was very great; and looking out of the stern gallery, we saw the French ship coming directly after us. We were all dressed in a few minutes and hastened pale and trembling into the dining room. There we found the arm chest thrown open, and several boys engaged in carrying out the pistols and cutlasses, and placing them in piles on the deck, that they might be at hand if required. The steward, however, was very calmly laying the table for breakfast.

We went to the cabin doors, and saw the captain pacing the deck with his spy-glass in his hand; sometimes giving orders to the mates, and sometimes reconnoitring the enemy. The decks had, as usual, been washed that morning with the engine, and every thing seemed to go on with great order and very little noise. Above the sides of the ship (which were extremely high) were double nettings, between which the men were stuffing their hammocks as a defence against musket balls. The hammocks which had been brought up for this purpose, were lying on the deck, and explained the boatswain's call of " up all hammocks ahoy!

We looked down the main hatch-way, and saw the sailors clearing the gun deck that they might have ample space to work the guns. On this deck were two large state rooms, and several small ones. From these apartments the beds, trunks, and every article of furniture had been removed, as there was a large gun in each.

Emily. What! a cannon!

Mrs. Musgrave. Yes; a cannon.

Matilda. I would rather die at once, than sleep in a room that had a cannon in it.

Mrs. Musgrave. Yet one of these rooms was occupied by a family with three children, and there were two children in another.

However, to proceed. When the breakfast bell rang, the captain and the other gentlemen sat down, and made their repast with great apparent composure. The ladies could eat nothing, but to pacify the fears of the children, they assumed an appearance of calmness which they did not feel. As soon as breakfast was concluded, the captain buckled on his sword, and said with a smile, "Ladies, I must request you to walk down below, till we see what can be done with this Frenchman."

Conducted by some of the gentlemen, we prepared to descend into the hold, which being at the bottom of the ship, and below the water, is the safest place during the seafight. There were six ladies and ten children on board. The gentlemen, generally, staid on deck.

The enemy now displayed her colours; at that time the tri-coloured flag of the French republic, red, blue, and white. Our American ensign was then run up, and the two ships were nearly alongside. The preparations for battle were now completed, and as we passed along the gun-deck, all was awful silence. The men were all in their allotted stations, and they stood by the guns with their jackets off, their shirt sleeves rolled up to their shoulders, and their heads tied up with handkerchiefs. The guns were loaded, the matches were lighted, and they only waited the signal to fire.

Sophia. How dreadfully you must have felt!

Mrs. Musgrave. We did; and I well remember how pale the mothers and children looked. We went down a ladder to the orlop-deck (which is under the gun-deck,) and had great difficulty in getting over the various boxes and bales that impeded our way; for the ship had a full cargo.

At last we came to the hatch-way, through which we were to descend into the hold, which, as we looked down, seemed like a bottomless abyss. A faint light gleamed up from it. There was no way for us to get down, but by a single rope, which was suspended from the edge of the hatch-way. We had to take this rope in both hands, and slip down it as well as we could, till we found ourselves on the casks which were stowed in the bottom of the hold.

Matilda. Ladies and children to slip down a single rope! how could you possibly do such a thing?

Mrs. Musgrave. I can assure you we accomplished it with very little hesitation, and in a very few minutes. So great was our dread of the battle beginning before we were in a place of security, that we scarcely thought of any danger or inconvenience in gliding down the rope; though, at a time of less excitement, we should have found it a most difficult exploit.

Emily. What a dismal place the hold must have been!

Mrs. Musgrave. It was indeed. We found there two women whom we had never seen before. One was the gunner's wife, the other the wife of one of the carpenters. The carpenter's wife looked much frightened; the gunner's wife sat quietly making a muslin cap. A lantern was hanging over her head, and near it a pound of candles. I recollect exclaiming, "Oh! is it expected that we are to stay here till all those candles are burnt out."

The hold was literally paved with casks. We walked on them and sat on them. A canvass

partition separated us from a sort of stable, in which were three horses and three cows, which two English gentlemen were taking over to America.

We had scarcely all got down into the hold, when we heard a gun from the French ship, which was answered by one of ours fired by the captain. The sailors then gave three cheers, and the engagement began by a tremendous broadside from our ship; that is, all the guns on the side next the enemy were fired at once.

Sophia. Oh! what a terrible situation yours must have been!

Matilda. I wonder you did not actually expire with fear.

Mrs. Musgrave. Being under water, we were in little or no danger from the balls of the enemy. But if our vessel had been so shattered as to sink, or if she had caught fire and blown up, nothing could have saved us.

Emily. And how much you must have feared for those that were on deck!

Mrs. Musgrave. Certainly we did. Terror for those whose lives were every moment in danger, was, (after the engagement began) our predominant feeling.

Matilda. And how were you all drest?

Mrs. Musgrave, smiling. We of course wore our usual sea clothes, which undoubtedly that morning were arranged with less care than usual. I do not believe a single curl was pinned up that day.

Sophia. How terribly loud the guns must have sounded. To have had so many cannon firing over your heads.

Mrs. Musgrave. The noise was indeed tremendous, and seemed to shake the ship like an earthquake.

Charles. What size were your guns?

Mrs. Musgrave. They were generally caronades that carried balls weighing twenty-four pounds; therefore they were called twenty-four pounders. What added to the noise, was the frightful bellowing of the cattle that were so very near us, and who being much terrified at the unusual disturbance, struggled to break their fastenings, and we expected every moment that they would get loose, and breaking down the canvass partiton rush in among us.

Emily. And then you would all have been killed, trampled under their feet, and pierced with their horns. O, how shocking! O, the poor little children! I almost cry to hear it.

Mrs. Musgrave. But the boys soon got over their fear, and played at hide and seek among the barrels.

Emily. Boys are afraid of nothing.

Mrs. Musgrave. We were all, however, much startled by the captain's great Newfoundland dog tumbling head foremost down the hatchway, and falling in the midst of us, where he lay for a long time, motionless, and severely hurt. This dog was remarkable for his fondness for guns, and every sort of fire-arms. Whenever he heard a gun fired, he would jump, wag his tail and show every symptom of the most extravagant delight, and then getting out in the main chains at the side of the shiphe would sit there and bark with joy for half an hour. When the gunner was cleaning the muskets, the dognever for a moment quitted his side.

The day of the engagement was a day of jubilee for poor Nero. His transport was unbounded, he leaped round the guns, took the ropes in his mouth, pulled them, and seemed trying to assist the men in working them. Being rather troublesome, and much in the way, some one very roughly took the poor dog and threw

him down hatch-way into the the hold. He was dreadfully bruised, and lay for sometime stunned and insensible. At last he was roused by a tremendous discharge of half the guns at once. He raised his head, barked faintly, then got on his feet, and in fact, during the remainder of the engagement he seemed so much exhilerated by the sound of the cannon as to forget his hurts.

Charles. I never heard of so fine a dog.

Mrs. Musgrave. The engagement had continued for more than an hour, when the firing suddenly ceased, and some of the gentlemen coming down, informed us that the French ship seemed to be much injured by our shot, and had gone off to a considerable distance, it was supposed with the intention of stopping leaks or repairing other damages; but it was evident that she would return and resume the fight. Several of our men had been wounded, but only one killed. We were glad to have a little cessation of noise and terror.

Sophia. You must have been delighted to go on deck again, and breathe the fresh air.

Mrs Musgrave. We were advised to continue below, as there was no knowing how soon the enemy would return, and the difficulty of getting out of the hold was very great.

Matilda. Had you nothing to eat or drink all the time?

Mrs. Musgrave. O, yes; about noon the children were very glad to see the steward swinging down the rope with a basket in his hand, containing biscuit, cheese, several bottles of porter, and a tin drinking cup. We were at first somewhat alarmed at seeing his collar stained with blood, but he explained that his wound was very slight, his neck having been merely grazed by a musket ball that passed closely by it.

Charles. But he had a narrow escape.

Mrs. Musgrave. It was two hours before the French ship was in a condition to renew the attack, which she did with redoubled fury. The supply of water on deck being exhausted, and the men very thirsty from fatigue and heat, one of them frequently came down into the hold to fill a bucket from the water casks that lay there, and from him we always heard how the battle was going on. Once the gunner came to the hatchway and calling to his wife that the cartridges were nearly all gone, desired her to come up to the gun-room and assist the boys in making more. The woman very obediently rose from her seat, folded up her sewing, and had nearly ascended the rope, when her husband called out that she might go back, as two of the gentlenen had volunteered to make cartridges.

Soon after a most terrific broadside was fired from our ship. Expecting that the enemy would return it with interest, we listened with great alarm for the French guns. But there was an awful silence. A few more shots were fired by our men, but none of them were returned. What was our delight when several of the gentlemen came down to tell us that, after receiving our last broadside, the French ship suddenly put about and scudded away as fast as possible. Still our fears that she might again make battle, made us unwilling to venture on deck. At last we were informed that our antagonist was nearly out of sight, and would certainly trouble us no more. Our joy can be better imagined than described.

We then commenced the difficult business of ascending the rope, and it was a much harder task to climb up than to slide down. We were glad when we found ourselves safe on the orlop deck. The gunner came to the hatchway, and when his wife ascended, he shook hands with her.

exclaiming "Well, my girl, we've beat off the Frenchman." This woman, who had shown so much outward composure during the time of danger, now that it was all over, leaned on her husband's shoulder and burst into tears.

Mrs. Chelmer. I have no doubt, she suffered greatly during the whole action, as her husband's life was constantly exposed, but having probably been in such scenes before, she had learnt to command her feelings till the danger was over.

Mrs. Musgrave. As we passed along the gun deck on our return, it looked unusually light and vacant, the various canvas partitions having been torn down, and every thing cleared away in preparing for the engagement. The sailors were all in high spirits, exulting in the fortunate issue of the contest, but lamenting that they had not been able to capture the French ship. She had escaped from us in consequence of her rigging being almost uninjured, while ours was so shattered that it was impossible for us to pursue her.

Mr. Chelmer. The French always fire at the rigging.

Mrs. Musgrave. When we came on deck, our adversary was so far off that she looked like a spot on the verge of the horizon. Our own ship presented a most forlorn spectacle. Our sails were shot all to pieces, and were hanging in tatters from the broken yards. The shrouds were so cut away that it seemed to us impossible that the men could ever go aloft again. The smallest sail that was up on that day, had sixty holes in it, and the long-boat and barge as they lay on deck, were shot through in twenty places. The deck was blackened with powder, and covered with grape-shot, nails, old horse-shoes, and other broken pieces of iron which the French had fired at us to cut our sails and ropes to pieces: These fragments of old iron are tied up in bundles and called langridge. They are put into the cannon, and on being discharged, they separate, and fly about in every direction. The hull of our ship was but little damaged, as the French had directed all their attention to the rigging. I remember being glad to find our two goats frisking about unhurt, though they had been on deck all the time. There were two geese killed in their coops by musket shot.

Matilda. Geese killed in a battle! how funny; I declare I cannot help laughing.

Emily. I do not see much fun in the killing of geese at any time.

Mrs. Musgrave. When we went into the dining cabin and into our state-room, we found every thing exactly as we had left it, no one having apparently been there during the action. The boys were laying the table, and the cook, notwithstanding the battle, had managed to boil a large ham for dinner. Three large Cheshire cheeses, and an extra allowance of grog, were sent to the sailors.

Towards evening, the gentlemen all went on deck to see the burial of the unfortunate man that had been killed. He was sewed up in a sail, with a cannon ball at his feet, to make him sink immediately. He was laid on the deck, the passengers and crew all standing round. One of the gentlemen read the burial service, in a manner that drew tears from the eyes of many of the hearers, and the dead man was lowered down into the sea, where he disappeared immediately. I shall never forget the shudder with which I heard the plunge of the corpse into the ocean.

Sophia. Poor sailor! I hope he had no children to lament his fate.

Mrs. Musgrave. No. But we heard he had a widowed mother in Philadelphia.

Mr. Chelmer. To what port did you go, to get the ship repaired?

Mrs. Musgrave. Our rigging was in so shattered a condition that we could merely drift before the wind, and in this manner we got into Lisbon, which was the nearest port that we could make. There the ship was refitted, and the rigging entirely renewed; during which time the passengers lived in lodgings in the city.

Mr. Chelmer. Did you hear any more of your antagonist?

Mrs. Musgrave. Yes. While we were at Lisbon, two gentlemen came there from Spain. They had been at Corunna when the French ship that had engaged ours, came into that port to repair her damages. She was a very large privateer of thirty guns, and two hundred and fifty men. Her hull was so much shattered in the action, that it was with difficulty she could be kept from sinking. She had thirty men killed, and eighteen wounded.

Charles. Now, Mrs. Musgrave, what else?

Mrs. Musgrave. I believe it is now late enough for us to separate, as I have little more to relate that is worth mentioning.

Charles. But do tell us, Mrs. Musgrave, what was the fate of the poor dog?

Mrs. Musgrave. He was carried up out of the hold, and the captain (with whom he was a great favourite, and who had taken him to sea with him for several years) consigned him to to the care of a doctor who was on board. Every possible remedy was tried to cure his bruises, which were mostly internal; but in vain: the poor dog lingered for a few days, evidently in great suffering, and, as the weather was fine, a bed was made for him in a corner of the deck. He had lain for several hours in a state of insensibility, and it was the opinion of almost every one that he was dead, all attempts to rouse him having failed. The captain, however, doubted it, and was unwilling to have him thrown overboard. Anxious to ascertain if any life yet remained in him, he loaded a pistol, and fired it over Nero's head. The poor animal started instantly on his feet, wagged his tail, and attempted to bark, but immediately dropped down and expired. The captain retired to his room, and was seen no more that evening.

Charles. I do not wonder at it; to lose so fine an animal.

Mr. Chelmer. Poor dog! He certainly "felt his ruling passion strong in death."

Sophia. I am not surprised, Mrs. Musgrave, that you should recollect this engagement so perfectly. I am sure were such an event to happen in my life, I could not forget it if I was to live to be a hundred.

Mr. Chelmer. Ladies and children seldom have an opportunity of knowing personally any thing about a sea-fight.

Mrs. Musgrave. Yes, and a battle, even of little importance in itself, must always be a memorable circumstance in the life of a female.

Mrs. Chelmer. We are all much indebted to Mrs. Musgrave for having described it to us. Come, children, we will now retire.

For England, when with favouring gale
Our gallant ship up channel steered."

A few days now brought them so near the English coast, that it was thought expedient to try for soundings, and the passengers all, with

deep interest, watched the experiment. A sailor stood out on the chains, with a line one hundred and ten fathoms long, and heavy pieces of lead fastened to the end of it. At the bottom of the lead was fixed a piece of tallow, to which the sand might stick, if there was any. The man swung the lead several times round, and then let it run down into the sea. A bottom was found at eighty-five fathoms depth, and when the lead came up the tallow was covered with sand: a most joyful sight. Sophia scraped off a little of the sand, and, laying it on a piece of paper, carried it down to Matilda to show her, as the first specimen of the shore of England. But Matilda coldly said, "I see nothing worth looking at in a few grains of sand."

The colour of the water had now changed from blue to green, as it always does near the coast. They passed several ships, and saw sea-gulls and other marine birds flying about. Immense quantities of sea-weed floated past, and induced Charles to let down his bucket, and he fished up a great deal, some of it was covered with yellowish berries.

Next day they entered the British channel, but keeping in the middle of it, they saw no land on either side. At night, when the ladies were seated at their various occupations round the cabin table, Charles remained on deck, anxiously looking out: as the ship proceeded on her course with a light but favourable breeze, expecting to see the Eddystone light house. In a short time the captain pointed out to him, very far off,

"The dim distant rock, where the light-house fire blazed,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean."

Charles instantly ran down to inform his mother and sisters, and little Emily, who was awakened by their exclamations of joy, begged so earnestly to be permitted to see it, that, by Charles's persuasions, she was allowed to get up, and wrapped in her cloak, with the hood over her head. Charles carried her on deck in his arms, to show her the beacon that indicated the speedy termination of her voyage. He had, in the afternoon, described to her this light-house, built on an insulated and dangerous rock, round which the breakers rage so frightfully, that it is only in calm weather it can be approached by the boats which bring supplies to the men who live there to take care of the light. It was once blown down by a violent storm, and the unfortunate inhabitants perished under the ruins.

On the following morning, they saw the chalky cliffs of Hampshire, looking like white clouds on the edge of the horizon; and shortly after, a pilot-boat came alongside, from whence they took a pilot, who was to have charge of the vessel till she arrived at the entrance of the river Thames. As they proceeded up the channel, some one of the sailors was constantly heaving the lead to ascertain the depth of the water. In the afternoon, the shore was distinctly visible, with its high cliffs of chalk crowned with green fields of the brightest verdure.

Next day they passed Dover, and were struck with the situation of this ancient town, between two lofty chalk hills, one of which literally hangs over the roofs of the houses, and on the summit of the other is a castle, whose antiquity is of so remote a date that it is ascribed to Julius Cæsar. On one of its towers the flag of England was flying. The children gazed with much interest on the first castle they had ever seen, and Mr. Chelmer pointed out to them the stupendous

cliff which Shakspeare has so finely described in his tragedy of King Lear.

On turning their eyes from Dover, they saw the opposite coast of France, also high, white and chalky; and with a glass they had a distinct view of the steeples of Calais. The channel between Dover and Calais is here but twenty-one miles across. "Does it not seem strange," said Mr. Chelmer, "that so narrow a sea should divide two nations whose character, language, manners, and persons should be so essentially different, and whose animosities have always been so bitter that Shakspeare says "their very shores look pale with envy."

A steam-boat passed, on her way from Dover to Calais. She carraid three small sails. When they came to Deal, a town whose harbour is called the Downs, they found a great number of ships, and several large British vessels of war at anchor. Opposite to Deal is a long range of white breakers, dashing most tremendously. Charles, who was well versed in English history and geography, pointed them out to his sisters as the famous Goodwin lands; explaining that they were quicksands always fatal to vessels that were driven upon them; and that they were supposed to terminate the lands of Earl Goodwin, prime minister to Edward the Confessor. Those lands had been overflowed and swallowed up by the sea about eight centuries since. Near these dangerous sands are always anchored two floating beacons, or hulks, with lights.

They soon passed the bathing towns of Ramsgate and Margate, and the North Foreland light-house. The cliffs now sunk into green hills, on which were great numbers of windmills. The fields were of the most beautiful verdure, and divided by hedges.

In a short time they entered the river Thames, and soon arrived at Gravesend. They were now but twenty-two miles from London. Every one began to prepare for going on shore. The trunks were brought out of the steerage, and the business of dressing commenced. Matilda, who had begun her preparations early in the morning, said she was delighted to see the passengers quit their vile sea-dresses, and look once more like civilized beings. She gazed at herself in the glass with much complacency, arrayed in a beautiful purple silk, elegantly trimmed, and a superb lace pelerine.

The boat which was to land them was soon ready, and the passengers stepped gaily into it. They had an early dinner at an inn at Gravesend, and Mr. Chelmer hired a coach and four horses, to convey them to London. They were driven by two postillions dressed in light blue jackets, white hats, and top-boots. They passed through a beautiful and highly cultivated country, and soon came in sight of the dark cloud of smoke that hangs for ever over London. In a short time they saw the great dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, which Charles and Sophia recognised immediately from prints of London, and soon a multitude of steeples became visible.

They entered at the eastern end of the town, and proceeded through what is called the borough of Southwark, where they found the streets generally mean and dirty, and crossing London Bridge, came in view of the Tower, a place which Charles promised himself much pleasure in visiting. "I am sure I do not wish to go with you," said Matilda.

They drove on for awhile through narrow streets crowded with people; the houses being high and gloomy, and the bricks blackened with coal-smoke. Finally, they reached the beautiful west end of the towm, and were delighted

with Oxford Street, so wide, so full of elegant shops, and enlivened with a concourse of well dressed people.

It was night before they arrived at the hotel, where Mr. Chelmer intended staying till they could procure private lodgings, but the streets were so brilliantly lighted with gas, that every object could be discerned as easily, almost, as in the day time.

At the hotel they found elegant rooms, and waiters whose bowing and skipping obsequiousness both surprised and diverted the young Americans, who never saw any thing of the kind on the other side of the Atlantic.

After supper the children retired for the night, with the intention of rising very early to take their first walk in London, but the novelty of finding himself at last in that farfamed metropolis, prevented Charles from closing his eyes till after the clock had struck twelve; and what he saw when he awoke, the sights and curiosities of the great city, would take more room and more time to describe than we have to spare just at present. But his father promised to purchse for him at Lacey's in St. Paul's Church-Yard, "THE YOUTH'S PICTURE OF LONDON," containing an interesting and instructive account of its rise, and progress, and present state; its public buildings, their use, &c; great men—trades — customs—charitable institutions — important societies—shipping—commerce—religion —exhibitions—amusements—and all that can inform the youthful mind, respecting the first City in the world; laid down in an easy and pleasing manner, and illustrated with above thirty plates.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

Found in the trap where he had been confined all night.

O HEAR a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries!

For here forlorn and sad I sit
Within the wiry grate,
And tremble at the approaching morn
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain.

O do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth!

The scattered gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply:
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives,
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE GRASSHOPPER;

A TALE TOLD TO A LITTLE DAUGHTER,

BY JOHN CLARE, THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT.

"Gayer insects fluttering by,
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die."

A GRASSHOPPER, idle the whole summer long,
Played about the tall grass with unthinking delight,
And spent the whole day with his hopping and song,
And sipped of the dew for his supper at night.
Thus night brought him food, and the red rising sun
Awoke him fresh fed to his singing again;
And thus he went on with his frolic and fun,
Till winter winds whistled, and where was he then?

The plain wore no longer the hue of his wing,
All withered and brown as a desert could be;
In vain he looked round for the shelter of spring
Whilst the longest green sprig scarcely reached to his knee.
The rime-feather'd night fell as white as a sheet,
And dewdrops were frozen before they could fall;
The shy creeping sun too denied him his heat:
Thus the poor silly soul was deserted of all.

The Ant had forwarn'd him of what he would be
When he laugh'd at his toil on the parch'd summer plain:
He now saw the folly he then could not see;
But advice ta'en too late is but labour in vain.
If he wish'd to work now, their was nothing to find;
The winter told plain 'twas too late in the day:
In vain he look'd round in the snow and the wind,
Unable to toil, and too sadden'd for play.

He look'd back and sigh'd on his singing and racket,
And employ'd the last hope he had left him, to beg;
So he sought in the woods wither'd leaves for a jacket;
Of a rush he made crutches, and limp'd of a leg.
The winds whistled round him while seeking for pity;
O'er the white crumping snows he went limping along,
Sighing sad at each cottage his sorrowful ditty;
But a song out of season is poverty's song.

The first hut he came to belong'd to a Mouse,
Beneath a warm bank at the foot of a tree,
While dead rush and grass nodded over her house,
And made it as snug as a dwelling could be:
He told his sad tale! and the Mouse, as in fear,
Bade him work for a living and shrank from his sight;
For she at that moment was nibling an ear
Of barley, she stole from a barn over night.

He left and journey'd half hopeless and chill,
And met with a Beetle, that bustled away
To a crack call'd his home, in a sun slanting hill,
And he'd scarce stop to hear what the beggar would say;

Painted by W. Mulready R.A. Engraved by C. Rolls.

THE FORGOTTEN WORD.

Though he held 'neath his arm a huge crumble of bread,
Which a shepherd boy dropp'd on his cold dinner seat;
And well might he haste when from danger he fled,
For his dog had nigh crush'd him to death with its feet.

At the hut of an Earwig he next made a call,
Who crept from the cold in a down-headed thistle,
That nodded and minutely threaten'd to fall,
While winnowing by it the tempest did whistle;
The beggar's loud rappings soon scared her from sleep,
And her bosom for safety did terribly quake;
For she thought it the treading down rustle of sheep,
But slept undisturb'd when she found the mistake.

Hot summer's sweet minstrel, the large humming Bee,
The one that wears clothing of tawny and brown,
Who, early in spring's kindled suns, we may see
Booming round peeping blossoms, and bowing them down,—
Our beggar, though hopeless, resolved to try all,
And came to his hut in an old rotten oak;
The Bee thought it spring, and was glad at the call,
But frown'd a denial as soon as he woke.

He then sought a Ladybird's cottage of moss,
As old summer friends, with as little success;
And told his misfortunes to live by the loss:
She pitied;—but pity's no food for distress.

A Chrysalis dwelt on the back of dead leaves,
In a palace of silk, and it gladden'd his heart,
But wealth rarely sleeps without dreaming of thieves;
So she kept the door bolted, and bade him depart.

In a long hollow keck by the side of the road,
As tall as in summer, though wither'd and old,
A long-legged Shepherd had ta'en its abode,
And made a good shift to keep out of the cold;
Our beggar knock'd hard at his door passing by,
And begg'd for a morsel, and told his despair;
The tenant look'd out of his hole with a sigh,
And pitied his fate—but had nothing to spare.

He then shunn'd the road, and took up by a hedge,
Where some Gnats had collected to dance in the sun,
And the day smiled so warm 'neath the bushes and sedge,
That hopes had nigh whisper'd the summer begun:
His heart even jump'd at the sight of their play;
But ere his sad steps to their revels had come
A cloud hid the sun, that made night at noon-day,
And each gnat soon was missing away to his home.

Over hill-spotted pasture and wild rushy lea,
A poor houseless vagabond, doom'd for all weathers,
He wander'd where none was left wretched but he,
While the white flaky snow flew about him like feathers;
In vain he sought shelter, and down in the vale
By the brook to an old hollow willow did roam;
And there e'en a foot-founder'd slow creeping Snail
Had crept in before him, and made it her home.

Her door was glued up from the frost and the snow,
As a bee in its hive she was warm in her shell;
And the storm it might drift, and the wind it might blow,
She was safe, and could dream about spring in her cell:
He knock'd and begg'd hard e'en to creep in the porch,
If she'd no more room for two in her parlour to spare;
But as dead as a dormouse asleep in a church,
All was silent and still, as no tenant was there.

Thus pleading and praying, and all to no good,
Telling vainly a story of troubles and wants,
He bethought of an old snubby oak by a wood,
Where flourish'd in summer a city of Ants;
And though they reproved him for singing and play,
And told him that winter would bring its reward,
He knew they were rich, and he hoped on his way
That pity's kind ear would his sorrows regard.

From people so rich trifles could not be miss'd,
So he thought ere his hopes to their finish had come;
Though as to their giving he could not insist,
Yet he might from such plenty be sure of a crumb.
Thus he dream'd on his journey; but, guess his surprise,
When come to the place where such bustle had been,—
A high wooden wall hid it all from his eyes,
And an ant round about it was not to be seen.

Their doors were shut up till the summer return'd,
Nor would one have come had he stood for a day:
Again in dispair with his wants he sojourn'd,
And sigh'd lone and sad on his troublesome way:
He limp'd on his crutches in sorrow and pain,
With ne'er a hope left to indulge his distress;
While snows spread a carpet all over the plain,
And, hiding each path, made him travel by guess.

He roam'd through the wood, where he'd fain made a stop,
But hunger so painful still urged him away;
For the oak though it rock'd like a cradle atop,
'Twas as still at its root as a midsummer day;
Where the leaves that the wind whirligigs to the ground,
And feathers pruned off from the crow's sooty wing,
Lie 'mid the green moss that is blooming around
Undisturb'd till the bird builds its nest in the spring.

The night came apace, and the clouds sailing by
Wore the copper-flush'd tints of the cold setting sun,
And crows to their rime-feather'd forests did fly,
And owls round about had their whoopings begun;
He hopp'd through rough hedges and rude creaking wickets,
Till a shepherd's lodge-house in the fields met his eye,
Where he heard with surprise the glad chirping of Crickets,
And hoped his companions and summer was nigh.

He paused with delight o'er the chitter and mirth,
And tried to stare in through a crack in the door;
While a cat, half asleep on the warm cottage hearth,
Dream'd mouse made the rustle, and bounced on the floor:
Our beggar, half frighten'd to death at the sight,
Hopp'd off and retreated as fast as he could,
Better pleased to tramp on in the star-studded night,
Than hazard such danger for shelter and food.

In passing a barn he a dwelling espied,
Where silk hangings hung round the room like a hall;
In a crack of the wall once again he applied,
And who but a Spider appear'd at the call:
The Grasshopper said he was weary and lost,
And the Spider gave welcome with cunning disguise;
Although a huge giant in size to his host,
Our beggar's heart trembled in terror's surprise.

When he sat down before him dried wings of a fly,
And bade him with shy sort of welcome to eat;
For hunger found nothing its wants to supply,
And fear made him ready to sink through his seat.
Then to bed he went quaking,—and, faith, well he might,
Where murder'd things lay round the room in a heap;
Too true did he dream o'er his dangers that night,
For the Spider watch'd chances and kill'd him asleep.

In the morning a Cockrobin hopp'd from his perch,
And flutter'd about by the side of the wall,
Where the murdering Spider peep'd out on the lurch,
And thought a new beggar was going to call;
The Robin soon found what the Spider was at,
And kill'd him, and bore the dead beggar away;
But whether to bury, or eat him, or what,
Is a secret he never would tell to this day.

Thus idleness ever on sorrows attend,
And often shakes hands with repentance too late,
Till forced to take up with a foe as a friend,
Then death and destruction is certain as fate.
Had he ta'en the advice of the hard-working Ant,
He had shunn'd the sad snares of bad company then,
And dwelt with his brothers and sisters from want,
And lived to see summer and singing again.

Now, Anna, my child, to this story of truth
Pay attention, and learn as thy reason comes on
To value that sweetest of seasons thy youth,
Nor live to repent of its loss when it's gone;
Shun the idle that spend all their childhood in play,
And pass them to school without care or regret,
Where thy books they will show thee that this is the way
To shun the sad fate which the Grasshopper met.

CAROLINE.

"ARE you going out, my love?" said Lord Seymour, on entering the drawing-room one evening, and seeing his beautiful wife elegantly dressed for a party. "I thought you would have been at home to-night, Caroline," he added in a tone of disappointment.

"And so did I," replied his wife, "till this morning, and I have been longing for you to come home, that I might tell you what a delightful invitation Lady Anne Hope has procured me to one of Mrs. Ormanton's select parties. The very thing, you know, that I have been wishing for so long; and did not know how to accomplish. But where can you have been all day, Seymour? I was growing quite uneasy about you."—Then fixing her eyes on her husband, she was struck, for the first time, with his pale and thoughtful looks; and her own gay animated expression changed to one of tender anxiety, as she said—

"I hope nothing is the matter?"—

"Nothing, my dear Caroline, but that I am completely exhausted in mind and body; and I am afraid so selfish as to feel a little disappointed:" (and as he said these words he put his arms round Caroline's waist, and gently drew her to his side), "that my best and sweetest cordial is going to cheer and enliven others this evening, instead of me. I have been all day endeavouring to get a reprieve for those two unhappy lads, who, I told you, were convicted of uttering forged notes.—Some additional circumstances which came to my knowledge this morning, strengthened my conviction that they were only the miserable dupes and instruments of some miscreant who practised on their ignorance and want, and who has himself escaped from justice; and I have been exerting myself to make interest for them in every quarter that I thought at all likely, but all in vain. To-morrow they are to be executed, and though I have done all I could for them, their fate hangs on my mind with a weight that I cannot shake off."

"How much I wish that Mrs. Ormanton's invitation were for any other evening," exclaimed Lady Seymour. "I cannot bear to leave you alone, and yet I hardly know how I can break my engagement."

"My dear Caroline, surely you do not think me so selfish as to wish that you should. I know that this introduction will be a source of great gratification to you. Go and enjoy yourself without thinking of me. To-morrow you will make me a sharer in your pleasure: To-night I will try to be as happy without you as I can."

At these words Caroline left the room, and Lord Seymour was sinking into a reverie of painful thoughts, when he was roused by a loud knock at the door. Immediately afterwards Lady Anne Hope was announced. She was a woman of middle age, and of the highest rank and fashion, in whom their evil influences had not chilled the good feelings of a naturally warm and benevolent heart.

On entering the room, she cordially shook hands with Lord Seymour, exclaiming—

"What! is my fair friend, Caroline, yet at her toilette?"

"No, she is quite ready for you. She has only just left the room, and will return in a moment, I have no doubt."

"That is well. It is sooner than I fixed, this

morning, to call for her, but I rather wished to be at Mrs. Ormanton's early, that Caroline might not have the undistinguishing introduction of the crowd. You do not know how rejoiced I am that I have succeeded in getting these two to meet. They are exactly suited to each other. Mrs. Ormanton will delight in your Caroline's sense, simplicity, and goodness; and Caroline will duly estimate and admire Mrs. Ormanton, who really is one of the first of women, both in heart and mind. I consider that your Lordship is under great obligation to me," she continued with benevolent playfulness, "for Mrs. Ormanton is such a friend as every man of sense would wish his youthful wife to secure."

"I assure you I feel my obligations deeply, Lady Anne, not only for this, but for all your kindness. I am rejoiced that Caroline has the opportunity of making so valuable an acquaintance as that of Mrs. Ormanton, and I hope the friendship may prove reciprocal; for to own the honest truth, I cannot imagine any one's knowing Caroline without liking her."

At this moment the door opened, and Lady Seymour re-entered the room, not as she had so lately left it, gay in attire, and sparkling with jewels, but in a simple white dress, and retaining no ornament except a beautiful nosegay of hot-house flowers in her belt. Her husband and Lady Anne looked at her with surprise; but in an instant the truth flashed on the mind of the former, and the bright beaming look which answered her timid smile as she advanced to Lady Anne, spoke to her heart his grateful affectionate sense of her generosity.

"Why, Caroline!" exclaimed Lady Anne, with a slight irritation of manner, "what a connoisseur Seymour must be in ladies' dress! He has just been telling me that you were quite ready for me, and hear you are in complete dishabille."

Lord Seymour, anxious to clear himself from the imputation of ignorance in so important a matter, was beginning—"Nay, I do assure you, Lady Anne—" when Caroline laid her finger on his lips to silence him, and said—

"What will you think of me when I tell you that I am not going to Mrs. Ormanton's to-night?"

"Think! why surely you are not in earnest! What can you mean?—What am I to say to Mrs. Ormanton?"

"Say that I am the victim of caprice—say anything you please. I believe I must trust to your ingenuity to make my excuse."

"Come, Caroline, this trifling with an old friend is not quite kind. Capricious you are not, and never were. You have a reason, I am sure, for this change of purpose. May not I know it? I hope, my Lord, you have not prevented Caroline from going to-night?"

"I am afraid I have, but very unconsciously. I came in just now fagged and cross after a hard day's labour, and when I found that Caroline was dressed and going out, I did feel very much disappointed I confess, and I am afraid I expressed it too strongly; yet I am sure I had not the slightest wish that she should give up going, or ever dreamed of her making such a sacrifice to my ill temper."—

"Hush!" said Caroline, "now Lady Anne, hear my story. I will tell you the exact state of the case. Seymour has been out all day. I had not seen him since breakfast; and when he came in just now I found that he had been undergoing the greatest fatigue of body and mind in trying to save the lives of two fellow-creatures, condemned, as he thinks unjustly, to death.

But all being of no avail, he returned worn out and dispirited, and even if he had not said he wished I were going to stay at home, could I have left him? I am sure I should not have enjoyed myself at Mrs. Ormanton's: I should have been thinking how many evenings' pleasure he gave up to nurse me when I was ill last winter. I believe you must tell Mrs. Ormanton the truth, and if she thinks us two fools," added she, putting her hand into that of her husband, 'we cannot help it. I am sure we shall be two happy ones."

"And you deserve to be so, my dear friends," said the benevolent Lady Anne, her eyes filling with tears as she rose to leave them, "and I am sure that Mrs. Ormanton will not think the worse of a youthful wife for giving up her own pleasures in order to reward the noble exertions of her excellent husband.—Farewell to you both!"

As Caroline followed her to the head of the stairs, Lady Anne turned and said, "You have acted beautifully, my dear; and you will be rewarded by the peace of your own conscience, and by your husband's love. I have only to give you one word of advice. Be generous enough not to let him perceive that you have made a sacrifice."

Caroline thanked her, but the caution was unnecessary. She felt that she had only exchanged the lesser pleasure for the greater, and she was too single-hearted to claim any merit for that. Her feelings as she returned into the drawing-room, and met the affectionate smile and kiss of welcome that awaited her, were those the poet has so touchingly expressed:

> What was the world to them?
> Its pomps, its pleasures, and its nonsense all!

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS, AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks that are left you are grey:
You are hale, father William," a hearty old man—
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone—
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth would not last,
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hast'ning away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage,
In the days of my youth, I remember'd my God,
And he hath not forgotten my age."

SOUTHEY.

LOUISA'S BIRTHDAY.

BY MRS. OPIE.

It was the birthday of Louisa L—, and the attached friend and guardian with whom she resided in a romantic cottage, which she possessed in one of the eastern countries, was anxious to mark the return of the day so dear to all who knew the orphan heiress.

It was long since Louisa's birthday had been kept—sickness, or sorrow, had hitherto, for years, prevented its celebration,—but now that her horison looked bright, Louisa anticipated this morning's arrival with all the eager hilarity of youth, and her amiable companion fully shared her feelings on the occasion.

It was not by fête, fireworks, or the assembling together a large, brilliant crowd that Louisa, or her guardian, Lady Sarah B. intended to celebrate the day, but by the fulfilment of a benevolent plan previously formed, and the only *party* invited was one of the village children. The opening of a village school near Louisa's abode was put off till that morning, in order to *do her birthday honour*, and mark it by a lasting instance of her beneficence.

Soon after breakfast the necessary preparations for this useful work began—but, unhappily, Louisa could take no part in them, nor could she witness the sight itself, because it was winter time, and she had caught so severe a cold that she was fordidden by her medical attendant to quit the house, even for a few minutes. Thus the day, so eagerly expected by the sanguine heart of sixteen, was already clouded over by the forbearance and privations required by prudence. However, she flattered herself that as the day got in, it would become more and more delightful, and certainly the idea of the new school could not fail to give her unalloyed satisfaction.

It was with lively pleasure that she saw the children go from the house in procession, and she followed them with her eyes as they wound round the foot of the adjacant hill, till she could see them no longer; still she could not help sighing as she returned to her fireside, from the consciousness that she was the only person in the house, except the cook and the footman, as the other servants were gone with her friend to witness the opening of the school, and do *her honour*. "Yes," thought Louisa, "here I am alone for the first time in my life, and on my *birthday* too!"

But she loved reading, and she could draw, sing, and work; usually, therefore, time never hung heavily on her hands—now, however, she could do *nothing*. This birthday excitement had lifted her out of the quiet, common path both of feeling and acting, and she could only stand at the window watching the passers by, and wonder how long it would take to perform the duties necessary at the school.

Presently she saw her near relation, accompanied by her young family, drive up to the window, and, eagerly throwing it open, she almost screamed out, "Pray come in, pray come in!" "Oh! no—we cannot stay now—we are

late, and we are going, you know, to see the school opened, and *to do you honour*." Then off they drove, smiling, and kissing their hands; while Louisa could not help saying, almost pettishly, to herself, "Well, I *suppose* it is a fine thing to *be so honoured*."

Soon after she saw her dear friend the rector passing by on horseback, and running to the door, in defiance of the cold, she called to him to come in, as she had kept for him some of his favourite gingerbread. "Another time," he replied; "another time—I am expected at the new school, and I have promised to address the children, my dear young friend, and *to do you honour*," and away he road. "Dash! Dash!" cried Louisa, as she turned away, to a little pet dog of which she was very fond; but even Dash had deserted her—for, being much attached to the rector's pony, he had run off by his side, and *he* also was gone *to the school*. "So," said Louisa, "I suppose that little creature is gone *to do me honour*." She then went in search of her kitten, but in vain did she call: the kitten, to whom snow was a new thing, was so delighted in wallowing in it, and playing her tricks abroad, that she would not notice the invitation of her mistress to come home. "Then," said Louisa again, with a sigh, "I suppose puss's gambols are intended *to do me honour*." Till, quite overcome with the melancholy feeling of being, and for the first time, utterly alone, she began to think that the joys of a birthday are more in anticipation than reality; and she could not help feeling some sympathy with Alexander Selkirk in his desert: "I am monarch of all I survey," says he in the song, but then he was *alone*.

"What an endless morning this seems to be," exclaimed Louisa, at length, talking aloud—"Dear me! the children must be very stupid, or every one very dilatory, or the dear rector unusally *lengthy* in his discourse. They *may* call this doing me honour—but I wish they would now think of giving me *pleasure;* I am sure I have experienced very little yet," and she was becoming positively low spirited, when she heard a carriage drive up to the front door, and saw in it the elderly Friend whom she did not expect till the evening. Never did birthday-keeping friends arrive more opportunely. Louisa hastened to meet her, exclaiming, "What a joyful supprise! but I suppose you are going off again directly," she added, in a sorrowful tone, "I suppose you too are going to see the school opened and to do *me honour*." "Not I, indeed, dear girl," replied her astonished friend, "*I* came to see *thee*, and keep thy birthday, and give, as I hope, thee and myself *pleasure!*" "Oh! that is so kind," cried Louisa, embracing her, "and so *considerate*, and I do so love you for coming! and so early too—for, you see, I am quite alone!" "Indeed! why, how is this, and alone on thy *birthday* too?" "Aye that has been the burden of my song—*left alone on my birth day!* But do come to the fire and warm yourself, and I will tell you how it is. She then related all the circumstances. "But you know," added she, endeavouring to look pleased, "it is very *delightful* to have one's birthday so kept; and these dear friends are only doing all they can *to honour me*, therefore I ought to be very happy, and so I am," and she tried to smile—but it would not do, and she turned away in tears.

Her guest thought it right to let her tears flow unnoticed; but when she had recovered herself, she said: "It was very kind in thy friends to honour thy birthday by performing on it an act of benevolent usefulness planned by thyself: but

as thy cold has prevented thee from having the pleasure of witnessing their proceedings, I am glad I came early, though at some inconvenience, that I may break thy unusual solitude with a little social enjoyment." "Oh!" cried Louisa, "it was so *kind* in you to come! and so opportunely! for I have really felt more *unhappy* on this, my birthday, than I ever felt on any other day." "What dost thou do on *other* days?" "I read, and draw, and sing, and play." "And what hast thou done *to-day*?" "Nothing." "Ah then, I see why thou hast been unhappy; occupation is happiness—and thy birthday morning has been to thee less happy than other mornings, because it has been passed in idleness." "Well, but *somehow*, I have not been *able* to settle to *anything*—besides I expected to be so very happy on my birthday." "What! without taking the usual means to be happy at all? It was expecting an effect without a cause." "But who could have thought that I should have shed a tear on a day anticipated with such eager delight?"

"No one," replied her friend (who was much given to moralize), "no one who was not aware of the frail tenure of human expectations, even in trifles. But thy disappointment may be of more benefit to thee, dear child, than any *enjoyment* of this day could possibly have been made to afford thee, if it tend to check in thee every inordinate expectation *in future*. Life is made up of a *succession of days*, and for the most part every day is marked by some hope which ends in disappointment. And why is it so? chiefly, because we are too sanguine in our hopes, and unreasonable in our expectations." "Perhaps so," said Louisa, "but then——," here she broke off *abruptly*, and suddenly exclaiming, "Here they are! here they are at last! and I am so glad!" She ran to welcome Lady Sarah and her companions, and in the joy of their return she forgot the pain of their absence, her tears of disappointment, and even the sententious moralizing of her elderly friend.

A FABLE.

A raven, while with glossy breast
Her new laid eggs she fondly press'd;
And, on her wicker-work high mounted,
Her chickens prematurely counted,
Enjoy'd at ease the genial day,
'Twas April—on the verge of May,
But suddenly a wind, as high
As ever swept a winter sky,
Shook the young leaves about her ears,
And fill'd her with a thousand fears
Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,
And spread her golden hopes below.
But just at eve the blowing weather
And all her fears were hush'd together;
And now, quoth poor unthinking Ralph,
'Tis over, and the brood is safe;
The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
Who long had marked her airy lodge
And destin'd all the treasure there
A gift to his expecting fair,
Climbed, like a squirrel to his dray,
And bore the worthless prize away.

COWPER.

YOUTHFUL SELF-DENIAL.

"And buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom,
Buy a broom, buy a broom!"

"ISABEL, you told me yesterday, that if I were diligent, and learned my French lessons well this week, you would take me to the Bazaar, that I might lay out my savings in buying some nice toy. Now I have resolved to buy a doll; not a common doll, like those we see in the baskets in Oxford street, but an elegant lady-like doll, such a one as Lady Eitham brought Miss Caroline from Paris. I saw such a pretty one at the Soho Bazaar, better than Miss Caroline's French doll; such a darling, and—"

"Well, Adela?"

"Well, sister Isabel, I mean to buy that very doll; and, as I have been a *very* good girl, I suppose you will walk out with me, that I may lay out my money."

"Let me hear how good you have been," said Isabel.

"In the first place, then," replied Adela, with a satisfied air, "I have written a French exercise, translated two fables from La Fontaine, learned a tence of a verb, and practised my music for an hour. Besides all these things, I have nearly hemmed three sides of this cambric handkerchief for Mamma."

"Well, Adela, all this was very well; and I will say you have been a diligent girl this morning;—to be a *good* girl somthing more is required, and to be very good, you ought to have done some good and kind action. There is a great difference between being good and being diligent. We are commanded to assist our fellow-creatures in all things, when they stand in need of our help; to be patient, meek and humble, in our own eyes; to be dutiful to our parents, to be kind to those that hate as well as those that love us: in short, my dear Adela, to do many things that you neglect to do,—before the term good can rightly be applied to us:—do you now think you deserve to be called a very good girl?"

After a short pause Adela said, she thought she saw a difference between her sort of goodness and that which her sister described, and so she supposed she was not really good.

"Your's is comparative, not positive goodness, Adela," observed Isabel; "that is, you are a good girl compared with one who has not performed her allotted tasks. Now put on your bonnet, and we will go to the Bazaar."

As the sisters were passing through Charles-street, in their way to Soho-square, the attention of Isabel Summers was attracted to one of those German girls who come yearly from the neighbourhood of Frankfort-on-Maine, and from different parts of Bavaria, with those curious little brooms, which are formed of the sticks of a species of osier, shaved in a peculiar manner.

These Germans, generally speaking, are a simple-hearted, moral people: the parents remarkable for tenderness to their children, the children for duty and affection to their parents.

The national dress by which these foreigners are distinguished is a tight bodice, or little jacket, and petticoat of dark blue, grey, or russet

cloth, set in full plaits round the waist, and made very short, according to the fashion of their country; a small quilted-mob cap, without any border, which scanty covering supplies the place of a hat or bonnet. Their light brown hair is either rolled quite back from the forehead, or parted in smooth bands across the brow. On the left arm they carry their brooms, which they offer with a winning smile and in a peculiarly pleasing tone of voice, for "only two pennies, or creat proom for saxpennies, ver cheap; or von large, creat proom for von Englis skilling (shilling)." Their countenances usually express candour and simplicity. In height, complexion, and colour of the eyes and hair, they are all so nearly alike, that a person unused to these foreigners, would be tempted to imagine them all members of one family.

There was an unusual air of sadness in the meek blue eyes of the young German girl that accosted the sisters, which excited a considerable degree of interest in the mind of Isabel. The crowd hurried on, regardless of the gentle appeal of the young foreigner, "to puy proom of a poor German maid."

Disappointment and dejection sat on the brow of the wanderer at each rejection of her humble appeal; but hope again brightened in her eyes, as she caught the expression of kindly interest with which Isabel regarded her.

"Puy a proom, tear laty," she said, "of a poor stranger maid."

"I do not want one," replied Isabel; "neither could I carry it through the street, if I were to buy one of your brooms."

"Myself will carry it for you," returned the broom-girl quickly: "Minna has not earned von single penny to-day, and de moder pe sick, and vant food. Ah! laty," she continued, her blue eyes filling with tears as she turned them anxiously on the face of Isabel, "you know not de crief of seeing a tear moder sick, and without food, in a strange country, far from friends and de faderland (native land), or you would pity a poor proom-girl, and not turn away from her sorrowful cry."

Isabel was touched by this appeal to her filial feelings. "Well, Minna," she said, "you shall go home with me, and I will buy some of your brooms;" and Isabel turned to retrace her steps to Oxford-street, when Adela forcibly pulled her sleeve, and whispered, in a whining tone, "You have forgotten my doll, sister."

"Cannot you defer buying your doll till to-morrow?" asked Isabel.

"No, I do not like to wait another day; I want her this very afternoon: and you know you did promise," said little Adela.

"I know I did promise to go with you to the Bazaar; but, if I do, I cannot go home with this poor girl: but, perhaps," she added, "you will not mind carrying the brooms I intend buying of Minna yourself."

"You are joking with me, Isabel," said Adela, resentfully: "finely it would look, indeed, to see Miss Adela Summers carrying brooms on her shoulder, like a poor German broom-girl."

"Perhaps you would prefer seeing me carrying them through the streets," observed Isabel, drily.

"No, I should not like it at all; but you need not buy these ugly brooms. I am sure they will be of no use to you; for you never sweep the house," replied Adela, pettishly.

"Dey pe nice proom for sweeping dust from picture-frame or ped-hanging, and little proom pe coot ting for sprinkling linen, young laty," said Minna, who had lent an anxious ear to the dialogue between the sisters.

"Well, Adela, will you not give a trifle to this poor distressed foreigner?" said Isabel.

But Adela could not part with her savings, she said, till she knew exactly how much her doll would cost; and she pouted and regarded the poor sorrowful Minna with looks of evident displeasure from beenath her down-cast eyelids.

"Adela, shall I buy Minna's brooms, and enable her to carry home money to buy food for her sick mother; or shall I go with you to the Bazaar?" asked Isabel, looking steadfastly on the face of her little sister.

Adela did not answer: she felt ashamed to say, "Go with me to the Bazaar;" and she could not resolve to overcome her selfish inclination. She stood scraping her shoe along the edge of the pavement, looking very cross and sulky.

Isabel guessed what was passing in the mind of her little sister; and, thinking the present opportunity a fitting one for proving to her how really weak she was, and hoping to convince her of this great error in her character, by making her feel the pain of self-reproach, that painful, but wholesome, corrector of our faults, she put a trifle, unseen by Adela, into Minna's hand, and, having ascertained where she might be found, she continued her walk to the Bazaar.

Adela hung down her head during the rest of the way, for she was ashamed to look up; but, when she saw all the pretty toys and dolls at the Bazaar, her uneasiness vanished, and she quite forgot Minna and her brooms.

After a long time spent in walking through the rooms, and examining the separate merits of dolls with blue eyes, and dolls with black eyes; dolls with flaxen, auburn, or black ringlets; wax or composition; Dutch, English, or French dolls, with other points of equal importance to a doll buyer, Adela at length purchased a very beautiful wax doll, very elegantly dressed in white muslin with pink trimming, for which she gave the sum of ten shillings, the whole of her half-year's savings. The purchase of this doll left Adela with an empty purse—she had not so much as one single sixpence remaining.

Adela was so charmed with her beautiful doll, that she resolved on carrying her through the streets in her arms. Isabel advised her to consign her to the care of the porter who attended at the Bazaar with his basket; but Adela persisted in declaring she should take more care of her treasure than the porter would.

"Please yourself, Adela," replied her sister; "but remember of what frail materials this dear doll is composed." Regardless of this remonstrance, the perverse little girl proceeded homewards, hugging her doll in her arms, and congratulating herself on having gained her own way. But her joy was of short duration; for a careless baker's boy, with a basket of bread on either arm, pushed so rudely past Adela, that the corner of one of the baskets came in contact with the doll's head, and gave it so rude a shock that the wax doll's head, with all its adornments of blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and luxuriant flaxen ringlets, fell from its shoulders, and rolled along the pavement at her feet. Adela held in her arms only a headless trunk. Her distress was unspeakable—she wept floods of tears; and, with flashing eyes and crimsoned cheeks, she angrily reproached the author of the mischief: but the baker-boy, without appearing at all moved by her distress, trudged across the street, saying, "I'm sorry, little Miss, the baby's head was so brittle it wouldn't stand a knock: them kind of gimcracks arn't very strong, a wooden one will outlast ten such."

This speech added not a little to Adela's mor-

tification: and she continued to cry aloud during the rest of the walk. Isabel spoke not one word of consolation, but preserved an unbroken silence till they reached home; and Adela, overwhelmed alike with chagrin and anger, retired to the nursery, to mourn over the disasters of the day, and to regret her own selfishness and wilful folly, which had terminated in so melancholy a catastrophe.

The following morning, after Adela's governess had dismissed her from the school-room, Isabel bade her put on her tippet and bonnet, as she intended taking a walk. In the course of conversation, Isabel said, "Adela, do you feel satisfied with your conduct yesterday?"

"Indeed, dear Isabel," replied the little girl, blushing, "I was very naughty: I wish I had not persisted in carrying home the doll, and then the accident would not have happened—I am very sorry I did not do as you bade me."

"Is that all you are sorry for, Adela?"

Adela's eyes sank abashed beneath the searching glance that Isabel fixed on her face; and, in a low voice, she said, "No, not all: I am sorry I persisted in going to the Bazaar when you wished me not; and—"

"And have you no other cause for regret?"

The little girl did not speak; but her eyes filled with tears, and she sighed very deeply.

"Were you not grieved, Adela, that you refused to give a trifling sum to preserve a distressed fellow-creature from want and sorrow? Would not the satisfaction arising from the performance of an act of kindness and benevolence have far outweighed the pleasure of playing with a new doll, even if you had brought her home in safety?"

"I wish I had not bought the doll," whispered little Adela. "If I had given all the money to Minna, I should not have been poorer than I am now: for I hate my doll now that she is without a head, and I cannot play with her, or show her to Miss Caroline."

"You would, at all events, have been much wiser and far happier, my dear sister; for you would have been doing your duty to your neighbour, and fulfilling the words of our Lord, who says, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

The sisters now approached a narrow alley, that led through a close, dark street, into a sort of court, which was composed of dirty, shabby houses; at one of which Isabel stopped, to the no small surprise of Adela. The door was opened by a woman of harsh and unpleasant aspect. She appeared astonished at the appearance of her visitors; and, curtseying very low, inquired what they wanted. Isabel said, she had been told some poor distressed foreigners lodged in her house, and she wished to speak with them. The woman replied, "There was a poor German buy-a-broom girl and her mother in the house; but they were very poverty sort of folks, and not fit to be seen by ladies. But, I suppose, Miss," she added, "you will excuse their condition."

"The distressed need no excuse for their poverty," answered Isabel.

"Well, Miss," said the woman, "if you do not mind going among such shabby kind of folks, you may step down and see them."

"Isabel, I do not like going into such a dirty house," whispered Adela, drawing back.

"I should have enough to do, little Miss, I think, if I were to clean after my lodgers: going out and coming in, never stand for the dirt they make," muttered the woman of the house, as she

proceeded to show Isabel the way down a flight of narrow steep stairs into an under-ground apartment of the most forlorn description.

This miserable apartment was almost destitute of furniture; containing only a wretched mattrass, which occupied a distant corner, a stool, and an old deal box, which served the place of a table, and contained the only articles of apparel belonging to the unhappy inmates of the room.

By the dim rays of light which were partially admitted through the broken panes of a narrow casement, half crusted over with mud, and obscured by a variety of rags and paper, Isabel was enabled to discern the object of her solicitude.

On the side of the wretched bed sat Minna Weber, supporting the drooping head of her mother on her bosom, while she tenderly strove to soothe the sorrowful moanings which pain and misery wrung from her lips. So intently was this poor girl engaged in watching the pale countenance of her suffering parent, that she did not, at first, perceive the entrance of the strangers, till her attention was directed towards them by the sharp tones of the landlady's voice: and in broken English she expressed her gratitude for "de goodness of young laty, who come to see poor German girl:" at the same time apologising, in the most intelligible manner she could, for not having two seats to offer for accommodation of her visitors.

Isabel was moved to compassion on perceiving the miserable condition to which illness had reduced the mother of Minna, who was unable to raise herself in the bed from complete exhaustion. "Your mother seems very ill," she said, turning to Minna.

"Minna's moder have pad cough ever since she come to dis country, laty," replied Minna.

"And how long have you been in England?"

"Petter den tre mont! tre long mont!" replied the young German, who evidently measured the length of time by the sorrow she had endured since her sojourn in England.

"From what part of Germany did you come?"

"From a village near Frankfort—Frankfort-on-Maine: dere pe many mile and moche sea from England."

"And what induced you to come so far from your own land?"

With some vivacity Minna replied, "Dere pe moche money in England, put no proom: in Germany dere pe moche proom and little money. At Frankfort-on-Maine and in Pavaria men make de proom, and German girl and woman come over to dis country and sell dem."

"And how do you reach England from Frankfort?" asked Isabel.

"We travel through Franche Compte to sea-side, and den come over in de fire-skip. (Steam-packet.")

Isabel was puzzled for a moment to know what Minna meant by a fire-skip; and she felt half inclined to laugh at this droll, but not unnatural, definition of a steam-vessel: but she checked her risibility, lest she should vex the poor foreigner, whose ignorance of the language had caused her mistake. "And can you sell your brooms in Franche Compte?"

"In Franche Compte I sell de proom, but not so well as in England. I sell de small proom for une sous, deux sous, tre sous," replied the young foreigner, counting on her fingers the numerals. "In Lonton I sell dem for quartre sous, six sous, and de creat proom of all for one skilling. Put England pe pad place for sick folk," she added, turning with tearful eyes towards her mother.

She then informed Isabel, that, being very poor,

her mother and herself had been induced to join some of their country people, and come over to England to earn some money by the sale of their brooms: and, for this purpose, they laid out all their savings in buying a stock of brooms from the proprietors of the osier-grounds, near Frankfort; and, with many others from their village, they travelled through Franche Compte to the sea-side, where they embarked for England. That every thing went well with them, and they were very comfortable, till they come to London, when her mother fell sick with a bad cough and rheumatic fever, which entirely deprived her of the use of her limbs, and finally reduced them to their present state of distress. The trifling sum for which Minna sold her brooms was insufficient to supply their wants; and they had often been without food from one day to another.

One circumstance Minna seemed partiularly to regret, which was the loss of her Bible, which had been given her by the Protestant pastor of the village, and which Minna had been obliged to sell to buy food for her mother. This book had been the constant companion of her travels, and her solace under all her trials. "Minna could not see her moder starve," she said sobbing; "and Oh, tear laty!" she continued, weeping, "Minna thought God had forsaken her quite. When she saw you yesterday, she had no food, no money to puy pread; and de woman of de house told Minna, if she did not get one skilling to pay de week lodging, she and her poor sick moder must go into de street. Vat would have pecome of us Minna do not know; put coot young laty have pity on poor Minna, and den she pay rent and get pread."

"Do you not see, my poor girl, that God does not forget us, though we too often forget him? He is ever ready to help those that put their trust in him. Fear not, Minna: God will in no wise forsake you, though, for some wise end, he suffers you to be brought very low, and to endure affliction for a season." Saying this, Isabel put into the broom-girl's hand a piece of silver, bade her be comforted, and, promising to see her again shortly, proceeded homeward.

Adela had been very silent during the visit to the poor foreigners; but now she said, with a tone of much regret, "How I wish I had some money to give poor Minna! Sister Isabel," she added, "will you give me some money to give Minna when we go to see her again?"

"No, my dear Adela: it will not then be your gift, but mine; you must earn the pleasure of doing a good action yourself."

"I wish I were rich, and had plenty of money of my own," sighed Adela.

"It is better not to be rich, than, having riches, to make a bad use of them," observed her sister. "You were rich yesterday: ten shillings for a little girl of your age was a great sum, and yet you would not spare one single sixpence to relieve the distress of the poor broom-girl. See, Adela, how difficult a matter it is to do good, when our own selfish inclinations stand in the way, and lead us into temptation."

Adela was very sorrowful, and she said, "I wish I had not bought the doll: if I had not been so selfish, I should have had money to give to Minna for her poor sick mother."

"You would have been laying up for yourself treasures in heaven, my sister, of which no casual accident could have deprived you."

Now Adela's Papa had promised to take her to see the Diorama; and she had reckoned for some time on the pleasure she expected to derive from the sight of that interesting exhibition: and her eyes brightened with joy when Mr. Summers proposed taking her with him the

following day. But suddenly she became thoughtful, and, approaching her sister, whispered some words in her ear. "I do not doubt it, Adela," was her sister's reply; then, turning to her father, she preferred Adela's petition, that the money which would have been appropriated to the purchase of the ticket for admission to the Diorama, might be given her to bestow on Minna Weber.

"Do you not wish to go to the Diorama?" asked her father.

"Yes, dear Papa," answered Adela, colouring with some little emotion; "but Isabel has convinced me, it is better to do good to the poor than to gratify one's own wishes. God does not love those that are selfish, and do not endeavour to help their fellow-creatures."

Adela's request was immediately complied with by her father; and the following day Mr. Summers gave directions for Minna and her mother to be removed to healthier and better lodgings; and, learning from Minna that she could sew neatly, he desired his daughter to supply her with needle-work, that she might be enabled to support her mother during her sickness.

The heart of the grateful Minna overflowed with joy at this unlooked for change in her condition: and she acknowledged the superintending care of that merciful Being, who suffereth not even a sparrow to fall to the ground unheeded, and watcheth over us, even as a tender father over his children.

Not many days after their removal, when Isabel came to visit Minna, she found her seated beside her mother's bed, reading to her from the German Bible, the loss of which she had so greatly lamented. Surprised at this sight, Isabel asked by what means she had regained the book; and Minna, with tears of gratitude, informed her Miss Adela had sent it to her some days since by the hands of Evans, her nurse.

It was for this purpose Adela had given up the pleasure of visiting the Diorama; and, having learned from Minna the name of the person to whom she had sold the book, she took the earliest opportunity that occurred, to go with Evans to obtain it from Mr. Saunders, who gladly parted with a book which he had regarded as an unsaleable article.

Minna's joy, at the restoration of her treasure, was only equalled by that experienced by little Adela when folded in the arms of her affectionate sister, and assured that with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

A mind formed upon the principles of the Gospel, may look down with contempt upon the lustre of a throne, and yet known the value, and feel a sence of gratitude, in the posession of a crumb.

As I approve of a youth, that has something of the old man in him, so I am not less pleased with an old man, that has something of the youth. He that follows this rule, may be old in body, but can never be so in mind.

CICERO

The ideas which are instill'd into childhood and the sentiments which are mingled with the warm passion of youth, give a tincture to the mind, and a bias to the will through the following years of life.

HOLIDAY TOKENS.

Scene, A PARLOUR—*Time*, AFTERNOON.

Two Young Girls are seen seated at a centre table, on which are displayed Books, Toys, &c.

ELLEN.

THERE, that will do—look Sarah, dear,
How nice I've packed this box,
But something still will go in here—
Then see how well it lock's!
'Twill be the sweetest gift for Jane,
And from us both, you know,
She'll value it, although 't is plain,—
So this to her must go.

SARAH.

Yes, so it shall! and I have done
The dressing Kitty's doll;
Now for a name—we'll hit on one—
Let's call her pretty—Poll.
For with that dress, so brightly green,
And with those rosy cheeks,
To look at her, does it not seem
That, parrot-like, she speaks?

ELLEN.

Now, Sarah, if you please, let's fill
These horns with sugar plums
For Sam and James; and, if you will,
Give them the little drums.
Or I will do it, while you write
The names within these books;
We must make haste, 't will soon be night;
See how our table looks!

SARAH.

And now, dear coz, don't tell, I beg,—
I would not, but I thought
You 'd like to see this book *to-day*,
And know where it was bought—
The "Mother's Book," for dear mamma;
I knew you'd like one too
For your dear mother; so papa
Paid gladly for the two.

ELLEN.

Oh! thank you, dearest. After all,
At Christmas and New Year,
The sweetest gifts for great and small
Are books, 't is very clear.
For they alone speak to the heart,
And they enrich the mind,
While pleasure also they impart
We ne'er in trifles find.

SARAH.

And here is one,—look Ellen, dear,—
That I from all would choose;
Its very name 'tis sweet to hear;
"Affection's Gift" who'd lose?

ELLEN.

True, true, dear Sarah, I am sure!
Oh! dearest sister, look,
See here we have, so chaste and pure,
The "Juvenile Scrap Book."

MARY'S DISASTER.

The errand woman had just brought a letter for Mrs. Morris, who lived at a farm about half a mile from the little village of Moulton; it stood immediately behind a pleasant country seat, belonging to a lady, who was then absent from it. A stranger could not perhaps tell which to admire most, the mansion-house, with its extensive lawn and fine old trees, or the neat but more humble habitation, which was partly surrounded by large ricks of hay, and barns, in which several men were busily employed in threshing. Numerous flocks of poultry were picking up the grain that lay scattered about; and their various cries, as they rushed to and fro, formed, at times, a loud, though not unpleasing, chorus.

Mrs. Morris presently seated herself by the window to read the letter, which was from the lady who lived at the mansion-house, and the owner of the farm she resided at; she wrote to request that the place might be prepared for her return, which would shortly take place; and desired that a lamb might be taken from the flock, confined in the farm-yard, and treated kindly, as she intended it for a present to her young nephew, who was coming to visit her during the summer. Mrs. Morris had one little girl, to whom this information was very delightful; for she anticipated much pleasure in feeding the pretty creature, which her mother told her should that evening be brought from the field.

Accordingly, towards the close of the day, Mary and her mother, attended by a labourer, proceeded to a distant part of the estate to choose a lamb from the fold. It was rather difficult to select one among so many; but, after looking at each one as they passed by, a younger and much whiter lamb galloped playfully past, which Mrs. Morris instantly fixed on. Notwithstanding its struggles to get free, the man held it firmly in his arms, and bore it home, where it was placed in a small enclosed yard during the night.

In spite of all Mary's care and attention, the little animal refused to be comforted for many days;—in vain she carried it milk, the whitest and sweetest the dairy afforded;—in vain she plucked for it the greenest and most tender grass,—the lamb turned from her, and answered only by a loud bleat. Mary almost despaired of ever taming it, so timid and fearful did it appear; but ere another week had elapsed, it became more reconciled, till at last it ventured to eat from her hand, and allowed her to lead it with a string about the garden and yard. Each day Mary became more fond of it; and in return for her kindness, it ran to her when it heard her voice, and playfully bounded before her when she appeared.

It was one fine morning, towards the end of May, that Mary, followed by the lanb, went to a little retired spot near the house, to learn the hymn which her mother had marked for her. She seated herself at the foot of an oak tree, several of which grew near, and began to read aloud the verses; they were those of Dr. Watts, beginning with—

" Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see;
What shall I render to my God,
For all his gifts to me?"

Mary paused at the end of the verse, for she could not help reflecting on the numerous favours which God had conferred on her. She felt that she had indeed many things to be thankful for; —the neat, clean dress she wore,—the wholesome food that was daily provided for her,—the comfort of being able to read the Word of God,—all these were favours for which she felt she could never be sufficiently grateful.

The foot of the tree, where she sat, commanded a view of a small village immediately beneath, where a troop of noisy, riotous children were shouting and running after a donkey, which they were pelting with stones. " Ah!" thought Mary, " they are not half as happy as I am;" and she again began to read. But she had not proceeded far, when she heard the lamb utter a strange cry, and looking up, beheld it leap from the ground, throwing back its head violently, as if struck with sudden pain. Mary started from her seat, and rushed towards it. She had, when she first quitted the house, decorated its neck with a garland of flowers, which she hastened to untwine, thinking they impeded its breathing; but ere her hand had touched the blossoms, an adder, which was concealed among them, sprung on her arm, and, coiling itself round it, twined its head beneath the folds of her sleeve. Mary shrieked wildly, as she endeavoured to shake off the snake, and fled towards the house; but before she reached it, the reptile, as if enraged at her struggles, had stung her violently, and dropped among the grass, where it presently disappeared.

No one but a mother can describe the anguish of Mrs. Morris, as Mary, in almost inarticulate language, informed her of the injury she had received; indeed, the wounded arm was already discoloured by the venom of the bite, and a dull black hue had spread itself over her fair neck and throat.

The sting of an adder generally causes immediate death, though there are instances of the sufferer's recovery; and Mrs. Morris prayed most frequently, that if it was the Almighty's will, her child might be restored to her. The surgeon could not give the poor mother much hope, for it was uncertain how far the poison might have extended; but it was necessary that its progress should be arrested, by burning the flesh by a medicinal process. This causes extreme agony; and though Mary was almost in an insensible state, at times a faint moan escaped her, which told how much she suffered.

All night Mrs. Morris sat beside the bed watching every movement of her child, and tenderly supplying her with nourishment whenever it was required; and by her care and attention, Mary was pronounced by the surgeon to be certainly better, when he visited her the next morning; and in a few succeeding days, every dangerous symptom had disappeared; but it was long ere the little hand and arm regained its usual colour.

During her illness, Mary had made many inquiries about the lamb; but her mother did not answer them till she was quite well again, when, one fine evening, she led her to the spot where she had last parted with it. Mary clung to her mother, for she almost feared that the snake might be lurking near. Mrs. Morris observed her look of terror; and, seating herself on the ground, took her in her arms. There seemed no

difference in the scene, since Mary had visited it, except that there was a little mound of earth beside one of the trees, which appeared newly raised, for the turf that covered it had not regained its usual green appearance, nor were the wild flowers that were mingled with the grass fresh or flourishing. The sun was sinking behind the hills, and a few red beams fell here and there on the ground.

"Now, Mary," said Mrs. Morris, "I will tell you about your lamb. You need not be alarmed, my child," she continued, as Mary cast a fearful look around; "there is nothing to dread now. Look on yonder hillock; beneath it lies the little lamb, which so lately was your companion here; do not weep," she added, for Mary burst into tears; "but be thankful that God killed it; that the poor animal should die to ensure your safety; for it was found here quite dead, having been poisoned by the adder, which had exhausted the greater part of its venom on it, before it wounded you."

Mary continued to sob violently; the fate of her lamb affected her deeply; and though she was but a little child when this event happened, she has never forgotten it. It has taught her that God will protect those who put their trust in Him, and never leave nor forsake them; and when she reflects on the death of the Pet Lamb, she raises a prayer to her Heavenly Father, who in His boundless mercy, made it the instrument of her protection.

TO A SPRIGHTLY LITTLE GIRL,

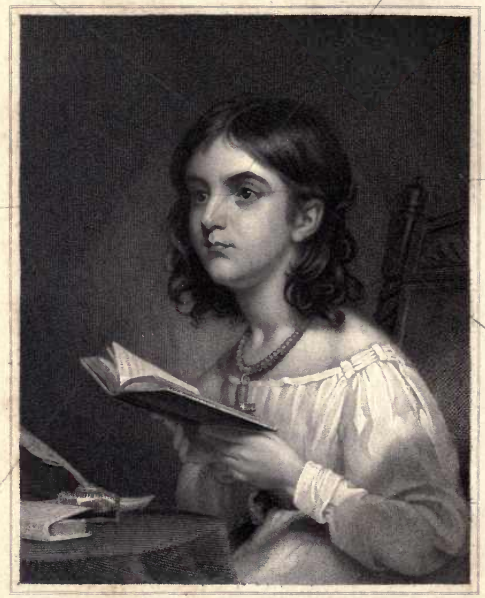
Who, having heard that the Author was a poet, requested some verses from him.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

MARGARET! we never met before,
And, Margaret, we may meet no more,—
What shall I say at parting?
Scarce half a moon has run her race
Around this gay and giddy place
Sweet smiles and blushes darting;
Yet, from my soul, I frankly tell,
I cannot choose but wish thee well.

I dare not wish thee store of wealth,
A troop of friends, unfailing health,
And freedom from affliction;
I dare not wish thee beauty's prize,
Carnation's lips, and bright blue eyes,
They look through tears, they breathe in sighs,—
Then here my benediction—
Of these good gifts be thou possess'd
Just in the measure God sees best!

But, little Margaret, may you be
All that His eyes delights to see,
All that he loves and blesses—
The Lord in darkness be your light,
Your help in need, your shield in fight,
Your health, your treasure, and your might,
Your comfort in distresses,
Your hope through every future breath,
And your eternal joy in death!



Painted by A. Robertson. Engraved by J. Thomson.

DOCILITY.

"SOW IN THY YOUTH TO REAP IN AGE."
— SUCH IS THE MAXIM OF THE SAGE.

AMIABILITY.

I would not rail at Beauty's charming pow'r,
I would but have her aim at something more;
The fairest symmetry of form or face,
From intellect receives its highest grace."

MRS. H. MORE.

OF all the graces which adorn the female character, Amiability is perhaps the most pre-eminent; the peculiar excellence of this virtue consists in the power of exciting universal love and esteem. It is exercised without effort, and enjoyed without alloy; discretion and good nature are the material ingredients of this valuable quality.

It was this inestimable grace which induced the wise man to confer on the woman under its influence a value "whose price is above rubies;" and he invested her with this endearing attribute, —that "she opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." It is this grace that throws an irresistible charm over her natural beauties, and exhibits every moral and intellectual attainment in their most interesting points of view. While many other graces have a specific and limited operation, this is universal; when once it is implanted as a principle in the heart, it never ceases to grow, but is continually yielding the most delectable fruit: every incident however minute, and every event however disastrous and mournful, constitutes alike an element in which this grace flourishes in all the luxuriance of eternal health. In the sick chamber, the social circle, and the drawing-room, it furnishes from its own ample resources, all that is most soothing, attractive and captivating; ever prompt without officiousness, and deliberate without indifference. It invests its most trifling offices with an unspeakable value to those on whom they are conferred, and bestows the most costly presents with a liberality so pure and genuine, as to silence the most captious, and captivate the most scrupulous.

Of the conduct of others, an amiable female is always charitable. The omission of attentions disturb her not: she is ever ready to suggest a thousand reasons for a supposed injury: and should it be realized, she is satisfied with *one*— she knows she does not deserve it. In the absence of evil, she invariably augurs good.

Of her own conduct she is scrupulously guarded and rigidly exact: she remembers the language of a modern writer, "that virtue in general is not to feel, but to do—not merely to conceive a purpose, but to carry that purpose into execution—not merely to be overpowered by the impression of a sentiment, but to practise what it loves, and to imitate what it admires; and thus, loving and beloved, she progresses through the various stages of life, ornamenting all its interesting relations, and bestrewing the path of duty with flowers of sweetest fragrance: she closes her brilliant and beauteous course by gathering her duties together as a never-fading bouquet of flowers, binds them with her amiability, and bequeaths them to posterity; then, full-orbed, she sinks with angelic majesty beneath the serene and expansive horizon.

"Death steals but to renew with bloom
The life that triumphs o'er the tomb.
She died not—but hath flown.
Live, live above! all beauteous here,
What art thou in another sphere,—
An angel in thine own!"

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

"O, DEAR papa," exclaimed George Sandford, a fine little fellow of ten years old, running into the room, "we have passed such a charming day: Maria and I have been taken by our mamma to the British Museum, and were quite delighted with all we saw there. Mamma told us about the preserved animals and birds and all the beautiful shells, but said she would leave what she called minerals for you. I hope, dear papa, you will be so kind as to tell us where the gold and silver come from. Mamma says it is found in rocks: is there any in the rocks at Sea View, papa?"

"My dear boy," replied papa, "you have been running on at such a rate, that you appear to have forgotten your mamma and sister,—what has become of them?"—"Indeed, papa, I was so anxious to learn something about the minerals, I could hardly think of any thing else, and ran on a little before them;—they will be here presently. Oh, here they are!—Now, papa, tell us about the gold and the silver."—"Yes, pray do, dear papa," chimed in little Maria—"and the diamonds, and all the beautiful crystals, I think mamma called them, which we have been looking at."

"I must first inform you," said Mr. Sandford, "that the natural productions of our world, or, to speak more correctly, the immediate works of God, have been divided into three great divisions: the first consists of those to which he has given a sensible existence, such as men and animals, birds, fishes, insects, and reptiles; this department is called the animal kingdom; the second is the vegetable kingdom, and consists of every thing that grows on the surface of the earth; the third is that which has just excited so much of your attention—it is termed the mineral kingdom; each of these is again subdivided in a manner which I will explain to you hereafter; and the whole constitutes what is properly called *natural history*. I say properly, because it at once refers us to natural objects, or the unaltered productions of nature, and is thus readily distinguished from histories of other kinds, such as those which relate to countries and the productions of men.

"Gold and silver form a part of the last of these great divisions; they are each, in fact, minerals, and found, like all other minerals, in the earth, and most commonly below its surface. Many countries have produced them; and the particular situation from whence they are usually obtained are called mines. A very large quantity of gold and silver is brought to England every year from the mines of Mexico and Peru: these metals are not, however, found in the state in which they come to us, but combined with other substances, which it is requisite to separate from them. This is effected by several processes; which, however interesting, as they belong more properly to another science, called chemistry, I shall defer explaining to you till we have made some little advance in our present subject. The minerals from which metals are obtained are called ores: thus we say, an ore of gold, of silver, of copper, or any other metal; the names of many of which must be already familiar to you.

If you bring your globe, George, I will show you in what part of America the countries of Mexico and Peru are situated."—"Oh, I remember," said George, "your pointing them out to us the other day, and telling us they were first discovered, about three hundred years ago, by a Genoese called Columbus, who went with a great number of Spaniards and took possession of them, and that the wicked Spaniards treated the poor inhabitants with shocking cruelty, in return for the kindness with which they received them."

"Right, George," said Mr. Sandford, "I like to give you information when I find that you remember it so well. Africa is also famous for gold. It was from this quarter of the globe that most of the gold in ancient times is supposed to have come: it is at present principally found in small particles among the sand in the beds of the rivers of that country. It is conjectured that these particles are separated from the rocks by heavy rains, and washed down to the valleys by mountain streams. I should here inform you that gold is one of the heaviest substances with which we are acquainted."—"Is it as heavy as lead?" asked George; "for I have heard people say, 'as heavy as lead,' as if they thought it heavier than any thing else."—"Yes, my dear, it is much heavier; of which you can readily satisfy yourself by experiment: get some lead the same thickness as this guinea, and cut it the same size; if you then place them in the opposite scales of this little balance, you will find the gold will completely weigh down the lead. It arises principally from the circumstance of gold being so heavy, that the people of Africa are able to procure it from their rivers: for this purpose they put a small quantity of the sand they find at the bottom into wooden bowls with water, and, by shaking it, the gold sinks below the sand; they can then readily perceive and separate it. Quills are filled with the particles of gold thus obtained; it is then known by the name of gold dust. In this state it is brought to the coast and exchanged with our merchants, who go there for that purpose, for clothing, cutlery, and other things that are manufactured in England; and thus a mutually useful trade is carried on between our country and Africa.

"Gold has hitherto been very sparingly found in the British Islands; and I fear, George, you would be disappointed in an endeavour to discover any in the rocks at Sea View, though you might find what would be equally interesting, and possibly of more real value."—"Could we find diamonds then, papa?" asked little Maria; "for I have heard mamma say that they cost more than their weight in gold."—"No, my dear," replied her papa; "diamonds also are brought to us from other countries: but there are many substances belonging to the mineral kingdom that confer greater blessings on a country than either gold or diamonds; and other metals, which are more truly useful, and for which we readily exchange gold. You are yet too young to comprehend this fully; but I hope at a future period to be able to convince you of it. At all events you can understand now, George, that when we were at Norwood, and you had half a sovereign in your pocket, you would have gladly exchanged it for a knife; which would then have been more *useful* in procuring specimens of the various trees and plants than your piece of gold; so in that instance *steel* was more valuable than gold." Little Maria as well as George comprehended this—"Most of the gold," continued Mr. Sandford, "found in England, has been in Cornwall. I am sure you

do not forget Cornwall, George; where we went last year, and where you were so delighted with all the beautiful yellow stones you saw."—"No, indeed, papa," replied George. "But were those yellow stones gold?"—"No, my dear, they were copper ore; and you must have seen many similar pieces at the British Museum. It is from it that a very useful metal called copper is extracted. Do you remember a brown mineral that several boys and girls were pounding and washing?"—"I recollect it very well," replied George.—"That was also an ore, from which another metal called tin is obtained; and the small quantity of gold hitherto met with in Cornwall has been found in minute particles among this tin ore. Gold was also discovered while Elizabeth was Queen of England, at a place called Leadhills, in the county of Lanark, in Scotland; and it is said that during a few years as much was procured there as amounted in value to one hundred thousand pounds; but even this, compared with what is obtained in other countries, is very trifling. In Ireland gold has been sometimes met with; and the early history of this our sister island would lead us to suppose that in former times its inhabitants possessed it in great abundance, as many curious golden ornaments have been found in the bogs. Towards the end of the last century grains of this metal were discovered among the sand of a small stream in the county of Wicklow; and the peasants obtained a considerable quantity, by adopting the method I have mentioned to you, as practised in Africa. The King of England, who reserves the right to all gold and silver mines in these realms, sent persons in his name to take possession of the grounds; and much money was expended in endeavouring to find the rock from whence the gold was supposed to come. Several thousand pounds' worth was obtained during the search, but not enough to defray the expenses: the attempt was therefore in a very short time abandoned. So you see, George, that even gold will not always repay the money expended in procuring it.

"There is a circumstance peculiar to gold, which is interesting, and with which you should be acquainted: it is generally quite pure when found in its natural state, while most other metals are mixed with substances that render them useless until separated from them. You probably remarked that the specimens in the Museum, of silver, copper, iron, and other ores, bore no resemblance to the metals they contain, while those of gold were similar in their appearance to this guinea."

"Oh! indeed, papa," said little Maria, "we did see some pieces of *real* silver."—Yes," added George, "and a large piece of metal, on the wide staircase, that mamma told us was iron."

"I am very much pleased, my dears," replied Mr. Sandford, "with your remarks, as they give me an opportunity of informing you of that which otherwise I might have overlooked. In the mines from which the ores of silver, copper, &c. are procured, the workmen sometimes meet with small pieces of the metal in its pure state, and usually sell them to persons who make mineral collections. Masses of iron almost pure have likewise been found on the surface of the ground in various parts of the world; but these are mere exceptions to the general rule. Perhaps to what I have mentioned is be to attributed the reason that gold is the first metal referred to in the Bible, as you will find in the second chapter of Genesis; for when pure it is very soft, and could be readily beaten into forms similar to our

basins or cups. It was certainly converted to such purposes in the earliest ages of the world; and its usefulness in this way was probably the chief cause of its being so highly valued.

"Mines of various kinds have been wrought from the very earliest period, and are still working in many parts of the world. Those in this country produce principally copper, tin, lead, and iron. A stone from which the last mentioned metal is extracted, occurs in great abundance in the same situations where coal is found, and they are usually obtained together. This circumstance is another proof of what I said respecting the value of other mineral substances; for coal and iron have produced far more wealth, and distributed it more generally among the people of this country, than the Spaniards have been able to accumulate from all the immense quantity of gold which their late colonies of Mexico and Peru supplied them with."

"Dear me," observed George, "how very strange it appears, that people who can get gold by digging it out of the ground should not be as rich as we are."

"It is quite natural that it should appear so to you, my dear George. I cannot yet explain to you the various reasons of this fact, as they are connected with subjects above your present comprehension. But this much you can understand, that God never suffers vice and idleness to prosper; and the cruelty with which the Spaniards treated the Mexicans and Peruvians has been justly punished. Englishmen labour to obtain wealth; and I hope Englishmen will always distribute that wealth to all those who want, and prove their love of God by doing good to their fellow creatures.

"I have confined my present observations principally to gold, from a very general and natural interest which attaches itself to that metal, and from perceiving that George was most interested respected it. I hope, however, my object of increasing your desire to become acquainted with this science has been attained; if so, I will shortly commence the subject with you in a more regular way."

W. S. H.

THE BEACON-LIGHT.

Darkness was deepening o'er the seas,
And still the hulk drove on;
No sail to answer to the breeze,
Her masts and cordage gone:
Gloomy and drear her course of fear,
Each looked but for a grave,
When full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave!

Then wildly rose the gladdening shout
Of all that hardy crew—
Boldly they put the helm about,
And through the surf they flew;
Storm was forgot, toil heeded not,
And loud the cheer they gave,
As full in sight, the beacon light
Came streaming o'er the wave!

And gaily oft the tale they told,
When they were safe on shore,
How hearts had sunk, and hope grown cold,
Amid the billows' roar;
That not a star had shone afar
By its pale beam to save,
When full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave!

A FRACAS AMONG THE FLOWERS.

"I MEAN to come in bloom," said a Hyacinth, pushing her head through the mould, and half opening one blue eye.

"If you are wise, you will remain where you are, and keep yourself warm," said a Jonquil, her next neighbour; "this is no season for any of us to be abroad, or we shall get pinched by our surly enemy the frost, for this is only the first day of March."

"I am sure you are greatly mistaken in your reckoning," returned the Hyacinth; "I have felt the sun shining warmly upon my bed for the last week, the lark has awakened me from sleep with her cheerly song, the wind is blowing from the southward, and the genial showers have softened the earth, and I am confident that it is high time for me to be making my appearance in the world, as it is not my wish to be the last of my family."

"Wait till you hear the cuckoo, neighbour, she will tell you the proper season for your forthcoming," said the Jonquil.

"I shall do no such thing," returned the Hyacinth, "for I mean to be out, in readiness to welcome his coming, this year. I am tired of living in the dark gloomy earth so many months, where one can neither see nor be seen. I heard the bees very eloquent in praise of the vulgar staring crocuses just now, and even those lone creatures the daisies came in for a share of their praise. I wonder what they would say to me?" she added, protruding herself a little more out of the ground.

"I don't know what they might be pleased to say, for they are notorious flatterers," observed the Jonquil; "but I am sure they would think you a very silly flower, for leaving your snug bed before the winter was over."

"But I say the winter is already gone," said the Hyacinth, opening her eye a little wider and peeping curiously about her: "the primroses and violets and daffodils are all in bloom; dear me, how sweet they smell, and how gay and happy they look."

"How will they look in another week?" asked the Jonquil.

"Better than they do now, of course, because the sun will have obtained more power, and the weather will be warmer," replied the Hyacinth.

"Would it not be as well if you were to wait till you were certain that would be the case," said the Jonquil, "since when you are once out of the earth you cannot retreat back to your snug warm bed, but let the weather prove ever so severe, you must remain exposed to its inclemency. This is the most deceitful month in all the year, and those who feel disposed to rely on its inconstant brightness always find abundant cause to lament their folly. Take the advice of an experienced friend, and do not attempt to issue forth till the middle of April, which is the appointed season for hyacinths, and then you may stand a chance of enjoying a happy blooming time. But if you are so rash as to appear at present, you will expose yourself to many inconveniences and misfortunes, and to an early death,"

"One might as well be dead at once, as to

remain buried alive in this gloomy prison," rejoined the Hyacinth, continuing to force her way through the mould in pursuance of her design, and partially unclosing another eye, she exclaimed, "I shall hesitate no longer, for I see a swallow, which is a sure sign of spring."

"Wait till you see a few more, before you make yourself too certain on that point," said the Jonquil, "or you may have occasion to remember the old proverb, 'One swallow makes no summer.'"

"Doubtless the swallow knoweth her time," retorted the obstinate Hyacinth, "so there's proverb for proverb."

'This one appears to have strangely mistaken his, or he would never have been guilty of the imprudence of coming hither a full month before his time; unless, indeed, his unseasonable conduct has proceeded from foolish impatience and headstrong caprice; but be it from what cause it may, I shall be much surprised if he do not pay the penalty of his rashness," said the Jonquil.

The Hyacinth was exceedingly displeased at the observations with which the Jonquil concluded her reply; so she said, "I am aware of the reasons which have dictated your singularly earnest warnings, you are not ready to come into bloom yourself, and as you have hitherto made your appearance at the same time with me, you feel a jealous reluctance to my getting the start of you in the admiration of the world."

The Jonquil endeavoured to exculpate herself from such unworthy motives, but the Hyacinth, with a haughty toss of her head, which she had now got fairly above ground, bade her spare herself the trouble of farther conversation on the subject.

A soft shower fell that night, which was succeeded by a mild sunshiny morning, and this encouraged the Hyacinth so much, that the day following she shot up to her full height, and appeared in the *parterre* with great dignity, and began to unfold her delicate bells to the admiring gaze of all the bees and two or three shabby old butterflies, who, having lived in a warm hiding place all the winter, came forth on the first sunshiny days to look about them a little.

Every one that passed exclaimed in surprise, "A hyacinth in bloom the first week in March! whoever saw such a wonder? What a forward spring!"

"Say, rather, what an imprudent flower!" observed a Thrift plant in the border. The Sage in the herb bed shook her head; the Thyme was lost in astonishment at her acting in so unseasonable a manner, and the Rue made a long lamentation on the probable fate that awaited her rash folly.

The Hyacinth in the mean time experienced several aguish chills, but "Pride feels no pain," says the old adage, so she kept up her spirits as well as she could, and tried to look gay and airy; but some how or other she did not seem quite at her ease among the strange company with whom she had mixed. There were daffodils or scent lilies, snowdrops, crocuses, primroses, violets, and polyanthuses, besides celandine, the less daisies, and a variety of early field flowers of which she took no account, deeming them infinitely beneath the notice of a hyacinth.

None of the flowers offered her any friendly greetings, she fancied they all looked queerly at her; her appearance seemed to make them uneasy, as if they thought her coming was a sign of premature death to themselves. It was very plain she was not among her own set; and she felt, as every one must feel on such occasions,

any thing but comfortable. The only friend who bade her welcome was the southern breeze that sighed softly among her fragrant bells; but in the course of a few hours the rude east wind rushed in, with a dismal howl, and blew him away.

The Hyacinth presently experienced the ill effects of this change. Her whole frame shivered and shook violently, she found she had caught a sad cold, for she tried in vain to expand her upper bells.

The balmy drops of the sweet shower that was preparing to descend in all its genial softness on her bosom were suddenly congealed into hailstones, and pelted her most unmercifully, and broke off all her blossoms.

A sharp frost set in with nightfall, and pinched her poor buds wofully and benumbed her whole frame, and when the morning dawned brightly she hung her head all in tears, and was too dejected to look up.

The day was very fine, the lark sang gaily, the bees were on the wing, and the young lambs were at play in the meadow; every thing appeared joyous and happy but the Hyacinth.

"Oh!" sighed she to herself, "if I had delayed coming out only till to day, all would have been well; but the sun is very warm and kind to me, and perhaps I may recover myself in a day or two."

Vain hope! that night the frost set in sharper than before, and the east wind blew more keenly than ever, and even got a point towards the north, and the poor hyacinth would gladly have shrunk into the earth again, to shelter herself from the cold that pierced her through and through. To increase her calamities, the snow began to fall in large heavy flakes upon her head, and weighed down her feeble form to the very ground, and there she lay in great distress for a whole week, bemoaning herself, and wondering what sort of a figure she should make when the snow melted.

At length the southern breeze ventured back once more, and a thaw came on, but the deep snow dissolved so rapidly, that the poor Hyacinth was almost drowned in water.

Again the sun shone brightly and warmly upon her, and she tried to rear her drooping head—but alas! she presently became aware of the melancholy fact, that her stem having been quite cut through by the sharp frost, and since broken down with the weight of the snow, was so irreparably injured that it would be quite impossible in its crippled state ever to raise herself from the ground again. With a dying effort she unclosed her languid eyes, and the first object she observed was the imprudent swallow, whose unseasonable appearance had tempted her to leave her sheltering bed, lying dead on a heap of half melted snow under a bank. Perceiving that he also had paid a severe penalty for his venturous rashness, the Hyacinth remembered with unavailing regret her contemptuous disregard of the sagacious remark of the Jonquil, "One swallow makes no summer."

THE MISERY OF DISCONTENT.

One sunshiny morning in June, the loveliest Rose in the garden unfolded its blushing leaves, and diffused a delicious fragrance around. She was, however, concealed from every eye by the impervious thicket of thorns that surrounded her, and guarded her alike from the attack of foes and the yet more dangerous approach of those cruel admirers who would have selfishly plucked the young flower in her opening bloom, worn her till she drooped, and then have cast her carlessly aside, to be crushed and trampled upon by every rude foot. Most effectually did these trusty guardians, the thorns, defend her with the friendly shade of their umbrageous foliage from the bold glances of the sunbeams, that so often endeavoured to obtain a full view of her beautiful face, whose lovely colours would soon have faded before their ardent gaze, had they been permitted to look upon her as much as they wished to do; but they could only by mere chance get a peep now and then, when zephyrs blew the guardian branches aside from time to time with gentle violence; for the thorns took as much pains to protect her from his rude visits as they did to prevent the intrusion of the sunbeams; they considered him a very dangerous person, who would ruffle the peaceful bosom of the tender flower, and steal away her fragrance prematurely, if he were allowed to make his court to her too often. But notwithstanding the extreme care of the guardian thorns, he had already snatched more than one opportunity of fluttering round the Rose and whispering his delusive flatteries to her. He also artfully displaced the thick screen of verdure which the thorns had spread before her; and so that she was enabled to peep through the branches at the flowers of the parterre.

A shower had just fallen for their refreshment, and the bright sunbeams were shining gaily on each of all them. The Rose drew back, and drooped her head in sullen languor and discontent.

"What is the matter with you, child?" said the Thorns.

"I am tired of your company," replied the Rose.

"Why so?" demanded the parent Thorns, greatly mortified, as you may suppose.

"Because you deprive me of the pleasures of my time of life, and will not permit me to receive the visits of the sunbeams, or the zephyr, or of any one else that is at all agreeable."

"All for your good, child," said the Thorns; "we know best what is proper for you."

"But I am old enough to judge for myself, I think," returned the Rose, with sudden toss of the head. "I have now been in bloom two whole days, and I want to see and be seen."

"To what purpose child?" asked the Thorns.

"To what purpose, indeed?" echoed the Rose, with another toss of her head so violent that she quite shook the branches round her—"why, that I may be admired as much as other flowers whom I saw just now receiving the compliments of the sun beams and the zephyr. I am brighter than the lily and more fragrant than the pink, at least so Zephyr told me this morning when

he paid me a visit, in spite of all your pains to prevent it."

"You are very wrong to encourage that foolish flatterer near you," observer the Thorns; "we are your best friends; and all those whose society you so rashly desire are foes in disguise, who will treacherously caress you, in order that they may have the surer opportunity of destroying you. Your bloom will be sufficiently brief with all the precautions we take to preserve it from fading prematurely; and if we did not so sedulously defend you from the approach of the spoilers, who are attracted by your fatal beauty your charms would be rifled and your ruin completed before you attained to your full meridian glory."

"I do not believe a word of it," returned the ungrateful flower. "You desire selfishly to keep me entirely to yourselves; but I have no mind to waste my sweetness in dull seclusion. I am impatient of the irksome restraints you impose upon me, and I wish the gardener would come with his sharp knife and cut you all down, and make you into a faggot for old Bridget to heat the oven with to-morrow morning."

The next day the gardener perceived that the thorns occupied too large a portion of the flower, and so he cleared all those away that shaded the Rose from observation, and she shone forth in all her beauty, openly and unveiled.

That morning she received the warm caresses of both sunbeams and zephyr, and the visits of all the gay butterflies in the neighbourhood, who were attracted by the fame of her beauty. She was also surrounded by a prodigious swarm of flies of all descriptions, who buzzed about her incessantly, and greatly incommoded her with their impertinent freedom of manners, and annoyed her with the noise they made with their wings and the scandalous tales they related of all the flowers in the garden whom they had visited in the course of the day. However, the Rose was obliged to endure their wearisome society because she could not escape from it.

Then came the bees from a neighbouring hive one by one, and, under pretence of paying their respects to the young flower on the first day of her receiving company, they helped themselves to all the sweets they could extract. The Rose, who had greatly enjoyed the beginning of the day, now, heartily wearied, began to wish for the cool and quiet evening to release her from the fatigue of receiving so much company.

Evening at length arrived, and the Rose drank eagerly of the refreshing dews which were profusely shed on her languid breast; languid from having been exposed all the long summer day to the scorching beams of the sun, unshaded by the friendly screen of green leaves which the guardian thorns had always interposed to shield her from his bold glances.

She also hailed with joy the departure of the noisy train of winged insects that had pestered her all day. But, alas! she found that the evening also possessed its share of annoyances, for an odious snail came crawling forth, and, finding his march unimpeded by the thorny barrier that had heretofore defended her from his attacks, he invaded the sweet bosom of the Rose, and bit a large piece out of her brightest leaf, besides defiling her with his loathsome slime.

Then came a caterpillar, and made a voracious meal on the green calix that surrounded the blossom. The poor Rose was overwhelmed with grief and anger: nor could she attend to the song of the nightingale, who had before been the evening guest of the embowering thorns, and

her own true lover, or enjoy the cool night breeze, for the uneasiness she experienced; she could not forbear reflecting how differently she was wont to pass the night when she enjoyed sweet repose under the guardian shade of the protecting thorns.

The next morning a cloud of small black insects settled upon her bosom, and she made a very shabby appearance from the ravages committed upon her by the snail and the caterpillar. The butterflies took no notice of her that day; the bees, perceiving that she was on the brink of ruin, passed on without paying her one visit: the flies, indeed, came, but it was only for the ill natured pleasure of repeating to her all the mortifying remarks the other flowers had been making upon the alteration in her appearance.

The zephyr passed her apparently in a very great hurry, and in brushing by he rudely shook a dozen of her petals out, and, without so much as stopping to beg her pardon, he whisked off to pay his compliments to a new blown carnation, who was that day considered the belle of the garden.

The Rose tossed her head with so much displeasure at this wanton insult, that several more of her leaves were scattered on the ground.

At noon she felt sick and sorrowful, and was besides much displeased at the manner in which the sunbeams directed their glance towards her; she felt oppressed by their gaze, and considered that they insulted her in her distress by staring insolently at her, and she turned away her head in a pet; but they only stared more broadly than before for the period of three whole hours, till her last tint of brightness was totally extinct.

What would have been the reflections of the thorns could they have seen her in her present degraded and deplorable condition? Vainly did she now lament her thoughtless ingratitude towards these true friends: but she had discovered their value too late; and in the midst of her bitter repentance a rough shabby looking donkey made his way through a gap in the garden hedge, and, approaching the spot from whence the guardian thorns had been cleared away, he opened his great ugly mouth and devoured the poor Rose at one bite, which he could never have done had the thorns remained to defend her from the attacks of her foes. So this was the sad and ignominious end of the fairest Rose of the garden.

TO AN EARLY SNOW-DROP.

SWEET, lovely flower,
Emblem of innocence and dawning love,
May no rude shower
As sail the sweet reviver of the grove.

Modest and fair,
Gentle enlivener of the wintry waste,
Be mine the care
To shield thy beauties from the raging blast.

Regardless power
Oft tears the sweetest blossoms ere they bloom,
And youth's gay hour
Is oft, alas! consigned to care and woe.

Thou'rt like the maid
In native purity and truth elate;
Like her array'd;
Like her exposed to all the storms of fate.

S. E. F.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MASON.

THERE was once upon a time a poor mason, or bricklayer, in Granada, who kept all the saints' days and holydays, and saint Monday into the bargain, and yet, with all his devotion, he grew poorer and poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was roused from his first sleep by a knocking at his door. He opened it, and beheld before him a tall, meagre, cadaverous looking priest. "Hark ye, honest friend," said the stranger, "I have observed that you are a good Christian, and one to be trusted; will you undertake a job this very night?"

"With all my heart, Senor Padre, on condition that I am paid accordingly."

"That you shall be, but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded."

To this the mason made no objection; so being hoodwinked, he was led by the priest through various rough lanes and winding passages until they stopped before the portal of a house. The priest then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what sounded like a ponderous door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor and spacious hall, to an interior part of the building. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a patio, or court dimly lighted by a single lamp.

In the centre was the dry basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the priest requested him to form a small vault, bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night, but without finishing the job. Just before daybreak the priest put a piece of gold into his hand, and having again blindfolded him, conducted him back to his dwelling.

"Are you willing," said he, "to return and complete your work?"

"Gladly, Senor Padre, provided I am as well paid."

"Well, then, to-morrow at midnight I will call again."

He did so, and the vault was completed. "Now," said the priest, "you must help me to bring forth the bodies that are to be buried in this vault."

The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words; he followed the priest with trembling steps, into a retired chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle of death, but was relieved, on perceiving three or four portly jars standing in one corner. They were evidently full of money, and it was with great labour that he and the priest carried them forth and consigned them to their tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all traces of the work obliterated.

The mason was again hoodwinked and led forth by a route different from that by which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys, they halted. The priest then put two pieces of gold into his hand. "Wait here," said he, "until you hear the cathedral bell toll for

matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befal you." So saying he departed.

The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand, and clinking them against each other. The moment the cathedral bell rung its matin peal, he uncovered his eyes, and found himself on the banks of the Xenil, from whence he made the best of his way home, and revelled with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two nights' work, after which he was as poor as ever.

He continued to work a little and pray a good deal, and keep holydays and saints' days from year to year, while his family grew up as gaunt and ragged as a crew of gypsies. As he was seated one morning at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old curmudgeon who was noted for owning many houses and being a griping landlord. The man of money eyed him for a moment from beneath a pair of eyebrows.

"I am told, friend, that you are very poor."

"There is no denying the fact, Senor; it speaks for itself." "I persume, then, you would be glad of a job, and will work cheap:" "As cheap, my master, as any mason in Granada."

"That's what I want. I have an old house fallen to decay, that cost me more money than it is worth to keep it in repair, for nobody will live in it; so I must contrive to patch it up and keep it together at as small expence as possible."

The mason was accordingly conducted to a huge deserted house that seemed going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court where his eye was caught by an old Moorish fountain.

He paused. "It seems," said he, "as if I had been in this place before; but it is like a dream—Pray who occupied this house formerly?"

"A pest upon him!" cried the landlord. "It was an old miserly priest, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich, and, having no relations, it was thought he would leave all his treasure to the church. He died suddenly, and the priest and friars thronging to take possession of his wealth, but nothing could they find but a few ducats in a leather purse. The worst luck has fallen on me; for since his death, the old fellow continues to occupy my house without paying rent, and there's no taking the law of a dead man. The people pretend to hear at night the clinking of gold all night long in the chamber where the old priest slept, as if he were counting over his money, and sometimes a groaning and moaning about the court. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name on my house and not a tenant will remain in it."

"Enough," said the mason, sturdily—"Let me live in your house rent free until some better tenant presents, and I will engage to put it in repair and quiet the troubled spirits that disturb it. I am a good Christian and a poor man, and am not to be daunted by the devil himself, though he come in the shape of a big bag of money."

The offer of the honest mason was gladly accepted; he moved with his family into the house, and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored it to its former state. The clinking of gold was no longer heard at night in the chamber of the defunct priest, but began to be heard by day in the pocket of the living mason. In a word, he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbours, and became one of the riches men in Granada. He gave large sums to the church, by way, no doubt, of satisfying his conscience, and never revealed the secret of the wealth until his death-bed, to his son and heir.

IRVING.

ADDRESS TO CHILDREN.

May heav'n, my children, o'er your path,
Spread flow'rs of radiant hue,
And all the joys obedience hath,
May they be felt by you.

Believe me, in this world's gay round,
Full many a thorn's conceal'd;
How few are they who can be found,
To whom the thorn's reveal'd!

Now, what's your duty? Seek in youth,
With unabated zeal,
To find the pleasant ways of truth,
And all will then be well.

The laws that our great Teacher taught,
Still ever just and true,
May you, with early wisdom fraught,
Keep constantly in view.

When love to God and man combine,
All well will act their part;
In them does true religion shine,
Religion of the heart.

How blest to lead, in joy and peace,
A life devoid of blame;
That man may thus their censures cease,
And malice lose its aim.

On all are duties still imposed;
We cheerfully must share
The changeful scene till life is clos'd,
Though ills we have to bear.

By industry we knowledge gain;
A source of bliss 'twill prove;
From idleness nought comes but pain,
And none will praise or love.

And when we look the world around,
How beauteous is the sight!
How many things are to be found,
To fill us with delight.

Nature herself may storms endure,
When clouds and winds arise;
Yet like her still the mind that's pure,
The storms of life defies.

GENEROSITY.

This finest, noblest quality, which ever emanates from poor human nature, is the opposite to every thing cowardly, selfish, and sneaking.—There is a great distinction to be made between generosity of *manner* and generosity of *heart*. A good man, with the noblest sentiments and feelings, is sometimes disguised by a certain coldness and formality of manner; while a libertine, whose life is spent in the gratification of self, imposes on the multitude, by the bravery and frankness of his air, for a most generous-hearted fellow.

DESCRIPTION OF NIAGARA FALLS.

At the point where this river issues from Lake Erie, it assumes the name of Niagara. It is something more than three quarters of a mile in width, and the broad and powerful current embosoms two islands; one of them, Grand Isle, containing eleven thousand acres, and the other, Navy Island, opposite to the British village of Chippeway. Below this island the river again becomes an unbroken sheet, a mile in width. For a half a mile below, it seems to be waxing in wrath and power. Were this rapid in any other place, itself would be noted as one of the sublimest features of river scenery. Along this rapid the broad and irresistible mass of roling waters is not entirely whitened, for it is too deep to become so. But it has something of that curling and angry aspect which the sea exhibits when swept by the first bursts of a tempest. The momentum may be conceived when we are instructed, that in half a mile the river has a descent of fifty feet. A column of water a mile broad, twenty-five feet deep, and propelled onward by the weight of the surplus waters of the whole prodigious basin of the lakes, rolling down this rapid declivity, at length pours over the cataract, as if falling to the central depths of the earth.

Instead of sublimity, the first feeling excited by this stupendous cataract is amazement. The mind accustomed only to ordinary phenomena and common exhibitions of power, feels a revulsion and recoil from the new train of thought and feeling forced in an instant upon it. There is hardly sufficient coolness for distinct impressions, much less for calculations. We witness the white and terrific sheets—for an island on the very verge of the cataract divides the fall—descending more than one hundred and fifty feet into the abyss below. We feel the earth trembling under our feet. The deafening roar fills our ears. The spray, painted with rainbows, envelopes us. We imagine the fathomless caverns which such an impetus, continued for ages, has worn. Nature arrays herself before us, in this spectacle, as an angry and irresistible power that has broken away from the beneficent control of Providence.

When we have gazed upon the spectacle and heard the roar until the mind has recovered from its amazement, we believe the first obvious thought in most minds is a shrinking comparison of the littleness and helplessness of man, and the insignificance of his pigmy efforts when measuring strength with nature. Take it all in all, it is one of the most sublime and astonishing spectacles scen on our globe. The eye distinctly measures the amount of the mass, and we can hardly avoid thinking with the peasant, that the waters of the upper world must shortly be drained down the cataract. But the stream continues to pour down, and this concentrated and impressive symbol of the power of Omnipotence proclaims his majesty through the forest from age to age.

An earthquake, the eruption of a volcanic mountain, the conflagration of a city, are all spectacles in which terror is the first and predominant emotion. The most impressive exertion

of human power is only seen in the murderous and sickening horrors of a conflict between two mighty armies. These, too, are transient and contingent exhibitions of sublimity. But after we have stood an hour at the foot of these falls, after the eye has been accustomed to look upon them without blenching, after the ear has become familiarized with the deafening and incessant roar, when the mind begins to calculate the grandeur of the scale of operations upon which nature acts, then it is that the entire and unmingled feeling of sublimity rushes upon it, and this is probably the place on the whole globe where it is felt in its most unmixed simplicity.

FLINT.

THE WAYWARD CHILD

A FABLE.

THERE was a little stubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame,
Restive by long indulgence grown,
No will she minded but her own:
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
Then in a corner take a seat,
And sourly moping all the day
Disdain alike to work or play.
Papa all softer arts had tried,
And sharper remedies applied;
But both were vain, for every course
He took still made her worse and worse.
'Tis strange to think how female wit
So oft should make a lucky hit,
When man, with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, sounder sense,
Will err, and measures false pursue:
'Tis very strange, I own, but true.
Mamma observ'd the rising lass
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practice little airs unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen:
On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humour of the maid;
Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another.
Whene'er, by accident, offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might shew her how deformed
She look'd, and frightful when she stormed;
And warn her, as she prized her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty:
All this the looking-glass achieved,
Its threats were minded and believed.
The maid, who spurned at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice;
So, when all other means had failed,
The silent monitor prevailed.
Thus, fable to the human kind
Presents an image of the mind;
It is a mirror, where we spy
At large our own deformity,
And learn, of course, those faults to mend,
Which but to mention would offend.

PENETRATION.—Many people pretend to this quality, who never made a fortunate *guess* into character in their life. They who possess great penetration into character, who can trace the secret springs of action, and peep behind the curtain of manœuvring and affectation, do not enjoy the drama of human life half so much as the ignorant spectator, who merely gazes on the stage, and admires the passing splendour of the show.

YOUNG PEOPLES' OPINIONS.

"Cold blows the north wind o'er the wintry waste.
Oh ye who shiver by your blazing fires,
Think of the inmates of yon humble hut,
Whose broken pane but half excludes the blast."

"Oh, dear mother," said Sophia Danforth, one cold tempestuous morning, as she seated herself at the breakfast table, opposite a large and comfortable fire, "what a melancholy storm. I could hardly sleep last night, the wind roared so loud, and the snow and hail beat so voilently against the windows; and I cannot go to school to-day, I should be blown away," added she, in a still more desponding tone.

"Why, Sophia," said her more volatile and lively sister Jane, "I shall go to school if you do not: only think of staying away from school just for a little wind and snow; I really think, too, that the storm is abating; for look, the drifts do not dash over the causeway half so voilently, as when we first rose this morning, and the willow tree does not bend beneath the gale nearly as low as it did. I should not wonder to see the sun shining brightly by noon to welcome us from school."

"Now, Sophia and Jane, I think you are both wrong," said George, with a very important look; "I don't think the storm so very 'melancholy,' as you do, Sophia—and yet, sister Jane, I should think young ladies would not make a very graceful appearance, plunging through the snow drifts, and contending with the wind for possession of their cloaks and hoods; we boys can go, and like the fun of being buried in a bank of snow. What say you, little sober Frank, to a frolic with me this morning?"

"I don't know, it is very cold," said Frank, "and I should not like to get my feet and hands so chilled as I did the other day; I had rather read to my mother than go to school this forenoon; and then, if the sun shines after dinner, as Jane thinks it will, I can run quickly down the street, for I dare say there will be a good path by noon."

"Well, if even then you are so long on the way as to feel cold, let me advise you to make your way home at once, and not stand still like a droll little snow image, as you did the other day, because Jack Frost wanted to be too familiar with you, and had the mischief to pinch your toes and fingers."

"I don't like to be teazed, George," said Frank; "I don't believe *you* would have done better, when you were such a little boy as I. It was because I did not know what to do when I was so cold, that I stood still. I shall take better care next time I am alone. You need not think that I cannot go into the street again without you, or that I shall stand still to freeze."

"You all seem to require, my children," said Mrs. Danforth, "some little regulation of thought and feeling this morning; there seems to be some diversity in your opinions, and as Sophia first addressed me, I must notice her remarks, which are not a little clouded by despondence. I sympathise with you, my dear

in having passed a somewhat sleepless night; but my meditations then, and feelings now, were those of thankfulness that I had so safe a shelter, and so many comforts around me, rather than any impatient emotions at the idea of losing a few hours' slumber.

"It is always better to consider how much we have to enjoy, than to magnify what we have not, by thinking most of our deprivations. We may by this means create an habitual cheerfulness of disposition, if we are not naturally possessed of a light heart. I know my dear Sophia will think of this, and not call every storm 'melancholy,' because it puts her to some discomfort; if it is thought on with sadness, it should be on account of those less blessed than ourselves, in the means of being protected from its fury. The poor sailors, for example, may be excused for looking with dread on the gathering temptest, and we should rather wonder if their minds were occupied by fears for their own safety, than that they were. Poor people, too, shrink from the chilling blasts of winter, but they suffer miseries of which Sophia knows nothing, except from hearing of their recital; it is one thing to talk of sufferings and quite a different matter to endure them."

"Ah, mother," said Sophia, more cheerfully, "I see you are right, and I will try not to think of my own little inconveniences during a storm, but, as you say, concider what I have to be thankful for. But do you think I shall go to school?"

"Not this morning, certainly," replied her mother, "I should not feel justified in exposing your health abroad at such a time as this; but you must make your disappointment turn to good account; you will have leisure to finish that sketch you were coppying, and can complete the moss basket you were making for your cousin Lucy. Jane can read to you meantime; I know she wishes to finish the history of South America."

"Oh, mother, am I to stay away from school too? I am stronger than Sophia, and shall not take cold; I am not afraid of the snow or wind, though George does ridicule the idea of my walking through the street."

"Wading through the snow, you mean, sister," said George, laughing.

"Hush, George," replied Mrs. Danforth, "you are too apt to indulge, as Frank says, a teazing humour. I have the same objection to your going abroad, Jane, as your sister's, and hope you will acquiesce in my decision with cheerfulness; your time at home may be usefully engaged; indeed, I am deposed to think, if you please, this may be one of what you call our 'happy mornings;' we can read, sew, and converse by turns; and I do not think the hours will move by on leaden wings."

"I think it will be a long morning, though," said Jane, not quite satisfied with this arrangement; "I do not feel much inclined either to read, talk, or work, mother," continued she, with an expression of increased discontent.

"Well, my dear, I will not insist on your being occupied; you shall have a fire in the small parlour, and sit by yourself, quite undisturbed; I assure you neither books nor work shall burthen your mind or hands, and I will secure you against all impertinent intrusion."

"Mother, you surely are not in earnest; you are trying me."

"I was never more serious in making any arrangement, Jane; and, to convince you of my firmness, you may yourself ring the bell for John to go and light the fire."

"Dear mother, forgive my hasty language, and

improper fretfulness; indeed I will do what you judge best: pray do not oblige me to sit a whole day idle," said Jane, her face crimsoned by a sense of shame at her impetuosity.

"I thought it was your own choice to be without employment," replied Mrs. Danforth; "I was but affording you the opportunity to fulfil the wishes you expressed, and that with the least possible room for having your tranquillity and listlessness disturbed."

"You always make me feel ashamed of myself, mother, when I am not obedient; and I am sure I often think I will govern my temper better."

"It is one thing to determine well, and another to practise, my daughter; your disposition to do right is in general good, but you must have more self-government; when you can acquire that power, you will possess one of the great means of increasing your daily enjoyment, and add much to the happiness of your friends. Remember the words of him who wrote many wise proverbs—'He that hath rule over his own spirit, is better then he that taketh a city.' As for you, George," said his mother, in her mild persuasive voice, "I wonder you, who love your little brother and your sisters so much, should take such frequent occasions to aggravate their feelings when they have been already excited. I am persuaded that this unmanly propensity will be the means of giving you great pain, except you can resolve to control it. You do not like to be made uncomfortable yourself, why should you make others so?"

"Why, mother, I did not mean to injure their feelings," said George seriously.

"It is that plea, my son," continued Mrs. Danforth, "which so often betrays you into the error. You think it is but a *little thing* you do to vex them, and so you often do and say these *little things;* be assured it is, as your father often says, less easy to bear with often repeated trifles, than with one decided and gross act of unkindness. I must say, that your sisters often manifest a very commendable degree of patience towards you, which should, before now, have had a more effectual influence on your manners towards them."

"I must try then, mother," said George, "'to think twice,' as Nurse Barton used gravely to say, 'before I speak once'—though I cannot consider it so great a misfortune that I am not tongue-tied, as she did."

"Nurse Barton had but too solid reason for using such strong language to you,—and were she here now, I am sure it would reflect little credit on your more advanced age, to hear her, with her usual plainness of speech, confess that there was no great amendment in master George."

"Dear mother, neither she, nor my father, nor yourself, shall have occasion to reproach me on this subject so frequently; I am determined to be more manful. Sophia, Jane, and Frank, come forgive me all old debts, and I will not become a bankrupt to your loss in future," said George, who to his almost unconquerable love of teazing, added a great amount of real affection and ingenuousness of disposition.

In this happy state of mind, George bade them a gay good morning, and joined his light-hearted school-fellows in the street, nothing depressed by the still raging tempest of wind and snow.

Indeed I am not the first who has made the remark, that the effect of a snow-storm on the animal spirits is exhilarating; and I have full often watched from my windows the merry

school-boys as they have frolicked through the snowdrifts, with a sympathy so strong, that I have found it difficult not to wish myself one of them.

But to return to my story: Mrs. Danforth, after giving the necessary orders among her household, seated herself in the parlour, and the two young girls wisely remembering her precepts, which had always double influence, by being united to example, established themselves industriously at their several employments.

Little Erank, who was distinguished in the family for his good temper and quiet habits, seated himself by his mother's side, and studied his short lessons with much assiduity. When he had learned and recited them, he wanted Sophia to draw him a house, and a pond near it, with graceful swans in the water, and pretty flowers, and birds, and trees. Sophia said she would draw a house and a pond, but the pond must be filled with ice, for she affirmed that nothing could be made to look like summer, during such a scene as they saw, every time they raised their eyes to the windows. "And I am sure, Frank," continued she, "I have hardly the idea of a singing-bird or a flower in my mind to-day; see I can make snow drifts, and boys skating on the pond, and ice mountains, and leafless trees; will that do?"

"Yes, that will do," said Frank, "but I like summer pictures better; can't you remember, Sophia, all about last summer when we had such pleasant walks, and——"

"Ah, yes I remember the walks, but don't talk of them now, when one cannot stir out of doors. I am sure I do not wish to think of them now."

Mrs. Danforth suspected Sophia to be relapsing into her drooping feelings, and advised her to read a little; Sophia accordingly went into the library in search of a book. Her choice unfortunately fell on a volume of Voyages, in which storms and shipwrecks held a prominent part. Her mother recommended a change, and proposed "A Summer's Tour through Scotland," but as she did not urge it very decidedly, Sophia begged that she might read some extracts from the Voyages; it suited the season, she said, and it would be as difficult to think the present time appropriate for reading an account of a summer's journey, as it was to draw a flowery landscape on a stormy day for Frank.

Mrs. Danforth smiled at Sophia's precise ideas of appropriate times and seasons, and indulged her inclination, trusting that the peculiarly sad tendency of her thoughts might be gradually counteracted, with care and patience. She was not one of those hasty people who expect to accomplish the work of months in a day or an hour, and then because they do not succeed according to their wishes in a first effort, relinquish the task as fruitless.

Sophia read of a vessel manned with twenty sailors, and commanded by an efficient master, which sailed from Gibraltar for an American port, with provisions only for a short voyage, the season being favourable, and the owners sanguine that she would make her port in a short time. They had not been many days at sea, when a violent storm arose, which drove them far out of their course, and the gale continuing, they were tossed to and fro, with little command over the ship. The captain seeing the danger they were in, ordered the men to lighten her of her freight, and accordingly everything that was likely to relieve the vessel was cast overboard. Their provisions fell short, and as is always found necessary in such cases, the crew were put

on short allowance. Their situation became hourly more and more perilous, they were far from any port, and at last they were reduced to great extremity for want of food.

"I should have given them my breakfast," said Frank, who had listened with earnestness to his sister reading, "and my dinner too.—Oh, how sorry I am for them!"

"How could they get your breakfast and dinner?" said Jane, "you could not send it to them."

"No, but if I could, I would," persisted Frank.

"Well, I know I should not be so foolish as to starve at sea," said Jane with a look of wisdom. "I would make myself very comfortable if the ship's provisions did fall short."

"How," said Frank—"do tell me, Jane."

"And how," rejoined Sophia, with a look of perplexity:—"what would you do?"

"Pray relieve our curiosity," added Mrs Danforth, "for I own I should like to be a participator in your knowledge: and given to the world, it might prove a great aid to those who are not so happy as yourself in possessing hidden resources."

"Do not fish live in the water, and do not we eat fish?" said Jane; "I would catch fish and satisfy my hunger, even if I should not always relish the fare: at least I would not starve surrounded by the means of eating."

"Your willingness to eat fish to save yourself from famishing, is no great virtue," replied Mrs. Danforth, "but I fancy you do not know, that fish are not caught in the ocean, off soundings at least, except very rarely, and it is not therefore in the power of sailors so easily to supply their need: with this resource at command, so many unfortunate beings would not perish yearly for want of sustenance."

Jane looked disappointed that her contrivance had come to such an issue; and after considering a moment, said, that she was glad to be informed that the fish did not go beyond soundings; and that she would not in future fancy herself so much more discerning and wise than other people.

"I often wonder," said Sophia thoughtfully, "that there should be any people willing to go to sea, where they are liable to suffer such hardships."

"There are many persons, my dear Sophia, who are glad to accept of any means of support, however arduous; and others, regardless of danger and privation, are sailors from choice; and it is truly wonderful how attached the mind becomes to such a roaming, hazardous mode of life. But, Sophia, suppose you resume your narrative; we are interested in the fate of this vessel and her crew; and since we have followed them into danger, would prefer to remain with them till they are once more beyond its reach. I hope, at least, they are not destined to total destruction."

Sophia continued:—"After a great deal of hardship, and losing two of their number overboard, they, to their great joy, discovered land, and, the tempest having subsided, the captain was able to determine their course, and found that they were off the coast of Upper Guinea. Undesirable as was a landing in that hostile country, they were compelled to direct the ship towards the shore, from which they were distant but a few leagues. The vessel had sustained such damage during the gale, that there was little hope of repairing her again so as to make her sea-worthy."

"I think," said Jane, "I should have been almose as willing to run the risk of being starved

and drowned, as to be exposed to the dangers of an uninvited landing among those uncivilized negro tribes."

"But if they tried to make me a prisoner, I would fight," warmly exclaimed Frank.

This speech, coming from one so peaceable in disposition as Frank, caused a general smile; and Jane affirmed that she thought reading Voyages would, in a little time, effect quite a change in the character of their quiet little brother. Sophia now said, if they interrupted her so frequently, she should not finish the chapter she was reading before dinner, and accordingly she was suffered to proceed.

"After much difficulty, the crew effected a landing in their boat, though the surf beat heavily upon the rocky shore. They did not perceive at that time, any traces of inhabitants, and were comforted to find that they should rest undisturbed at least for a short while. They found on the shore, pieces of drift wood, with which they kindled a fire, and then employed themselves in collecting shell-fish, of which they found abundance on the sands; quantities having been washed up by the waves.

"No words can express the gratitude with which these poor sufferers partook of their frugal meal;—and to their increased satisfaction, they found a hollow among the rocks, sufficiently large to afford them all a shelter. Exhausted as they were, they first secured their boat, and the few things they had brought off from the ship, which lay at anchor in the bay, but in such a state that every succeeding wave threatened to complete her total destruction. Of the future, these poor sailors were too much wearied to take any thought, and they retreated to their rocky shelter, thankful to have escaped with their lives.

"On the morrow the sun broke in upon their slumbers, and they rose with anxiety to ascertain the fate of their ship. Nothing was to be seen of her, and their worst fears were fully realized. In a savage country, without the means of leaving it, or of guarding themselves against the sudden attacks of the natives, should they find them hostile to their approach into the interior; with no provisions, save the shell-fish which they found on the beach, they were excusable for yielding for a time to the most desponding thoughts.

"At length one of their number, Tom Goodwin, a clever active sailor, addressed them to this effect:

"'Why should we give it up, and sit here on these rocks, gazing at the wild waves as if we expected they would give back our stout vessel, just as they received her, staunch and tight, when we dropped off from the pier at Gibraltar: it's of no use; let us divide into two companies, and seek our fortune.'

"This advice, given in an animated tone, seemed to inspire the whole company with a portion of the speaker's energy; and, one and all, they resolved to act as he recommended. The place where they were wrecked was off the coast of South Foulah, a province of Upper Guinea. The inhabitants are averse from labour, and make war on each other, for the purpose of obtaining slaves, whom they sell to the slave dealers, who come to purchase and receive these human cargoes. The country is in most districts fertile, which favours the natural indolence of the negroes; and they are able to raise, with litttle labour, maize, rice, and other fruits, sufficient for their sustenance. Beyond this they have few desires that are gratified at the expense of bodily activity.

"The seamen whose fate it had been to be cast upon this shore, were making their few hasty preparations for exploring the country, when Tom, who was on a high rock taking what observations he could for guiding their course, suddenly shouted, as he turned towards the ocean, and waved his cap, "a sail, a sail." This glad news called all hands to his side, and they saw, after some time, that the vessel was actually approaching the bay into which they had been driven. No time was to be lost: the boat was put off, and every energy exerted to attract the notice of the welcome vessel. By great good fortune their boat was seen, and one sent off from the strange ship to meet them. They found that she carried an American flag, and to their joy soon discovered that she had weathered the gale without material injury, and would take all hands on board and land them at St. Jago, whence they might get passed home."

"That is all, mother," said Sophia, closing the book. "I am glad," replied Mrs. Danforth, "that your story has had so bright a close: it began like our morning, in a storm, and like that has ended in a cheerful light; look, the sun shines, and the ice is already beginning to disappear from the windows. We shall have a fine afternoon, I do not doubt."

"I shall take a walk if you please, mother," said Jane, whose vivacity was seldom checked by consideration, "and you shall go too, Sophia."

"But I do not wish to go out to-day," answered Sophia, "I shall feel quite as happy at home with my mother; and since I have lost my school lessons, I do not think there is any reason for my going abroad."

"Well, as you like, but I think a walk will be very invigorating."

"You had better," said Mrs. Danforth, "think if the snow will not form as great an impediment to your excursion now, as it did in the morning: you do not fancy that a blue sky will facilitate your progress, amidst snow-drops: George would almost hazard another comment on you, Jane, where he by now."

"If I am not to walk then, mother, I think I will determine as well as I can to content myself, like Sophia, with some employment at home. Suppose I make you a cap—I think I can sew neatly enough."

"You may try, my dear—but here is George —let us see what report he brings of things abroad."

"Fine fun I have had, girls," said George, opening the door with a little too much bustle and noise: "mother, I have said good lessons: and now, Frank, come here, and I will show you from the window what a nice slide I am going to make down that slope; you shall have my new sled, if my mother will let you come out, so run for your mittens, quick! quick! quick!"

"But my mother has not said I might go," said Frank, pausing; "and I can't tell where my mittens are."

"Oh, I will get your mittens," said Jane, "and your coat and cap too; they are all in their place."

"Stop a little, children," said Mrs. Danforth, "I think the path is not made for the slide yet; Frank had better wait a little, till George has fulfilled all his promises."

"Ah, that I will do quickly," said the light-hearted boy; "for I studied at school during recess, that I might have all my time at noon for play. So Frank, do you sit up at the window, and see me shovel the snow from the path."

Frank watched eagerly from the window, while George cleared a smooth passage for their sleds; and as he was soon joined in his work by several companions, Frank's patience was not long tried in waiting for his favourite amusement. Jane's interest was almost as great as her brother's, and drew her to Frank's side, while the busy boys were throwing the snow first on a bank, and next in frolic over each other. Sophia thought it would be too much like expressing a desire to slide herself, if she followed Jane's example, and whatever she might have felt on the subject, she certainly acted upon the principle of not departing from what she fancied her feminine dignity, and remained quietly near her mother, working most assiduously.

"My grand highway is finished," said George, knocking at the window for his brother; and for the next hour the boys enjoyed their diversion without a thought of any thing beyond the pleasure of sliding.

At last Jane exclaimed, "that she really wished she was with them too."

"Why Jane," said Sophia, "wish you were out sliding with the boys!"

"Yes I do, indeed," persisted Jane; "I think it very diverting."

"Perhaps so," said Sophia, and she again resumed her work.

"Do you know, Sophia," said her mother with a smile, "that Jane's desire for amusement in the snow would be regarded with much less surprise in Russia, Norway, and Holland, than among ourselves: and, indeed, not only with less surprise, but actually without any at all; and it is probable she would at once be furnished with the readiest means of realizing her wishes."

"Do you mean, mamma, that the ladies and little girls in those countries really partake of those amusements?"

"Yes, my dear: and at the favourable season large parties are formed, solely for this purpose; and though it may increase your surprise to learn the fact, I assure you on good authority, that the females of Holland excel in skating, and acquire health and vigour, added to amusement, by this exercise. So you see, that what would be discountenanced in one country as rude and unfeminine, is learnt and practised as an accomplishment in another."

Sophia was willing to think less severely of her sister's wish to slide, after this information, and soon joined her at the window to watch their merry brothers.

The bell in a short time called them all together to prepare for dinner, and their father returning at the same time, they recounted, as usual, the events of the morning.

"I am glad," said George, "I live in a country where winter is known; I think the variety of seasons with us, a great deal pleasanter than to live always beneath a torrid sun."

"I like warm weather," said Sophia, "and should not be at all sorry never to see a snow storm again."

"We should disagree half the year then," said George; "I like these changes, which bring such a variety of amusements; and I do not mind the cold as long as I can skate, slide, and make snow-balls. Oh! it is fine fun for us boys to pelt each other over the Common; I am glad we have that Common for a play-ground, and hope it will never be an inch smaller than it is now."

"I am sure I hope so too," said Jane and Sophia together; "for if we do not make it a

play-ground, like you boys, we enjoy our walks round it in mild weather, as much as you do your races; and the Mall is our peculiar right."

"To which you are welcome, girls," said George; "I shall not dispute your entire possession, except when I walk with you."

Mr. and Mrs. Danforth smiled at the earnestness of their children, and their ideas of *personal* property in the public grounds of our city; but as it was a feeling they supposed to be shared by all the thousand children who resorted to them, they did not see fit to impress their own with other views.

"I can tell you an anecdote," said Mr. Danforth to his children, "that may amuse you. Many years ago, an ambassador was sent from Morocco to Holland. It happened that he arrived in the latter country when all the rivers were converted into ice, and the people were diverting themselves with riding in sledges of various construction, skating, &c. So novel a scene filled him with wonder, and on writing to his master, the Emperor, an account of the people among whom he found himself so strangely situated, he said, that the greatest wonder he had seen since leaving home, was all the canals and rivers converted into a strange substance resembling sugar-candy. This narrative seemed so improbable to those who received it, that the unfortunate ambassador was ordered home, to answer for the falsehoods he was accused of imposing on the Emperor and his court, who living in a country where ice and snow were unknown, could not be made to conceive of its existence."

"But, father," said George "they must have been very ignorant never to have read of these things."

"They were ignorant, it is true," replied Mr. Danforth, "and, as a people, still possess very circumscribed knowledge of countries and nations beyond their own borders: I think you will feel an increased disposition to acquaint yourself extensively with geographical knowledge, in all its branches, after seeing in the above relation the inconvenience and disgrace that followed the unfortunate ambassador. Not that I would offer that as a motive for study, which is only an illustration of the folly of being ignorant, when one may as easily be wise."

After dinner George again separated from the family, to the no small regret of Frank, who found much of his happiness in the exertions of his brother to entertain him and promote his little plays, notwithstanding the occasional teazing to which we have before alluded.

The afternoon passed, on the whole, agreeably, to those who remained at home; and when George, with his father, rejoined the family in the evening, they presented such a group as a painter would desire to copy, if he wished to represent a *happy* family. And under that pleasant aspect we shall bid them good-bye.

THE SAGACIOUS ELEPHANT.— A Syrian Elephant was entrusted to the care of a dishonest servant, who usually gave him but half his allowance of corn. One day, the elephant's owner happened to come into the stable, at feeding time; and the servant, in consequence, poured out to the animal his full measure of food. But instead of falling to, the elephant divided the heap into two equal parts, with his trunk; and by the significancy of his motions, gave his master to understand, that, if he had not been present, his servant had not proved so liberal.

DOROTHY AND HER DOG.

In the pleasant fields of Battersea, near the river side, on a spot which is now covered with houses, dwelt, three hundred and ten years ago, the blind widow, Annice Collie, and her orphan grandchild, Dorothy. These two were alone in the world, and yet they might scarcely be said to feel their loneliness; for they were all the world to each other.

Annice Collie had seen better days; for she was the daughter of a substantial yeoman, and her husband, Reuben Collie, had been a gardener in the service of good Queen Catherine, the first wife of King Henry the Eighth: and Annice had been a happy wife, a joyful mother, and a liberal housekeeper, having wherewithal to bestow on the wayfarer and stranger at their need. It was, however, the will of God that these blessings should be taken from her. The Queen fell into adversity, and, being removed from her favourite place at Greenwich, to give place to her newly exalted rival, Anne Boleyn, her faithful servants were all discharged: and, among them, Reuben Collie and his son, Arthur, were deprived or their situations in the royal gardens.

This misfortune, though heavy, appeared light, in comparison with the bitter reverses that had befallen their royal mistress: for the means of obtaining an honest livelihood were still in the power of the industrious little family; and beyond that their ambition extended not.

Reuben Collie, who had spent his youth in the low countries, had acquired a very considerable knowledge of the art of horticulture, an art at that time so little practiced in England, that the sallads and vegetables with which the tables of the great were supplied, were all brought, at a great expence, from Holland, and were, of course, never eaten in perfection. Reuben Collie, however, whose observations on the soil and climate had convinced him that these costly exoitics might be raised in England, procured seeds, of various kinds, from a friend of his in the service of the Duke of Cleves, and was so fortunate as to rear a few plants of cabbages, savoys, brocoli, lettuces, artichokes, and cucumbers, to the unspeakable surprise of all the gardeners in London and its environs; and honest Reuben narrowly escaped being arraigned as a wizard, in consequence of their envy at the success of his experiment. He had hired, on a long lease, a cottage, with a small field adjoining, at a reasonable rent, of Master Bartholomnew Barker, the rich tanner of Battersea; and this he and his son Arthur, had, with great care and toil, converted into a garden and nursery-ground, for rearing fruit-trees, vegetables, costly flowers, and herbs of grace: and this spot he flattered himself would, one day, prove a mine of wealth to himself, and his son after him. That golden season never arrived; for Arthur, who had, during a leisure time, obtained work in a nobleman's garden at Chelsea, for the sake of bringing home a few additional groats, to assist in the maintenance of his wife, Margaret, and his little daughter, Dorothy, who lived with the old people, was unfortunately killed by the fall of an old wall, over which he was training a fig tree.

The news of this terrible catastrophe was a

deathblow to Reuben Collie. The afflicted mother and wife of Arthur, struggled with their own grief to offer consolation to him; but it was in vain, for he never smiled again. He no longer took any interest in the garden, which had been before so great a source of pleasure to him: he suffered the weeds to grow up in his borders, and the brambles to take root in his beds. His flowers bloomed unheeded by him, and his fruit-trees remained unpruned: even his darling exotics, the very pride of his heart and the delight of his eyes, whose progress he had, heretofore, watched with an affection that almost savoured of idolatry, were neglected; and, resisting all the efforts which his wife and daughter-in-law could make to rouse him from this sinful state of dispair, he fell into a languishing disorder, and died a few months after the calamity that had rendered him childless.

And now the two widows, Annice and Margaret Collie, had no one to work for them, or render them any comfort in their bereavement, save the little Dorothy: nevertheless, they did not abandon themselves to the fruitless indulgence of grief, as poor Reuben had done; but, the day after they had, with tearful eyes, assisted at his humble obsequies, they returned to their accustomed occupations, or, rather, they commenced a course of unwonted labour in the neglected garden, setting little Dorothy to weed the walks and borders, while they prepared the beds to receive crops, or transplanted the early seedlings from the frames. And Dorothy, though so young, was dutifully and industriously disposed, and a great comfort to them both: it was her especial buiness to gather the strawberries and currants, and to cull the flowers for posies, and carry them out to sell daily; nor was she afraid to venture, even to the great City of London, on such errands, though her only companion and guard was a beautiful Spanish dog, called Constant, which had been given to her, when quite a little puppy, by her royal mistress, good Queen Catherine, who was wont to bestow much notice on the child; and she, in her turn, fondly cherished the dog for the sake of her former benefactress. But Constant was, for his own sake, very deserving of her regard, not only for his extraordinary sagacity and beauty, but for the faithful and courageous attachment which he manifested for her person no one daring to attack or molest her while he was at her side. Constant was, moreover, very useful in carrying her basket of posies for her, while she was loaded on either arm with those which contained the fruit; and so they performed their daily peregrinations, each cheering the other under their burdens, with kindly words on the one part, and looks and gestures of mutely eloquent affection on the other. Very fond and faithful friends were this guileless pair; and they were soon so well known, and excited so much interest, in the environs of London, that they were treated and caressed at almost every gentleman's house on the road: and the little girl found no difficulty in disposing of her fruit and flowers, and was as happy as a cheerful performance of her duties could render her. But these pleasant days did not last; the small-pox broke out in the neighbourhood:—Dorothy's mother was attacked with this fatal malady, and, after a few day's severe illness, died; and the very night after the funeral of her beloved daughter-in-law took place, Annice Collie was laid upon the bed of sickness with the same cruel disease, and Dorothy was roused from the indulgence of the intense sorrow into which she plunged, by the unexpected death of her last

surviving parent, to exert all her energies for the succour of her aged and helpless grandmother. "I know not how it was that I was enabled to watch, day and night, beside her bed, without sleep and almost without sustenance," would the weeping orphan say, whenever she referred to that sad period; "but of this I am assured, that the Lord, who feedeth the young ravens when they cry unto him, had compassion upon us both, or I never could have been supported, at my tender years, through trials like those. 'In the multitude of sorrows that I had in my heart, his comforts refreshed my soul;' and it was through his mercy that my grandmother recovered: but she never beheld the light of day again, the cruel disease had destroyed her sight." Yes, in addition to all her other afflictions, Annice Collie was now blind, a widow, childless, and destitute; yet was repining far from her: and, raising her sightless orbs to heaven, when she was informed by the sorrowful Dorothy of the extent of the calamity that had befallen her, in the loss of her daughter-in-law, she meekly said, with pious Eli, "It is the Lord, and shall I complain or fret myself because he hath, in his wisdom, resumed that which, in his bounty, he gave? Blessed be his holy name for all which he hath given, and for all that he hath taken away; though these eyes shall behold his glorious works no more, yet shall my lips continue to praise him who can bring light out of darkness."

But the illness of herself and her deceased daughter-in-law had consumed the little reserve that poor Annice had made for the payment of their rent; and their landlord, a hard and covetous man, who had, ever since the death of Reuben Collie, cast a greedy eye on the garden, which he and his son had made and planted with such labour and cost, called upon the poor widow on the quarter-day, and told her, with many harsh words, that, unless she resigned the lease of the garden to him, he would distrain her goods for the rent she owed him, and turn her and her grand-daughter into the street.

"It is hard to resign the lease of the garden, which has not yet remunerated us for the sum my poor husband has laid out upon it, just as it is becoming productive; but I am in your debt, Master Barker, so you must deal with me according to your conscience," said the blind widow; on which he took the garden into his own hands, and made a merit of leaving the two forlorn ones in posession of the cottage.

And now Dorothy betook herself to spinning, for the maintenance of herself and her helpless relative; but it was not much that she could earn in that way, after having been accustomed to active employment in the open air: and then, her grand-mother fell sick again of a rheumatic fever, and Dorothy was compelled to sell first one peice of furniture and then another to purchase necessaries for her, till at length nothing was left but the bed on which poor Annice lay; and, when Dorothy looked around the desolated apartment that had formerly been so neat and comfortable, she was almost tempted to rejoice that her grandmother could not behold its present dreary aspect.

Winter again approached with more than ordinary severity: quarter-day came, and found the luckless pair unprovided with money to pay the rent; and their cruel landlord turned the blind widow and her orphan grand-child into the street: and, but for the benevolence of a poor laundress, who, out of pity, admitted them into her wretched hovel by the way-side, they would have had no shelter from the inclemency of

the night that followed. Annice, helpless as an infant, sunk down upon the straw, whereon her compassionate neighbour had assisted in placing her, and, having fully expressed her thanks, turned her face to the wall; for she could not bear that her son's orphan should see the tears which she vainly strove to repress: but she could not hide them from the anxious scrutiny of the weeping girl. Dorothy did not speak, but looked very earnestly on the pale cheek and sunken features of her venerable grandmother, while she appeared to hold communion with her own heart on some subject of very painful interest. At length she rose up with the air of one who has effected a mighty conquest, and exclaimed, "Yes, dearest grand-mother, it shall be done: the sacrifice shall be made!"

"What shall be done, my child?" inquired Annice in surprise; "I have asked nothing of you."

"Not indeed with your lips, dear parent of my departed father," said Dorothy; "but your pallid cheek and tearful eyes have demanded a sacrifice of me, which, however dearly it cost me, shall be made—I will sell Constant."

"Sell Constant!" echoed her grandmother; "can you part with the gift of our royal mistress?"

"Not willingly, believe me," said Dorothy, throwing her arms about the neck of her mute favourite, and bursting into a flood of tears; "but how can I see you want bread? It is not long since that I was offered an angel of gold for him by a servant of the Duchess of Suffolk; and this I selfishly refused at that time, saying, I would rather starve than part with my dog. Alas, poor fellow! though I have shared my scanty pittance with him, since your illness he has suffered much for want of food: famine has touched us all; and I have reason to reproach myself for having retained a creature I can no longer maintain."

The next morning she rose at any early hour, and, accompanied by her faithful Constant, took the road to Westminster, to inquire if the Duchess of Suffolk were still disposed to purchase him at the price she had named; but she returned, bathed in tears, and in great distress, having encountered two ruffians, in a lonely part of the road at Knightsbridge, one of whom claimed Constant as his property, violently siezed him, and, in spite of her tears and remonstrances, carried him off, threatening her with very harsh usage if she attempted to follow.

Poor Dorothy! this appeared one of the severest trials that had yet befallen her: at any rate it was one of those drops of bitterness which make a brimful cup of misery overflow; and, regardless of the soothings or expostulations of her grandmother, she wept and sobbed all that night, refusing to be comforted. She rose the following morning with the melancholy conviction that no resource now remained but the wretched one of supplicating the alms of the charitably disposed in the streets and the highways. Nothing but the imperative urgency of the case could have reconciled the meek and timid Dorothy to a mode of life so every way repugnant to her feelings. "We wept when we saw my dear mother laid in the cold and silent grave, but now I rejoice that she was spared the grief of seeing this day," said the sorrowful orphan, when she commenced her unwonted vocation, and experienced the bitter taunts of the pampered menials of the great, the rude repulses of the unfeeling, or the grave rebukes of the stern, but well-meaning, moralists, who, though they awarded their charity, accompanied their alms with

reflections on the disreputable and lazy trade she had adopted. Some there were indeed, who, touched with the sweetness and modesty of her manners and appearance, spake the forlorn one kindly, relieved her present wants, and bade her call again; but the number of these was comparatively small: and the bread which she earned so hardly for herself and her aged relative, was, literally speaking, steeped in her tears. While pursuing her miserable occupation, she sadly missed the company and caresses of the faithful Constant. "He would have been kind and affectionate," she said, "if all the world had frowned upon her. Her change of circumstances made no alteration in his regard; and, if she were in sickness or sorrow, and others chid or scorned her, he appeared to redouble his endearments; and, while he was by her side, she did not feel so very lonely—so sweet it is to be assured of the love of one friend, however humble." Sometimes, too, she thought she should feel less sorrowful if she were assured that he had fallen into good hands.

Meantime, days and weeks passed away, her clothes grew old and her shoes were worn out, and Dorothy, who was accustomed to appear so neat and nice in her attire, was reduced to the garb of the most abject misery; but, though barefoot and sorely pinched with cold and famine, she thought less of her own sufferings than of the privations to which her blind grandmother was exposed.

One evening, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and Dorothy had been begging all day without receiving a single penny in alms, neither had she tasted a morsel of food since a very early hour in the morning, her strength failed her; and, overcome by cold, hunger, weariness, and sorrow, she sat down on a heap of frozen snow by the wayside, and wept bitterly. The river Thames was then frozen over; and she had walked across it on the ice, and was now in the parish of Chelsea. She regretted that she had ventured so far from her home, for she was oppressed with fatigue; and, though she saw the trees and houses on the opposite shores of Battersea so near, she felt as if she could not reach them that night. A drowsy feeling, the fatal effects of cold and hunger combined, was stealing over her: she tried to rouse herself, "for," she faintly whispered to herself, "my poor gradmother will be so uneasy if I do not return: but then," she thought, "how pleasantly I could go to sleep here, and forget all my troubles! I am not cold now, only so very, very drowsy;" and, though aware that, if she did yield to these lethargic feelings, her sleep would be the sleep of death, she required some stimulus, more powerful than even that conviction, to dispel the soporific influence of the deadly cold which had seized her tender frame, like a withering blight, and benumbed her faculties. But at the very moment when the shores of Battersea, with their snow-clad trees and houses, were fading before her closing eyes, and she was sinking passively and almost pleasingly into that slumber from which she would never have awaked, she was roused by a dog bounding suddenly upon her with a joyful cry, and licking her benumbed face and hands with the most passionate demonstrations of affection.

"Ah, my dear, dear Constant! is it you?" she exclaimed in an impulsive burst of delight at this unexpected rencontre. The icy bonds of the death-sleep that had enchained her were broken; and she returned the eager caresses of the faithful animal with the rapture of one who is suddenly restored to a long-lost friend: and,

starting from the ground with renewed strength and spirits, she exclaimed, "I shall be able to reach home now I have found you, my pretty Constant, my own dear dog!"

"Your dog, hussey?" interposed a serving-man, rudely separating the re-united friends, "I'd have you know that this dog belongs to my Lady More, whose footman I have the honour to be."

"Indeed, indeed, it is my dog that was stolen from me, on the Knightsbridge-road, by a hard-hearted man," sobbed Dorothy; she was going to add, "just such a one as yourself," but she stopped short.

"And pray, my sweet mistress, may I ask how a beggar-wench, like yourself, came in possession of a dog of such a rare and costly breed?" demanded the man with a sneer.

"He was given to me, when quite a puppy by my sovereign lady, good Queen Catherine, who was ever gracious unto me," said she.

"Ho! ho! ho! was she so?" responded the man, bursting into an insulting laugh: "a likely tale, forsooth! you look like a Queen's minion, my mistress, do you not? Well, well, it is not a small lie that will choke you! Good night, my fair courtier, 'tis too cold to stand parleying with you on the matter." So saying, he laid violent hands on Constant; and, in spite of his resistance and Dorothy's tears and passionate remonstrances, he tucked him under his arm, and trudged off.

Cold, hunger, weariness, and dejection, were alike forgotton by the bereaved mistress of Constant at the prospect of a second separation from this faithful friend, whose affecting remembrance of her, after so long an absence, had endeared him to her more than ever; and, without a moment's hesitation, she followed the servant as quickly as her naked and lacerated feet could carry her over the frozen snow, till he arrived at the gates of Sir Thoms More's mansion, which she essayed to enter with him.

"Why, you saucy young jade!" exclaimed he, thrusting her back: "this is a pass of impudence beyond any thing I ever heard of! Don't you know that I am my Lady More's own footman, and Sir Thomas More, my Lady's husband, is the Lord High Chancellor of England?"

"I pray you then to bring me to the speech of her ladyship," said Dorothy, "for the higher she be, the more will it behove her to do me justice."

On this the serving-man, who was aware that his lady was a proud worldly woman, and by no means likely to resign her favourite dog to a beggar-girl, laughed immoderately. Some of his fellow-servants, who were standing by, joined in his mirth, while others were so cruel as to address many jeering remarks to Dorothy on her dress and appearance, all which she heard patiently, and meekly replied, "The fashion of her clothes was not of her choice, but of her necessity, to which she prayed that none of those who reviled her might ever be exposed:" and, when none would endertake to bring her to the speech of Lady More, she seated herself on a stone at the gates of the court-yard, to wait for the appearance of some of the family, though she was exposed to the inclemency of the snow-storms, which beat on the uncovered head of the friendless orphan.

At length she heard the sound of wheels, and the servants came hastily to throw open the gates, crying, "Room, room, for my Lord Chancellor's coach;" and all the daughters of Sir Thomas More, with their husbands and children, came forth to welcome him, as was their custom; for that great and good man was very tenderly

beloved of his family, to every member of which he was most fondly attached: yet, when he saw the half-naked child sitting so sorrowfully at his gate, he looked reproachfully upon them all, and said, "How now, have ye all learned the parable of Lazarus and Dives to so little purpose, that ye suffer this forlorn one to remain without the gates in such an evening that no Christian would turn a dog from the fire?"

"Noble Sir," said Dorothy, making a lowly reverence to Sir Thomas, "none of this good family wist of my distress, nor have I applied to them for an alms: the cause of my making bold to come hither was upon another matter, on which I beseech your worshipful Lordship to do me justice."

"Well, my little maiden, it is cold deciding on causes here," said Sir Thomas: "so thou shalt step into my kitchen with the servants; and, after thou art fed and warmed, I will hear thee on thy matter."

Now, though the words "fed and warmed" sounded pleasantly enough in the ears of the cold, half-famished child, yet her attachment to her dog prevailed over every other consideration, and she said, "Alack! noble sir, though I stand greatly in need of your hospitable charity, yet would it be more satisfaction to me if you would be pleased to hear me forthwith on the matter of my dog, which is detained from me by one of my Lady More's serving-men, under the false pretence that it belongeth to her Ladyship."

"Go to, thou saucy vagrant! hast thou the boldness to claim my favourite dog before my face?" exclaimed a very sour-spoken and hard-favoured old gentlewoman, whom Dorothy had not before observed.

"Craving your honourable Ladyship's pardon, nay," replied Dorothy, curtseying, "I do not claim your ladyship's dog, for that would be a sin; but I demand my own to be restored to me, in which I hope I wrong no one, seeing he is mine own lawful property, which a false caitiff took violently from me three months agone."

"That agreeth well with the time when your dog Sultan was presented to you, Mistress Alice," observed Sir Thomas significantly.

"Tilley-valley! tilley-valley!" ejaculated Lady More in a pet; "that is ever the way in which you cross me, Sir Thomas, making out withal as though I were a receiver of stolen goods."

"Nay, patience, my lady; I went not so far as to decide the cause before I had heard both sides of the question, which it is my purpose to do without farther delay," returned Sir Thomas, smiling: "so follow me into court, both plaintiff and defendant, and I will give judgment between the parties before I sup;" and, with a merry air, he led the way into the servants' hall, where, placing himself in the housekeeper's chair, and, putting on his cap, he said, "Beggar versus my Lady, open the pleadings, and speak boldly."

But poor Dorothy, instead of speaking, hung down her head, and burst into tears.

"How! speechless!" said Sir Thomas: "then must the court appoint counsel for the plaintiff. Daughter Margaret, do you closet the plaintiff, hear her case, and plead for her.

Then Mistress Margaret Roper, Sir Thomas's eldest daughter, with a benevolent smile, took the abashed, trembling girl aside; and, having, with soothing words, drawn the particulars of her melancholy story from her, she advanced to the front of Sir Thomas's chair, leading the weeping orphan by the hand, and attempted to humour the scene by opening her client's case in a witty imitation of legal terms, after the manner of a

grave law-serjeant; but, as she proceeded to detail the circumstances under which the dog was lost, recognized, and again taken from the friendless orphan, she, by imperceptible degrees, changed her style to the simply pathetic terms, in which the child had related the tale to her—the language—the unadorned language of truth and feeling, which never fails to come home to every bosom. All present, save my Lady More, who preserved a very *aigre* and impenetrable demeanour, were dissolved in tears: as for the poor plaintiff, she covered her face with a part of her tattered garments, and sobbed aloud; and the counsel herself was compelled to pause for a moment to overcome her own emotion, ere she could conclude her eloquent appeal on her client's behalf.

"Thou hast pleaded well, my good Meg," said Sir Thomas, smiling through his tears on his best beloved daughter; "but now must we hear the defendant's reply, for the plaintiff ever appeareth in the right till after the defendant hath spoken: so now, my Lady, what hast thou to say in this matter?"

"My Lady hath to repeat what she hath too often said before, that Sir Thomas More's jests are ever out of place," replied my Lady in a huff.

"Nay, marry, good Mistress Alice, an' thou have nought better to the purpose to respond, I must be fain to give judgment for the plaintiff in this case."

"Tilley-valley, Sir Thomas! thou art enough to provoke a saint with thy eternal quips and gibes," replied her Ladyship: "I tell you the dog is my property, and was presented to me by an honourable gentleman, one Master Rich, whom you, Sir Thomas, know well; and he said he bought him of a dealer in such gear."

"Which dealer probably stole him from my client," said Mistress Margaret Roper.

"Nay, but, daughter Margaret, how knowest thou that Sultan was ever this wench's property?" retorted Lady More sharply.

"Well answered, defendant," said Sir Thomas: "we must call a witness whose evidence must decide that matter. Son Roper, bring the dog Sultan, alias Constant, into court."

The eyes of Dorothy brightened at the sight of her old companion; and Sir Thomas More, taking him into his hands, said, "Here now am I placed in as great a strait as ever was King Solomon, in respect to the memorable case in which he was called upon to decide whose was the living child which both mothers claimed, and to whom pertained the dead, which neither would acknowledge. This maiden saith the dog which I hold is hers, and was violently taken from her three months agone; my Lady replies, "Nay, but he is mine, and was presented to me by an honourable man," (one of the King's Councellors forsooth). Now, in this matter, the dog is wiser than my Lord Chancellor, for he knoweth unto whom he of right pertaineth; and, therefore, upon his witness must the decision of this controversy depend. So now, my Lady, you stand at the upper end of the hall, as befits your quality, and you, my little maiden, go to the lower; and each of you call the dog by the name which you have been wont to do: and to whichsoever of you twain he goeth, that person I adjudge to be his rightful owner."

"Oh, my Lord, I ask no other test!" exclaimed Dorothy joyfully.

"Sultan! Sultan! come to thy mistress, my pretty Sultan!" said my Lady, in her most blandishing tone, accompanying her words with such actions of enticement as she judged most

likely to win him over to her: but he paid not the slightest heed to the summons. Dorothy simply pronounced the word "Constant;" and the dog, bounding from between the hands of Sir Thomas More, who had lightly held him till both claimants had spoken, leaped upon her, and overwhelmed her with his passionate caresses.

"It is a clear case," said Sir Thomas: "the dog hath acknowledged his mistress, and his witness is incontrovertible. Constant, thou art worthy of thy name!"

"Hark ye, wench!" said my Lady More, whose desire of retaining the object of dispute had increased with the prospect of losing him, "I will give thee a good price for thy dog, if thou art disposed to sell him."

"Sell my dear, beautiful, faithful Constant! Oh, never, never!" exclaimed Dorothy, throwing her arms about her newly recovered favourite, and kissing him with the fondest affection.

"I will give thee a golden angel, and a new suit of clothes to boot, for him, which, I should think, a beggar-girl were mad to refuse," pursued Lady More.

"Nay, nay, my lady, never tempt me with your gold," said Dorothy; "or my duty to my poor blind grandmother will compel me to close with your offer, though it should break my heart withal."

"Nay, child, an' thou hast a blind old grandmother, whom thou lovest so well, I will add a warm blanket, and a linsey-woolsey gown for her wear, unto the price I have already named," said the persevering Lady More:—"speak, shall I have him?" pursued she, pressing the bargain home.

Dorothy averted her head, to conceal the large tears that rolled down her pale cheeks, as she sobbed out, "Ye—es, my Lady."

"Dear child," said Sir Thomas, "thou hast made a noble sacrifice to thy duty: 'tis pity that thou hast taken up so bad a trade as begging, for thou art worthy of better things."

"It is for my poor blind grandmother," said the weeping Dorothy: "I have no other means of getting bread for her."

"I will find thee a better employment," said Sir Thomas, kindly: "thou shalt be my daughter Roper's waiting maid, if thou canst resolve to quit the wandering life of a beggar, and settle to an honest service."

"How joyfully would I embrace your offer, Noble Sir, if I could do so without being separated from my aged grandmother, who has no one in the world but me," replied Dorothy, looking up between smiles and tears.

"Nay, God forbid that I should put asunder those whom nature hath so fondly united in the holy bands of love and duty," said Sir Thomas More, wiping away a tear: "my house is large enough to hold ye both: and while I have a roof to call my own, it shall contain a corner for the blind and aged widow and the destitute orphan; that so, when the fashion of this world passeth away, they may witness for me before Him, before whom there is no respect of persons, and who judgeth every man according to his works."

ENGLISH CUSTOMS.

BY R. SOUTHEY, ESQ.

The dress of Englishmen wants that variety which renders the figures of our scenery so picturesque. You might think, from walking the streets in London, that there were no ministers of religion in the country; J—— smiled at the remark, and told me that some of the dignified clergy wore silk aprons; but these are rarely seen, and they are more generally known by a huge and hideous wig, once considered to be as necessary a covering for a learned head as an ivy bush is for an owl, but which even pysicians have now discarded, and left only to schoolmasters and doctors in divinity. There is, too, this remarkable difference between the costume of England and of Spain, that here the national dress is altogether devoid of grace, and it is only modern fashions which have improved it; in Spain, on the contrary, nothing can be more graceful than the dresses both of the clergy and peasantry, which have from time immemorial remained unchanged; while our better ranks clothe themselves in a worse taste, because they imitate the apery of other nations. What I say of their costume applies wholly to that of the men; the dress of English women is perfect, as far as it goes; it leaves nothing to be wished—except that there should be a little more of it.

The most singular figures in the streets of this metropolis are the men who are enployed in carrying the earth-coal, which they remove from the barge to the waggon, and again from the waggon to the house, upon their backs. The back of the coat, therefore, is as well quilted as the cotton breastplate of our soldiers in America in old times: and to protect it still more, the broad flap of the hat lies flat upon the shoulders. The head consequently seems to bend unusally forward, and the whole figure has the appearance of having been bowed beneath habitual burdens. The lower classes, with this exception, if they do not wear the cast clothes of the higher ranks, have them in the same form. The post-men all wear the royal livery, which is scarlet and gold; they hurry through the streets, and cross from side to side with indefatigable rapidity. The English doors have knockers instead of bells, and there is an advantage in this which you would not immediately perceive. The bell, by whomsoever it be pulled, must always give the same sound; but the knocker may be so handled as to explain who plays on it, and accordingly it has its systematic set of signals. The post-man comes with two loud and rapid raps, such as no persons but himself ever gives. One very loud one marks the news-man. A single knock of less vehemence denotes a servant or other messenger. Visitors give three or four. Footmen or coachmen always more than their masters; and the master of every family has usually his particular touch, which is immediately recognised.

Every shop has an inscription above it expressing the name of its owner, and that of his predecessor, if the business has been so long established as to derive a certain degree of

respectability from time. "Cheap warehouse" is sometimes added; and if the tradesman has the honour to serve any one of the royal family, this is also mentioned, and the royal arms in a style of expensive carving are affixed over the door. These inscriptions, in large gilt letters, shaped with the greatest nicety, form a peculiar feature in the streets of London. In former times all the shops had large signs suspended before them, such as are still used at inns in the country; these have long since disappeared: but a few instances where the shop is of such long standing that it is still known by the name of its old insignia, a small picture still preserves the sign, placed instead of one of the window panes.

If I were to pass the remainder of my life in London, I think the shops would always continue to amuse me. Something extraordinary or beautiful is for ever to be seen in them. I saw, the other day, a sturgeon, above two *varas* in length, hanging at a fishmonger's. In one window you see the most exquisite lamps of alabaster, to shed a pearly light in the bed-chamber; or formed of cut glass, to glitter like diamonds in the drawing room; in another, a convex mirror reflects the whole picture of the street, with all its moving swarms, or you start from your own face, magnified to the proportions of a giant's. At one door stands a little Scotchman taking snuff,—in one window a little gentleman with his coat puckered up in folds, and the folds filled with water to show that it is proof against wet. Here you have cages full of birds of every kind, and on the upper story live peacocks are spreading their fans; another window displays the rarest birds and beasts stuffed, and in glass cases; in another you have every sort of artificial fly for the angler, and another is full of busts painted to the life, with glass eyes, and dressed in full fashion to exhibit the wigs which are made within, in the very newest and most approved taste. And thus is there a perpetual exhibition of whatever is curious in nature or art, exquisite in workmanship, or singular in costume; and the display is perpetually varying, as the ingenuity of trade, and the absurdity of fashion, are ever producing something new.

THE BLIND GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

Mother, they say the stars are bright,
And the broad heavens are blue:
I dream of them by day and night,
And think them all like you.
I cannot touch the distant skies,
The stars ne'er speak to me—
Yet their sweet images arise,
And blend with thoughts of thee.
I know not why, but oft I dream,
Of the far land of bliss;
And when I hear thy voice I deem
That Heaven is like to this.
When my sad heart to thine is pressed,
My follies all forgiven,
Sweet pleasure warms my beating breast,
And this I say is Heaven.
O mother, will the God above
Forgive my faults like thee?
Will he bestow such care and love
On a blind thing like me?
Dear mother, leave me not alone!
Go with me, when I die—
Lead thy blind daughter to the throne,
And stay in yonder sky.

THE YOUNG SPANIARD.

Francisco Gomez was a native of Porto Rico. His father came from Castile, and owned a fine plantation in Francisco's native isle. Here the little boy was brought up in the greatest indulgence. He had a negro woman to take care of him, who was obliged to submit to all his ill-humours, which were not a few. When his playthings were lost or broken by his own carelessness, poor Juana was blamed, and when he climbed upon the sideboard or table, and fell off, Juana was scolded for the misfortune. All his faults were laid upon others. In short, the little fellow was in a fair way to be spoiled.

It happened that, when he was seven years old, his father was visited by an American gentleman, who resided on Long Island, and had come to Porto Rico for his health. This gentleman, whose name was Wharton, was pleased with Francisco's quickness and intelligence, and felt an uncommon degree of concern to see him in a sure way to be ruined by a false mode of education.

During his residence at the plantation, he kindly endeavoured to gain the little fellow's affections, and cure him of some of his faults; and, when his health was sufficiently restored to warrant his return to the United States, he proposed to Francisco's father to take him home and have him brought up with his own son, who was about the same age.

This proposal was readily acceded to by the hospitable Spaniard, who was very willing that his son should have better advantages of instruction than it was possible to procure for him in Porto Rico; and accordingly he sailed with his new friend in the month of April, from Porto Rico; and when May was scattering its blossoms and dews upon the smiling land, they arrived at New York, and were soon after welcomed at Mr. Wharton's pleasant villa on Long Island.

Here Francisco was introduced to his friend's family, which consisted of Mrs. Wharton, her daughter Maria, fourteen years old, and Charles, his future companion and playmate. He was delighted with the kindness and courtesy of his reception, and the first day of his residence at the villa was passed in the continual enjoyment of its novelty and beauty. Charles did the honours of the house, shewed his new friend the garden, grounds, and orchards, took him to the cupola, on the top of the house, and showed him how to look through the telescope and spy out the vessels, spreading their white sails, and gliding majestically over the blue waters of the Sound.

He then conducted him into the library, showed him the pictures and busts which ornamented it, and by his father's permission, turned over the leaves of a book where there were beautiful coloured pictures of birds, and told him their names, and as much as he knew of their history.

Francisco was delighted. He exhausted all the English exclamations of surprise and gratification, which he had learnt, and then had recourse to his own language. "*O Muy hermosa!*"* was his praise of the blue jay.

* "O very beautiful!"

"*Che grande cosa!*" when he saw the bald eagle, and "*Chiquita* †," when a beautiful figure of the blue bird was presented.

Nor were the family less delighted with their new guest, than he was with his new situation. His dark glossy hair, sparkling bright eyes, his animated gestures and sprightly prattle, half English and half Spanish, made him altogether a most interesting companion to Charles; certain little traits of honourable feeling, which he soon betrayed, gained him high favour with Mrs. Wharton, and his lofty air and manly courtesy, when he walked up to Maria and made his bow, on being introduced, rendered that young lady a determined patroness. She called him her little cavalier, promised to be his friend, and, what was better, resolved to perform her promise.

Francisco's first day at the villa passed off to the satisfaction of all parties.

The next morning rose clear and calm. It was one of the pleasantest in the pleasant month of May. The two friends were not required to commence their studies together until a week from Mr. Wharton's arrival, on account of certain occupations occasioned by his absence; and on this day they were to range about the grounds and garden.

Having provided themselves with a couple of hoops, they chose a green spot in front of the summer-house, and drove them about on the smooth shaven grass till they were tired; when Charles, seeing a sparrow fly up from beneath a bush, ran to the spot and found her nest, hidden very curiously, and concealed by the grass which grew round the bush. He called to Francisco to come and see the pretty little eggs.

* "What a grand affair!"
† "Pretty little creature;" or, "Dear little creature!"

"*Oh! chiquitas! Oh! bonitas!*"* exclaimed he; "what very much little beautiful things! I have shall take them to our room, and hang up for to make elegant over the glass, as I was have seen in Porto Rico."

"Oh no!" said Charles, "what will the poor little bird say when she comes home and finds her pretty house empty? She will call us robbers. Will it not be better to leave them, and come and pay her a visit when the little birds are here?"

"*Si Senor Don Carlo,*† we shall come and take the little birds and hang them up in a—what you call to put birds in?" said Francisco.

"A cage," said Charles; "oh, that will be worse still. They would be very miserable in a cage. They could not fly. They could not use their wings; and I always think that more than half their pleasure is in flying about where they please."

"Oh, but we could have them all the times, and hear them sing very much," replied the young Creole.

"They would not sing so well as they do upon the trees," said Charles. "Besides, if they should, it would not be right for us to keep the poor creatures shut up only to hear their songs. You would not like their music if you knew that they were unhappy in the cage, would you?"

"Oh! I did never think of that. You say true, *Senor Don Carlo.* We will let the bird's pretty *casa*‡ rest. We will not make unhappy the little bird."

Francisco was naturally generous, but he had so often been permitted to enjoy his own favourite pleasures without any regard to the feelings

* "Pretty little things."
† "Yes, Master Charles."
‡ House.

of those around him, that he was apt to be careless and thoughtless in this respect. Still, when the case was fairly brought home to his feelings, he always shewed that there were strong traits of humanity at the bottom of his character.

Another morning the two friends played on the green in front of the summer-house. Francisco's hoop got entangled in a bush, and in giving a sudden jerk to disengage it, he threw it over the garden wall into the highway.

Francisco clambered upon the wall, and seeing a country boy, in a coarse dress, passing by, he called to him, in a loud commanding tone, to hand him his hoop. The boy was not used to have favours asked in the style in which Francisco had been accustomed to address his father's slaves. So he passed along, without taking notice of the order.

The little West Indian could not imagine that a boy in a mean dress would have the insolence to disobey him. He thought that he had not been heard, and called still louder.

"Bring to me my hoop this instant, *muchacho**."

"My name is not Muchacher, and you may pick up your hoop yourself, my young spark," said the boy.

By this time Charles, who had been in a distant part of the grounds, came up, and found his friend in a great rage.

He was afraid to jump from the wall, across a ditch, which was on the outside of it, and he hastily scrambled down into the garden, declaring that he would go out by the gate and chastise the fellow for his insolence.

"What is the matter? what has he done?" said Charles.

"*Senor Don Carlo*, the vile *picaro** has insulted me. I like not that. I must punish him. My father is an old Castilian. Do you think I will have myself be insulted?"

"But, my dear Francisco, the boy is bigger than you, you will only get a beating for your trouble," said Charles, standing before him, and laying both hands on his shoulders.

"A beating is a thousand times more honourable than to have myself be insulted, and not resent it."

"But how has he insulted you?"

"I have order him to bring my hoop, and he have tell me to bring it myself."

Charles saw how the case stood, but it was with the greatest difficult that he detained his friend in the garden until the boy was gone out of sight, when he went out by the gate and brought in the hoop. But Francisco refused to play any more, and laid himself down in sullen silence on the grass, apparently meditating on the wound which his Spanish honour had received.

It was in vain that Charles reasoned with him, and tried to convince him that it was not a most grievous and unpardonable insult. His quick eye had caught the expression of the boy's face, and, although he did not understand all the words, yet the look of cool indifference which accompanied them, could not be mistaken.

Charles then shifted his ground, and tried to impress upon his friend the duty of forgiving his enemies, supposing the boy to be one of them. But Francisco's temper was too much ruffled to receive any advantage from this affectionate and eloquent appeal to the Christian standard of duty, and he was obliged to wait for a calmer and more suitable hour to resume the subject.

* Boy!

* Rogue.

In the mean time he laid the whole transaction before his parents, and earnestly besought them to use their endeavours to eradicate from his friend's bosom this terrible thirst for revenge, the result of a bad system of early education.

The young friends passed a delightful summer, pursuing their studies together under the instruction of Mr. and Mrs. Wharton, who were indefatigable in their attention to the temper and disposition, as well as the mental cultivation, of their interesting pupils.

Francisco made rapid progress in his studies, learned to speak English with purity, and his little faults were one by one corrected, and many were the affectionate counsels which he received from his friends concerning his great fault, an unforgiving spirit. But for a long time their care in this respect seemed to be unproductive of any permanent change. The habit of resenting an insult, whether real or fancied, appeared to be implanted in his nature, and he sometimes broke through all restraint to pursue his revenge.

The worst of it all was, that he seemed to have settled it in his mind, as a principle, that honour required this conduct of him, and he could not be made to feel that religion forbad it. The reasonings of his friends appeared hardly to satisfy him. The truth was, that his heart had not yet been affected with that beauty of holiness which appears in the exercise of the Christian duty of forgiveness.

One afternoon the two friends obtained permission to sail in a little boat upon the Sound, attended by the gardener, who was to manage the boat. They carried a basket of cakes and fruit, and went off in high glee. As they sailed along, enjoying the sunny prospect on either shore, and watching the white sea birds, as they circled about over their heads, they came close along-side a boat anchored not far from the shore, in which there sat a boy fishing. He looked up as they passed, and Francisco at a glance recognised the boy who had so sorely offended him, by not complying with his peremptory order to pick up his hoop, and whom he had never afterwards beheld until that moment.

In an instant he turned ghastly pale, and before Charles, who was watching a distant sail, observed what he was about, he hastily grasped a boat-hook, and, stepping upon the gunwale of the boat, aimed a blow at the boy's head, calling out at the same moment,

"Villain, it was you who insulted me, take that!"

The boy eluded the blow, and the boat inclining at the same moment, Francisco's foot slipped, and he was precipitated into the water, and borne away by the force of a strong current. Charles screamed, but as he could not swim he dared not follow him. The gardener was equally helpless in this respect; but the boy in the boat instantly sprung after him, and catching hold of his arm as his head rose from the water, he swam with him to the boat from which he had fallen, and without much difficulty they succeeded in lifting him into it. He then left his own boat, and they bore away from the shore; and, landing, carried Francisco, who was still insensible, to a house close by the water's edge.

Here the application of proper remedies soon brought him to his senses, and with many tears and much humility, he besought his deliverer to pardon his offence. The danger to which he had been exposed, and his sense of God's goodness in preserving his life, had completely humbled him; and the noble example of forgiveness in the boy, made his own desire of revenge appear mean and contemptible: and from that day he studied to show by his life, how much better it is to forgive than to revenge an injury.

THE PERFECTION OF NATURE.

We boast of our manufactories and their productions: of our rocks flowing in streams of iron and brass; our aged mountains ground into porcelain; the sea-weed and the sand of our shores becoming glass; our dust and rubbish being molten into stone; we boast of these and very many operations. And, comparing them with the labours of other men, we may boast of them; they are unrivalled under the circumstances—under any circumstances; but when we compare these processes and productions with those of nature, they are really nothing in comparison; and the machine or implement, to the contriver of which we erect a statue, is a mere bungle compared with the least and simplest of these. In the very best machines of art there is always a weak part, one that is loaded with the rest, and wears out long before them; but there is nothing of the kind in nature, for every organ that we find in her production is, when we understand it, the very best for the accomplishment of the purpose that it serves: there is nothing bungling or unskilful, and nothing defective or redundant. Each comes, unseen and unbidden, in the very form, of the very consistency, and at the very time that it is wanted; and when the use of it ceases, it decays; but even in its decay it is not lost, for the moment that it has answered its purpose as part of one production, it is changed and decomposed by a new power and becomes part of another. Size or shape is no obstacle, and that which to our art would be a physical impossibility, hinders not a jot the operations of nature. Gravitation is nothing, and within those limits which are found in the average of natural circumstances, heat is nothing. If it be necessary that a plant should grow upwards, or that an animal should run with its back downwards, there is instantly an apparatus by which that is accomplished. It is the same with regard to the media in which they exist. One walks on the surface of the earth and browses the herbage under it; and where that is the case we find the neck, head, and mouth the way best constructed for answering these purposes. Another roams in places where there is no vegetation upon the ground, and in it we find as perfect an adaptation for finding its food above it. A third courses its prey along the earth, and we find it endowed with all the apparatus of rapid and prolonged motion. A fourth feeds upon creatures that can escape from it, either by flying into the air or creeping into holes in the earth, and it is so constructed that it can steal softly onward till it be near its prey, and then spring upon it with so much force as to cripple it by the blow. It would be easy to continue this enumeration through many volumes, for there is not a situation or a purpose that the most fertile or the most fantastic imagination can picture, that has not an adaptation or an instrument in nature; and all art is merely imitation, and very clumsy imitation, of that which nature effects as an effortless and natural consequence of the previous states of those substances upon or among which the phenomena take place.

BRITISH NATURALIST.

EARLY LIFE.

I RECEIVED life and light in the New World. When I had hardly yet learned to walk, and to articulate those first words always so endearing to parents, the productions of Nature that lay spread all around, were constantly pointed out to me. They soon became my playmates; and before my ideas were sufficiently formed to enable me to estimate the difference between the azure tints of the sky, and the emerald hue of the bright foliage, I felt that an intimacy with them, not consisting of friendship merely, but bordering on frenzy, must accompany my steps through life;—and now, more than ever, am I persuaded of the power of those early impressions. They laid such hold upon me, that, when removed from the woods, the prairies, and the brooks, or shut up from the view of the wide Atlantic, I experienced none of those pleasures most congenial to my mind. None but aerial companions suited my fancy. No roof seemed so secure to me as that formed of the dense foliage under which the feathered tribes were seen to resort, or the caves and fissures of the massy rocks, to which the dark-winged cormorant and the curlew retired to rest, or to protect themselves from the fury of the tempest. My father generally accompanied my steps—procured birds and flowers for me with great eagerness—pointed out the elegant movements of the former, the beauty and softness of their plumage, the manifestations of their pleasure or sense of danger—and the always perfect forms and splendid attire of the latter. My valued preceptor would then speak of the departure and return of birds with the seasons, would describe their haunts, and, more wonderful than all, their change of livery; thus exciting me to study them, and to raise my mind toward their Creator.

A vivid pleasure shone upon those days of my early youth, attended with a calmness of feeling, that seldom failed to rivet my attention for hours, whilst I gazed in ecstasy upon the pearly and shining eggs, as they lay imbedded in the softest down, or among dried leaves and twigs, or exposed upon the burning sand or weather-beaten rock of our Atlantic shores. I was taught to look upon them as flowers yet in the bud. I watched their opening, to see how Nature had provided each different species with eyes, either open at birth, or closed for some time after; to trace the slow progress of the young birds toward perfection, or admire the celerity with which some of them, while yet unfledged, removed themselves from danger to security.

I grew up, and my wishes grew with my form. These wishes, kind reader, were for the entire possession of all that I saw. I was fervently desirous of becoming acquainted with Nature. For many years, however, I was sadly disappointed, and for ever, doubtless, must I have desires that cannot be gratified. The moment a bird was dead, however beautiful it had been when in life, the pleasure arising from the possession of it became blunted: and although the greatest cares were bestowed on endeavours to preserve the appearance of nature, I looked upon its vesture as more than sullied, as requiring constant attention and repeated mendings, while, after all, it

could no longer be said to be fresh from the hands of its Maker. I wished to possess all the productions of Nature, but I wished life with them. This was impossible. Then what was to be done? I turned to my father, and made known to him my disappointment and anxiety. He produced a book of *Illustrations*. A new life ran in my veins. I turned over the leaves with avidity; and although what I saw was not what I longed for, it gave me a desire to copy Nature. To Nature I went, and tried to imitate her, as in the days of my childhood I had tried to raise myself from the ground and stand erect, before Nature had imparted the vigour necessary for the success of such an undertaking.

How sorely disappointed did I feel for many years, when I saw that my productions were worse than those which I ventured (perhaps in silence) to regard as bad, in the book given me by my father! My pencil gave birth to a family of cripples. So maimed were most of them, that they resembled the mangled corpses on a field of battle, compared with the integrity of living men. These difficulties and disappointments irritated me, but never for a moment destroyed the desire of obtaining perfect representations of Nature. The worse my drawings were, the more beautiful did I see the originals. To have been torn from the study, would have been as death to me. My time was entirely occupied with it. I produced hundreds of these rude sketches annually; and for a long time, at my request, they made bonfires on the anniversaries of my birth-day.

AUDUBON.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

O, God of yonder starry frame,
How should a thing like me,
Dare to pronounce thy holy name,
Or bow to thee the knee?
I know not of my spirit's birth,
How dust and soul combine;
Nor being of one thing on earth,
And how can I know thine?

I only know that I was made,
Thy purpose to fulfil,
And that I gladly would be good,
And do thy holy will.
For this, my being rational;
For this, my dwelling place;
I bless thee, Lord: but most of all,
For gospel of thy grace.

Direct my soul to search and know
What Jesus did for me;
And teach my little heart to glow
With thankfulness to thee.
And when this weary life is done,
And dust to dust declines;
Then may I dwell beyond the sun,
Where thy own glory shines.

Take my dear parents to thy care,
My little kindsfolk too;
And listen to their humble prayer,
When they before thee bow;
And when they pray for sinful me,
With fervour that exceeds,
Do thou return the blessing free,
And double on their heads.

USES OF WATER.

How common, and yet how beautiful and how pure, is a drop of water! See it, as it issues from the rock to supply the spring and the stream below. See how its meanderings through the plains, and its torrents over the cliffs, add to the richness and the beauty of the landscape. Look into a factory standing by a waterfall, in which every drop is faithful to perform its part, and hear the groaning and rustling of the wheels, the clattering of shuttles, and the buzz of spindles, which, under the direction of their *fair* attendants, are supplying myriads of fair purchasers with fabrics from the cotton-plant, the sheep, and the silk-worm.

Is any one so stupid as not to admire the splendour of the rainbow, or so ignorant as not to know that it is produced by drops of water, as they break away from the clouds which had confined them, and are making a quick visit to our earth to renew its verdure and increase its animation? How useful is the gentle dew, in its nightly visits, to allay the scorching heat of a summer's sun! And the autumn's frost, how beautifully it bedecks the trees, the shrubs and the grass; though it strips them of their summer's verdure, and warns them that they must soon receive the buffetings of the winter's tempest! This is but water, which has given up its transparency for its beautiful whiteness and its elegant crystals. The snow, too—what is that but these same pure drops thrown into crystals by winter's icy hand? and does not the first summer's sun return them to the same limpid drops?

The majestic river, and the boundless ocean, what are they? Are they not made of drops of water? How the river steadily pursues its course from the mountain's top, down the declivity, over the cliff, and through the plain, taking with it every thing in its course! How many mighty ships does the ocean float upon its bosom! How many fishes sport in its waters! How does it form a lodging-place for the Amazon, the Mississippi, the Danube, the Rhine, the Ganges, the Lena, and the Hoang Ho!

How piercing are these pure limpid drops! How do they find their way into the depths of the earth, and even the solid rock! How many thousand streams, hidden from our view by mountain masses, are steadily pursuing their courses, deep from the surface which forms our standing-place for a few short days! In the air, too, how it diffuses itself! Where can a particle of air be found which does not contain on atom of water?

How much would a famishing man give for a few of these pure, limpid drops of water? And where do we use it in our daily sustenance? or rather, where do we not use it? Which portion of the food that we have taken during our lives did not contain it? What part of our body, which limb, which organ, is not moistened with this same faithful servant? How is our blood, that free liquid, to circulate through our veins without it?

How gladly does the faithful horse, or the patient ox, in his toilsome journey, arrive at the water's brink! And the faithful dog, patiently

following his master's track—how eagerly does he lap the water from the clear fountain he meets in his way!

The feathered tribe, also—how far and how quick their flight, that they may exchange the northern ice for the same common comfort rendered liquid and limpid by a southern sun!

Whose heart ought not to overflow with gratitude to the abundant Giver of this pure liquid, which his own hand has deposited in the deep, and diffused through the floating air and the solid earth? Is it the farmer, whose fields, by the gentle dew and the abundant rain, bring forth fatness? Is it the mechanic, whose saw, lathe, spindle and shuttle are removed by this faithful servant? Is it the merchant, on his return from the noise and the perplexities of business, to the table of his family, richly supplied with the varieties and the luxuries of the four quarters of the globe, produced by the abundant rain, and transported across the mighty but yielding ocean? Is it the physician, on his administering to his patent some gentle beverage, or a more active healer of the desease which threatens? Is it the clergyman, whose profession it is to make others feel—and that by feeling himself that the slightest favour and the richest blessing are from the same source, and from the same abundant and constant Giver? Who, that still has a glass of water and a crumb of bread, is not ungrateful to complain?

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

'Twas early day—and sunlight steam'd
Soft through a quiet room,
That hush'd, but not forsaken, seem'd—
Still, but with nought of gloom:
For there, secure in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his grey holy hair,
And touch'd the book with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were *there;*
But Oh! that Patriarch's aspect shone
With something far lovelier—
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life ev'n then had met
His calm benignant eye;
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of Immortality:
Some heart's deep language, where the glow
Of quenchless faith survives;
For every feature said—"I know
That my Redeemer lives."

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thought's o'ersweeping death:
Silent,—yet did not each young breast
With love and reverence melt?
Oh, blest be those fair girls—and blest
That home where God is felt!

Mrs. Hemans.

DESCRIPTION OF THE KOOSSA CAFFRES.

The huts of the Koosas are in the form of a hemisphere, from eight to nine feet in diameter, and are seldom sufficiently lofty for a man to stand upright in them. The entrance is about four feet high, and is closed by a door or lattice-work. The skeleton of the hut is composed of slender poles stuck into the ground in a circle, at the distance of about a foot from each other, and united together in the centre. The spaces between the poles are filled np with twigs, or rather faggots, and then the whole is covered over to a certain height with clay, the remainder being thatched with rushes. The hordes inhabiting the interior of the country, who live more quietly, and do not change their habitations so often, build their huts stronger, and for the most part double, that is to say, two together, which are united by a low *antichamber*, if that name may be given to it. The floor of the hut is a kind of plaster made of the white ant-heaps, beat very smooth and hard: it is kept exceedingly clean, and is often renewed. They sleep upon rush mats, six feet long, and from three to four broad, covering themselves with the mantle which they wear in the day. The Caffres always sleep with their bodies stretched out at full length; the Hottentots, on the contrary, draw themselves up almost round.

Near the huts are places hedged round, in which the cattle are enclosed at night, to guard them from the wild beasts. To some kraals there is a common fold for all the cattle, which, in the day, when the animals are out grazing, serves the inhabitants for holding their public assemblies. As the Koossas live almost entirely upon the produce of their cattle, the attending upon them is the principal business of every householder; and from the extreme care taken of them, the cows of this tribe give more milk upon an average than those of any other part of the country, supposing always that the year be tollerably favourable, and affords a sufficient quantity of grass to feed them properly. The cattle are so well trained, that they are perfectly obedient, and stop or go on at the call of their masters, or at the sound of a little pipe which he sometimes blows. The Koossas love their cattle exceedingly, and know every single animal perfectly, its disposition, qualities, &c. It is not without reluctance that they part from them, either to kill them or give them away.

They are only killed for the purpose of some festivity, or upon other solemn occasions, or against going to war. The manner of killing them is horrible. The animal is thrown upon the earth, and bound. A long cut is then made in the skin of the throat with the hassagai, the hand is thrust into the wound, and the aorta is torn away, so that the animal bleeds to death. When the supply of grass fails, either from drought or from long continuance in the place, the whole kraal is broken up, the inhabitants remove to another spot, perhaps less pleasant; but this they do not concern themselves about, provided it affords good feed for the cattle. The oxen are trained both for drawing and being rode, and even while calves they know how to distinguish which will best for either purpose. The riding

oxen are guided by a pin of wood run through the nose, to which a bridle is fastened, and they are, for the most part, excellently trained. The chiefs of the kraals have several riding oxen, but they are kept only for pomp, and as a proof of their wealth. They are sometimes used to afford a favourite recreation. At a certain cry made to them, they are taught to run loose at the people, and the delight is, as they seem ready to run against and trample upon any one, for the person, by a dexterous stroke, to turn them aside.

These people are likewise very assiduous in ornamenting their cattle, as they consider it. This is done in two ways; either by giving the horns strange and fantastic directions, or by cutting, soon after their birth, pieces of skin from the neck to the knee, and letting them hang down. In order to change the manner of the horns growing, they are, from the moment when they begin to appear, pushed into the direction intended to be given them. By these means they sometimes drive them back like the horns of the antelope, or turn them in a variety of strange and absurd ways. The attachment of the Koossas to their cattle leads them to admire particular ones for particular qualities, about which we should never concern ourselves. They know the voice of each separate animal pefectly well, and are sometimes in such raptures at the tones of a cow which they consider as having an unusually fine voice, they will try all means of getting her into their possession. They eat their milk sometimes fresh, sometimes sour, and are very fond of whey and cheese. They make butter by shaking the milk about in leather pouches, in the manner that Kolbe describes its being made by the Hottentots; but they only use it for smearing themselves; they never eat it.

Before a party goes out hunting, a very odd ceremony or sport takes place, which they consider as absolutely necessary to ensure success to the undertaking. One of them takes a handful of grass into his mouth, and crawls about upon all fours to represent some sort of game. The rest advance as if they would run him through with their spears, raising the hunting cry, till at length he falls upon the ground as if dead. If this man afterwards kills a head of game, he hangs a claw upon his arm as a trophy, but the animal must be shared with the rest. They generally, after a hunt is over, burn up the field where it has taken place, that they may find the blades of the hassagais again. They take game also very much in slings. In bushy countries they make a low edge, sometimes of a mile long. At intervals openings are formed in it, through which the animals seek their way, and here the slings are concealed with so much ingenuity, that they entangle their legs in such a manner as to render their escape impossible.

The larger game, such as buffaloes, elands, and others, are taken in deep pits, at the bottom of which are pointed stakes; they are made in the route that the animals usually take to go to the water. Like pits, but with stronger stakes, are made near the banks of the rivers between the bushes, where the hippopotamus comes by night. The animals are watched, and a loud cry is made, by which they are frightened; when attempting to hasten back to the river, they fall with all their weight upon the sharp stakes, and never can rise again. Panthers are taken by hanging a piece of raw flesh at a certain height upon a bush, in the midst of which a hassagai is ingeniously fastened, the sharp point being upwards; when the panther springs upon the meat, he falls upon the iron, and is stuck by it in the breast.

The elephant hunt occasions them much more trouble, and seldom answers. They only take single elephants which have strayed from the herd. When they find one in a favourable situation, they set on fire the grass and low bushes round, knowing that he will not quit such a circle at least by day. They then get as near him as possible, and throw at him an innumerable quantity of hassagais, which, however, on acccount of the thickness and hardness of his skin, do him very little injury. In the night he commonly escapes, or perhaps does not run away till the fire is burnt out; but by moving he generally drives the hassagais deeper into his body. The hunters follow him now with more circumspection, and endeavour to drive him into chasms among the rocks, where they can, with greater security, throw more hassagais at him. If the country is still flat, they continue to encircle him with fire, till at length he is wearied, or falls sick from the number of little wounds he has received, and thus sometimes they continue to torment him for days or even weeks, till he is fairly persecuted to death. Their perseverance in this pursuit is more extraordinary, since they do not eat the flesh of the elephant, but only take away his tusks; even these they must not keep, but must give them to the king. All this toil is incurred without any view of profit, merely for their general activity and the pleasure they have in the pursuit. Their love of action is indeed such, that they will occasionally take long journeys, in which they have all sorts of hardships and difficulties to encounter, merely to visit some distant acquaintance, and not to be idle at home.

Besides their cattle, they have no other tame animals on which they set any value, except their dogs. The latter, notwithstanding that they seem to have a love for them, are very ill fed and are as miserably lean and mangy as Mr. Barrow describes. They are rather kept as guards against wild beasts at night, than that they know how to use them in the chase. Although they like the flesh of sheep very much, yet these animals are not to be seen among the Koossas. This is principally owing to the nature of their country. In the first place, it does not afford the aromatic plants on which the sheep feed so much in the colony; and, in the next place, it is so woody, that there would be great difficulty in keeping the flocks together. Here we saw no poultry; but among the more northern Caffre tribes there are hens of a small size, and without combs, though in other respects much resembling ours. Vasco de Gama found hens among the Caffres on the coast of *Terra do Natal.*

Besides the millet already mentioned, *(Holcus Sorghum)* Alberti says that the Koossas cultivate, in some parts, buck-wheat; they also cultivate water-melons. No one possesses landed property; he sows his corn wherever he finds a convenient spot, without any other preparation of the land than digging it with a little spade made of very hard wood; the weeds soon shoot up again, but they help to preserve the ground from getting too dry. When the young corn begins to appear, it is weeded very carefully, and kept perfectly clean; when ripe it is cut with the hassagai, then threshed with a stick, and thrown up to the wind to separate it from the chaff. The millet is stored up in pits in the cattle-fold: these pits are dried by fire; and after the corn is deposited in them, they are covered over with straw and stones. When one of these storehouses is opened, the owner must give his neighbours and friends a little basket of

the corn, and a larger portion to the chief of the kraal. The wild plant which they use for smoking instead of tobacco, is kept dried in bunches hanging upon the walls of the hut. Neither the sort of millet nor of water-melon which they cultivate will grow in the colony. The latter differs from what is cultivated by the colonists, in having a somewhat bitter taste; it is both eaten fresh, and cut into slices and dried.

As the Koossas are so exceedingly sparing of killing their cattle, it is very desirable that they should pay more attention to procuring themselves a supply of vegetable food. Their millet is an excellent resource; they eat it cooked with milk, and make a sort of bread of it, which they bake upon the hot embers. They also make from it a fermented liquor, which tastes almost like beer, but of a much more intoxicating quality, and much sooner spoiled; they call it *tjaloa*. A better sort is even made called *inguhja*, which is not unlike wine, and they make vinegar of it which they call *tjala*. Mr. Barrow has been, therefore, as it appears from hence, misinformed, in saying that the Koossas do not make use of any intoxicating lipuor. These different liquors are obtained according to the different degrees of fermentation which the millet undergoes by being put for a certain time, mixed with water, into milk-baskets, which have had old fermented matter in them. In the place of sieves for straining it, they use the nests which many sorts of the African *loxia* build with the woolly parts of particular plants.

It has been mentioned already by other writers, that the Caffres do not eat any kind of fish or sea-animal. Some kraals, however, which are near the coast, and have a scarcity of other food, eat mussels and several kinds of fish, but they are held in contempt for it by the rest of the nation.

The Caffres are honourable. Vander Kemp, who has travelled the country over and over, asserts, that whenever he passed the night at a strange kraal, they always gave him a hut to himself, which was furnished with a bed of mats and skins, and with a fire in the middle; he had besides an ample provision of milk and cooked millet.

Whenever any one kills an ox, he must invite all his neighbours to partake of it, and they remain his guests till the whole is eaten: even the king is not exempt from this custom, and must be contented to share his meals with his neighbouring subjects.* In return, it is the custom, that the breast of every ox killed is sent to the king; even the most distant kraal must not fail in doing so, although it be obvious, from the distance, that it cannot reach him before it becomes putrid. The breast, the head, the heart, and the feet of the oxen, are eaten only by the men; the women never partake of them, not even the wives of the king.

The skin cloak, or mantle, which they wear, if made of an ox-hide, is called *gubo* or *ingubo;* but if made of the skin of a wild animal, it is called *unebe*. Even the chief seldom wears any thing but the hide of an ox or an eland. All panther skins must be brought to him, but he does not so much wear them himself, as keep them for presents occasionally, when he wants to

* It is also a custom, that if any European travelling among them receives a present of food, he must share is with all around him, even though the piece he gives be ever so small. Alberti says, he has heard people, when they have not been invited to participate in the food on such an occasion, at going away, imitate the yell of the hyæna, as a reproach upon the unsociability of the visitor.

shew particular favour to any one. The skins are prepared with considerable ingenuity; the process of preparing them is extremely well described by Mr. Barrow. The mantles are seldom made out of many pieces; they are commonly only one skin. Those of the women are ornamented with parallel rows of copper buttons, the greater or lesser number of which distinguishes the rank of the wearer. The Caffres are exceedingly fond of these buttons, and whoever has them on his clothes when he visits their country, is very likely to be importuned for them in a manner that it is scarcely possible to resist; but they must be quite flat and smooth, for if they had any kind of embossed figure upon them, they are stigmatized as blotchy. The women, besides, oanament their mantles with the tails of wild cats, which are put on near the shoulder, and hang down on each side. Much more pains are bestowed upon preparing the skins for the women's clothes than upon those of the men's. They sew the skins with thread made of the sinews of the oxen, piercing the holes to put it through with an iron punch, something like a bodkin, in the place of a needle. A girl, to earn her first mantle, must go out once with a hunting party, when she receives from her brothers an antelope's skin as her share of the booty.

Here and there women as well as men are to be seen tattooed, but not in the face, only upon the breast, the back, and the arms. The smearing themselves with grease mixed with some mineral substance, as iron-ochre, iron-rust, mica, or something of the kind, gives their bodies a not unpleasant tint; but nobody can touch them without bringing away very visible marks of it upon his hands and his clothes. The men wear their heads naked, or with a sort of diadem round them, made of a strip of leather about an inch broad; sometimes this is ornamented with thin plates of copper, sometimes with beads of a variety of colours. The men also ornament their heads with a large knot of zebra's or jackall's hair, about five inches long, and which must stand upright.

The headdress of the women consists of a sort of turban. A long piece of fine leather, commonly the skin of the red deer, is wound round the head in many folds; the two ends, which run to points, are concealed under the folds, and so fastened. This leather is at least two ells long, and in the middle half an ell wide; the middle is sometimes sewed to a cap, from which the points hang down on each side. Directly in the centre is always a tuft or tassel of beads, or of strips of leather, with little bits of copper. The true coquette wears her turban a little on one side; indeed, the utmost care is shewn in putting it on, and it is perpetually pushed this way or that, to give it, if possible, a better effect.

Necklaces of different kinds are worn both by men and women. They consist of small metal chains, little red stones, mussel-shells, glass beads, or even pieces of wood, and are so long that they hang quite down to the breast. Glass beads are prized particularly for necklaces; but the Koossas have their fashions in these things as well as other nations; and the same sorts, or the same colours, are not always in equal favour. The great rage at present is for a sort of small beads which are procured from the tribe of Imbo, and which are considered of such value that a cow and calf are given for two small strings. They have an idea that these beads creep out of the earth like worms, and are caught by the Imbos; but, according to Vander Kemp's

account, they seem to be common glass beads, or perhaps chaplets, which have been brought by Portuguese into the northern parts of the country, and thence found their way among the Koossas. They wear in their ears strings of beads, of five or six inches long, as also buttons or rings of copper.

Bracelets of ivory are worn by the men, on the upper part of the left arm, sometimes even to the number of ten; the broadest may be an inch, or between that and an inch and a half in breadth. The number of the bracelets depends upon the rank of the wearer. As all the elephants' teeth are the king's property, the bracelets made from them are given by him as tokens of friendship or favour, and no one can wear them without his permission. On the right arm, just above the elbow, a leather strap is often worn, set with five or six tiger's teeth, all with the points standing out. Copper and iron bracelets are also worn between the elbow and the wrist. Round the waist is fastened a leather girdle, stuck so thick with plates of iron or copper that the leather cannot be seen.

The weapons of war are, as we have already mentioned, the hassagai, the kirri, and a shield. The first is a spear from five to six feet in length, with an iron spike at the end from half a foot to a foot and a half long, and from one to two inches broad. This is two-edged, and is sometimes the whole length like a blade; sometimes it is half-way rounded, and only towards the end flat, and sharpened at the edges. The shaft is made of the slender stem of the hassagai-tree, (*Curtisia faginea*,) and near the spike is about as thick as a finger, but at the other end is not thicker than a quill. The spike is fixed very ingeniously into a shaft, and the shaft itself is in this part bound very fast round, with the sinews of beasts, that it may not split. It requires particular stength, as well as great dexterity, to throw the hassagai upwards into the air; the principal art in lancing it is to give the shaft a sort of tremulous motion, which accelerates its flight exceedingly. They are obliged to give it the direction of a bow, and this is the principal reason why it is so difficult to hit a particular mark. The farthest distance at which a hassagai can be expected to hit is a hundred paces, but the aim is commonly taken at about seventy or eighty. These weapons stand very much in the place, of money among the Koossas; they are the most common medium by which all articles of barter are valued, and by which the wroth of every thing is estimated. They throw the kirri as well as strike with it, and can hit at a tolerable distance; it is used in the chase as well as the hassagai; both are used besides as implements of husbandry in breaking the ground.

The Koossas are brave and resolute, like all the other tribes of the Caffres, and often involved in wars with their neighbours; yet they cannot be called quarrelsome in their dispositions; they seem much more disposed to lead a quiet and pastoral life. When engaged in war, no man capable of bearing arms shrinks from the fight; and to fly in battle is considered as a disgrace never to be expiated. The neighbours with whom they are most frequently at war are the Bosjesmans, on account of the depredations which the latter are perpetually committing on their cattle. As the Bosjesmans, however, never meet an enemy in the open field, but endeavour to shoot their poisoned arrows from some secure place of concealment, so the Caffres cannot come to fair and equal fighting with them; the warfare on both sides rather consists of petty conflicts between hordes.

The enmity of he Koossas, and all other Caffre tribes, against the Bosjesmans, knows no bounds. The latter are considered by the former in the light of beast of prey, who ought to be extirpated from the earth; and on this system they pursue them in the same way as they would wild beasts, putting to death every one that falls into their hands, of either sex or age. If the robberies have been very frequent, they will seek out their hiding-places, nor cease the pursuit till they have found the horde, and destroyed every one of them.

I myself once saw a striking instance of this hatred of the Caffres towards the Bosjesmans. In the year 1804, a Caffre, who came to Cape Town as ambassador from a little horde which was then roving about the northern parts of the colony, was received with great hospitality at the house of Governor Janssens. The governor had at this time, among the servants in his house, a Bosjesman lad about eleven years old. The Caffre, notwithstanding that the boy was in no way distinguished from the rest of the Hottentots, immediately recognised one of the race of his mortal enemies, and made a push at him with his hassagia, intending to run him through. The boy escaped, and fled to the kitchen, where he found shelter; and as the people pressed about the Caffre, and inquired of him what their young comrade had done that he should endeavour to take away his life, he replied in broken Dutch, glowing with rage, "that what he was doing was out of gratitude to the governor for the kind reception he had given him. He would have freed him from that little rascal, who was indeed then too weak to do him any mischief, but who, he might be sure, if he were permitted to live, would at length deprive him both of his property and life. It was impossible that a Bosjesman could ever abandon his villanous ways, and it was necessary to destroy such vermin wherever they were found."

The wars of the Caffres among each other are of much more consequence. They are commonly occasioned either by the rebellion of the chiefs against their common king, or by the desire of the latter to bring some separate tribe under his subjection, and make it tributary to him; or in contentions with regard to the extent of their territories, and about food for the cattle. But no one ever falls upon the enemy while he is unprepared for the fight, or without making a public declaration of war. For this purpose ambassadors are sent, who require submission, or in failure of it, threaten an immediate attack; as a token of their inimical embassy, they carry in their hands the tail either of a lion or a panther.

This declaration made, all the vassal chiefs, with their independents, are summoned to assemble. Every one must implicitly obey this mandate, and follow his leader: whoever does not is in danger of having his whole property confiscated. As soon as the army is collected at the habitation of the king a number of oxen are killed, that the warriors may be strengthened for the fight by eating abundantly of their flesh; at the same time they dance, and deliver themselves up entirely to rejoicing. The king presents the most distinguished and the most valliant among the chiefs with plumes of feathers, from the wings of a sort of crane; these they wear upon their heads as marks of honour. They are then obeyed as commanders; but is their duty, during the fight, to be seen at the head of their respective divisions; any one who fails forfeits his life irredeemably; among his followers, too, whoever forsakes his leader is punished with death.

The army is now put into motion, taking with

it as many oxen for slaughter as are deemed necessary for its support. When it approaches the habitation of the enemy, ambassadors are again sent to give notice of the intended attack, and repeat the declaration of the motives which have given occasion to the war. If the enemy declares that he has not yet collected all his people together, and is not prepared to fight, the attacking army waits with patience till he notifies that he is ready. A wide open place, without bushes and without rocks, is chosen as the field of battle, to avoid all possibility of an ambush, which is considered as wholly degrading. The two armies then raising a loud war-cry, approach in two lines, till they are within about seventy or eighty paces of each other. They now begin throwing their hassagais, endeavouring, at the same time, to turn aside those of the enemy. The king, or commander-in-chief, whoever he may be, remains always in the centre of his line, and takes an active part in the fight. Some of the inferior commanders remain near him, the rest remain, some at the head of their divisions, some behind, to prevent the troops giving way. By degrees the two bands approach nearer and nearer to each other, till at length they come hand to hand, when the hassagais are no more used, but the kirri alone decides the combat. Sometimes, however, they do not come to these close quarters, but remain at a distance till they are obliged to give over, either by the coming on of night, or by the flight of one of the parties.

In the former case both sides retire to a certain distance, where a line of demarcation is agreed upon, and during the night negociations for peace are carried on: if these are fruitless, the combat must then be renewed till finally decided. If one of the armies has taken to flight, the commander alone is to blame: every thing depends upon his personal bravery, and his falling back is the signal for the whole body to do the same. A flying enemy is immediately pursued, and above all things the conquerors seek to possess themselves of their women, and children, and cattle: of the latter a great part are immediately killed and eaten. If the vanquished party agrees to submit, his submission is accepted, on condition that he acknowledges his conqueror from that time forward as his sovereign, and solemnly promises obedience to him. When this is done, the women and children are sent back: the victors also return some of the cattle taken, though perhaps but a very small part dividing the rest among themselves. This claim of the conquered to the return of some part of the booty rests upon a principle which is a common saying among Koossas, "*that we must not let even our enemies die with hunger.*" When both parties are returned to their respective habitations, the vanquished, as a token of submission, send a present to their new king out of the little that remains to them. The conqueror treats his followers again before they separate, in the same manner as when they first assembled.

In these fights among the Caffres the number of lives lost is not so great as might be supposed; for the hassagais do not very often hit, or if they do, the wound is seldom mortal. Any one who falls unarmed into the hands of the enemy is never put to death: the women and children, equally, have never any thing to fear for their lives; they are universally, and without exception spared. For this reason women are sometimes employed as ambassadors; that is, if there is danger of the enemy considering matters as having gone so far that he is at liberty to put the ambassador to death, supposing a man to be sent: and this may be the case under certain

circumstances, though in general it is wholly unallowable by the customs of war to touch the person of an ambassador. Allies, who are sometimes sought from very remote tribes, if the parties feel themselves weak, are entitled, in case of victory, to half the booty.

It remains to say a few words concerning the works of art among the Koossas; and passing over those which have already been occasionally mentioned, I shall first notice their working of metals. They have neither copper nor iron in their own country, but receive it in the way of barter, from some of the tribes in the interior, as will be more fully shewn hereafter. Most of it comes to them ready worked; but they have sufficient acquaintance with the smith's art to improve their hassagais, or to make of them other implements which they want, as for example, the punches they use in making their baskets: they employ stones as hammers to bring the hot iron or copper into the form desired. In order to quicken the fire, and give it the necessary degree of heat, they make use of a sort of bellows consisting of two leather bags, which communicate with the same pipe, and by being pressed against each other, they are alternately filled with air and emptied again. This discovery was imparted to the Koossas from a distant tribe.

To strike fire they take two pieces of wood of different hardness, one of which is a thin round stick, the other is flat, with little volutes at certain distances. Into one of these the round stick is passed, and then drawn quickly backwards and forwards, till by this friction the stick at length catches fire, and being applied to a wisp of dried grass, a flame is kindled.

For keeping liquors, and even for cooking, they make pots of fine clay, which are hardened in the sun, without being glazed. Some of these pots will hold six buckets, or perhaps more: they keep the liquor very cool. In their form they resemble large bottles with wide necks.

Their works with rushes are exceedingly ingenious; the baskets, which are so exceedingly solid as to hold milk, are very well described by Kolbe, Le Vaillant, and Barrow. Le Vaillant, however, is misinformed with regard to the manner in which he says they are quenched before they are capable of holding liquid.

The Koossas are much behindhand with some of their neighbours with regard to music. Instruments proper to themselves they do not appear to have, for only those of the Hottentots are to be seen among them, and not so well constructed. Their melodies are insufferable to a musical ear, and their song is little better than a deadened howl. Their dances have been already described. They amuse themselves with them very much in moonlight nights, and are never weary with the exercise.

Although they have numerals they have little idea of counting; very few can reckon beyond ten, and many even cannot name the numerals. Notwithstanding this, they know perfectly well of how many head a herd of cattle consists, nor could a single one be missing without its being discovered immediately. If a herd of four or five hundred be driven home, the owner knows, almost at a glance, whether they are all right or not. Possibly these people have a manner of counting within themselves, without using words, yet by which they can calculate accurately; or perhaps the more probable thing is, that they know every individual cow or ox, and from this recollection can tell immediately whether they are all there.

Their memories are, indeed, particularly strong, as far as the recollection of objects of

sense is concerned. For example, they instantly remember a man whom they have once seen, though they should see him again at ever so remote a period, and will immediately cite, with the utmost accuracy, a number of occurrences which happened at their previous meeting. In the same manner the countenance of animals, or some other distinguishing mark about them, is impressed upon their minds so firmly, that they can instantly recollect them. Some of them recognised immediately among our draught-oxen particular ones which had been once in their possession; taken by them during their war with the colony, and restored, by agreement, when peace was made.

They are very little capable of calculating time; a period more remote than a few months they know not how to describe, though all the events that have passed in it are distinctly and circumstantially present to their memories; still less can they at all tell their own ages. The age of an absent child is given by shewing its height; and if a woman would describe how many children she has, she does it by pointing out their different heights. According to their external appearance, it seems as if their oldest men were not more than between fifty and sixty years of age. Such is Alberti's opinion, and it agrees extremely well with the estimation of the Christians who have lived for any time among them, or who have been in the habit of visiting them from time to time, for a considerable period.

INTRODUCTION OF THE JASMINE INTO EUROPE.

We are told that a Duke of Tuscany was the first possessor of this pretty shrub in Europe, and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess, that strict injunctions were given to his gardener, not to give a slip, not so much as a single flower, to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful, had not love wounded him by the sparkling eyes of a fair but portionless peasant, whose want of a little dowry and his poverty alone kept them from the hymeneal altar. On the birth-day of his mistress, he presented her with a nosegay; and to render the bouquet more acceptable, ornamented it with a branch of jasmine. The *povera figlia*, wishing to preserve the bloom of this flower, put it into fresh earth, and the branch remained green all the year; in the following spring it grew, and was covered with flowers; it flourished and multiplied so much under the fair nymph's cultivation, that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her: when, with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she bestowed her hand and wealth on the happy gardener of her heart. And the Tuscan girls, to this day, preserve the remembrance of this adventure, by invariably wearing a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding-day; and they have a proverb, which says a young girl worthy of wearing this nosegay is rich enough to make the fortune of a good husband.

CRUELTY AND COWARDICE OF BIRD-NESTING.

THERE is no practice more common among the rude and vulgar young than the cruel diversion of bird-nesting, or, as the school-boy phrase is, "harrying nests." We should hope that this practice is, *in many*, owing more to *thoughtlessness* than to cruelty—thoughtlessness of the *pangs* which the dam, in whose breast the voice of nature is so strong, feels when she sees her infant brood fluttering with terror, and unable either to resist or to escape the hand of the spoiler. And were our youthful readers at all acquainted with the delightful study of natural history, they would read with wonder and deep interest the schemes which the parent bird or beast often contrives to rescue or to hide their offspring—the dangers they undergo to decoy the steps of intruding man, when design or accident brings him too near the nest or the lair—and the courage and indifference to their own safety which they shew when endeavouring to revenge or rescue their young. Who does not remember the fable in Æsop, which supposes the harmless sufferers to say to their youthful tormentors, "It may be *sport* to you, but it is *death* to us"—a lesson from a heathen, but worthy of being remembered by every child, when he would be tempted to interfere with the feathered songsters, and thoughtlessly turn their sweet music to the wail of grief. Some boys are cruel to helpless birds, only, we believe, from the bad example and advice of other wicked boys, who urge them on to be like themselves; and some boys, perhaps, are so silly as to be ashamed of being laughed at for being tender-hearted; or so vain as to wish to be flattered for climbing trees or walls, and being brave against innocent and timed birds. If a boy must be *brave*, let it be against the *Eagle*, that will strike him in return, or the *Vulture*, that would soon pick out his eyes; or let him go to Quito and Peru in South America, and engage with the mighty *Condor*, whose outspread wings measure twelve feet wide, and whose largest feathers are two feet long, who is formidable even to a *man*, and will, the Spaniards say, carry off sheep and even children alive, and who, when wounded, will turn on his back, and wage fierce war with his long wings and terrible claws. But let no brave boy war with the sweet robin, the friend of the babes in the wood, and so familiar with man; nor with the swallow, who trusts us so far as to make his nest in our very windows; nor with the little wren, or musical linnet and thrush. These are the helpless prey of cruel and cowardly boys. On such children as are not quite dead to kindness and feeling, we should fain hope that the little tender tale of the poor woman with the infant in her arms, who parted with her few remaining pence to redeem a linnet's nest from the sacrilegious hand of a hard-hearted boy, will have its effect; and that, in after years, when looking back to their schoolboy days, a period generally remembered with pleasure, they will not have to mingle with their other collections of that comparatively happy and guileless season, the painful impression of having stained the morning of life with cruelty to the helpless and innocent warblers of the woods and their little ones, and caused the voice of sorrow to mix with the gay sounds and

pretty sights of jocund spring. A hard-hearted *boy* never becomes a brave, a great, a generous, or a happy *man;* and the youthful tormentor of animals almost invariably grows up to be the hated and feared *oppressor*, or the degraded and spiritless *slave*, of his fellow men. Indeed, it may be said with safety, that he who, disregarding the skill and pains required in framing the beautiful nest, as well as the patience and industry bestowed on this task of love and care and hope by the little ingenious architect, can yet wantonly destroy and plunder it, is just in miniature the ruthless manstealer, who, entering the African village under the veil of night, burns the frail cottage, and murders the unsuspecting and unresisting inhabitants, or drags them into bitter and pining *slavery*. Some dear boys will, we fondly hope, not only be so just as to refrain from the barbarous pastime of a barbarous disposition, but be found noble-minded enough to become the advocates and protectors of the helpless. To conquer any bad habit requires a strong effort, it is true; but sweet will be the reward, within the breast, of every such victory. And if others there may be, who are too proud to believe or to mind this, and too self-willed and wicked to abandon their cruel *sport*, let them remember that *remorse* will one day overtake the gratification of evil passion and inclinations—let them remember the dangerous fall from the tree or the cliff—the broken limb, and the sudden death so often the fate of the plunderer—let them *remember the Sabbath*, and tremble at the thought of profaning that holy day in bird-nesting—and let them not once imagine that He who hears in heaven "the cry of the raven," and without whose notice "a sparrow cannot fall to the ground," will hold that boy *guiltless* by whose hands it may *fall*.

ENGLISH AUTHORS.

It is amusing to imagine what a host of pens are at this moment in motion, in sundry places of this island! In splendid libraries, furnished with every bodily comfort, and every literary and scientific resource, where the noble or popular author fills the sheet which the smile of the bibliopole and reader awaits, and almost anticipates; in naked and ghastly garrets where the "poor-devil-author" scrawls with numbed fingers and a shivering frame, what will be coldly received, and as quickly forgotten as himself; in pleasant boudoirs, at rosewood desks, where lady-fingers pen lady-lays; in ten thousand nooks and recesses the pile of books is growing, under which, shelves, booksellers and readers, shall groan, ere many months elapse. Another season shall come around, and all these leaves, like those of the forest, shall be swept away, leaving only those of a few hardy laurels untouched. But let no one lament them, or think that all this "labour under the sun," has been in vain. Literary tradesmen have been indulged in speculation; critics have been employed; and authors have enjoyed the excitement of hope, the enthusiasm of composition, the glow of fancied achievement. And all is not lost;

> The following year another race supplies,
> They fall successive, and successive rise.

THE EXCISEMAN.

A SUPERVISOR of excise, named Thomas, was ordered not long since to a town not far from Lanfyllin, in Montgomeryshire, to occupy the district of a supervisor, who had been shifted to another station, as is usual with the servants of the excise department; and having a wife and children, he proceeded on first, in order to select a suitable house for his family. He had never been in Wales before, and, consequently, he met with many inconveniences. The only house vacant was a large old mansion, which stood in decay at the foot of a mountain; and to this the supervisor was directed as the only habitable place that was not occupied. On the first view of so large a house, all notion of becoming a tenant was abandoned; but as the place had a mysterious curiosity about it, the mansion being large, the garden choked with weeds, the steps leading to the doors moss-grown, several of the windows being broken, and the whole having an air of grandeur in neglect, he was prompted to make inquiries; and an old man, to whom he was referred as being the only owner as long as any neighbour could remember, instantly offered to let him the mansion at the small rent of five pounds a-year. The supervisor did not want so large a house; but as he wished to send for his family, and had been obliged to put up with lodgings in a paltry ale-house, he thought it was worth while to go over the old pile, and ascertain whether a few rooms could not be comfortably fitted up for his accommodation, while in discharge of his duty there. The lowness of the rent of course operated as an additional inducement; and having fixed upon four or five rooms up stairs he struck the bargain, got in a few little things until his wife should arrive with all the domestic equipments of a family, and forthwith wrote off for her. The first night of his sojourn he lighted a large fire to dispel the dampness, and having taken his glass of grog, he lay down and enjoyed an excellent night's rest. On his rising in the morning, his first visit was to a barber's shop in the town in order to get shaved, and there several persons inquired most earnestly how he had slept; and when he declared that he had never enjoyed a better night's rest in his life, every one seemed amazed. The mystery was now dispelled, and his eyes were opened by being informed the "Tee Gwyn," or "White House," as the mansion was called, had been haunted for fifty years back. The supervisor laughed at this notion, and avowed his utter disbelief in ghosts. The professional shrewdness usually characteristic of his calling, raised a surmise, that this same lonely house might be a very snug spot for working an illicit still; and, accordingly, he determined not to be driven out of his new habitation until he ascertained the fact. He spent the greater part of the day in rummaging the vaults and every hiding-place; but without discovering any thing to confirm his suspicions. As night advanced, he threw an extra log on the fire, and having borrowed a chair in the town, he sat himself down before it, ate his bread and cheese, and

sipped his grog amidst various ruminations. At one time he thought his situation rather dangerous; as in the event of his suspicions being true, there was no assistance at hand. He might have his throat cut from ear to ear, and his body thrown into a tub; while his wife and family would be none the wiser. Fears of the living, more than of the dead, flitted across his brain, and at length he resolved, in case he heard any thing going on, to remain as quiet as possible, and send all the information he could to the heads of his department. He could see by his watch it was nearly 12 o'clock; but 'Nature's fond nurse' had forsaken him, and he felt no inclination to sleep. On a sudden he heard footsteps on the staircase, and he felt, or thought he felt, his hair lift his hat at least an inch off his forehead. His heart fluttered, the logs did not seem to blaze so brightly; he listened anxiously, but heard nothing. After chiding his fancy for frightening him, he mustered courage enough to open the door, which he left in that state, and then betook himself to his couch after a paralytic sort of a poke at the fire. Scarce had the first doze relieved his limbs, when he was awakened by a strange clattering on the staircase, as if ten thousand imps were ascending to his room. In the panic of the moment he jumped up, and rushed to the landing-place, where he distinctly heard the imps clatter down the broad staircase again, making faint shrieking cries, which died away with the sounds of their footsteps as they seemed to gain the vaults beneath the house. It was now manifest that there were other living tenants in the mansion besides himself; and the remainder of that sleepless night was spent in gloomy conjectures. With painful anxiety did he watch the grey breaking in the east; and when the day burst forth he commenced a most scrutinizing search. Nothing, however, was to be discovered, not even a footstep on the staircase; although he could have sworn that he really did hear his disturbers ascend towards his room and then depart. On his visit to town that morning, the previous day's inquiries were repeated; but he strenuously denied having been disturbed, for *fear* he should be thought a coward. The next evening, he determined to ascertain whether any thing really did ascend the staircase, or whether it was mere fancy; and for this purpose, he spread a thick coat of sand on every step, imagining, shrewdly enough, that, if his tormentors were really substantial, they must leave some tracks behind them.—In the middle of the night the same extraordinary noise was heard; but the supervisor had provided himself with pistols, and being armed with a lamp also, he proceeded down stairs as hard as he could. The imps however, were too nimble for him, and he could not even get a glimpse of them. Again did he search in every hole and corner, disturbing the poor spiders with the blaze of his lamp; and finding his scrutiny in vain, he was retracing his steps, when he recollected the sand which, in his terrified descent, he had forgotten, when, to his horror, he perceived some five or six hundred cloven tracks! They were too small for old goblins, and much too large for rats, and the poor man was more puzzled than ever. The matter assumed rather a serious aspect, and he determined to write to his wife forbidding her arrival until she heard farther from him. All the day long his brain was racked by conjectures as to the species of creatures that had disturbed his quiet. Fifty times did he conclude that it was perhaps a trick, and as often did he abandon that notion as improbable; but then he could not account for his not being able to see the authors of the tracks; and forthwith he

resolved on another project. He had given up every idea that rats could have made such a noise or tracks so large, but he determined to try if a few rat traps could solve the mystery. Accordingly, he procured six, which were all that he could get; and on the fourth night carefully set them in a row on one of the steps of the staircase, so that if the imps ascended in a column, he was sure of catching at least one of them. Still he could not abandon his pistols or his lamp, but determined to be on guard all night. About the mystic hour of twelve, he again heard the hobgoblins jumping or hopping, as it seemed, up the stairs, and while he cocked one of the pistols he heard a trap go off, then another, then another, succeeded by appalling shrieks and the same clattering noise down stairs again. He proceeded to the spot, and there to his infinite astonishment, he found, not an imp, nor any thing supernatural, but three fine fat rabbits, caught by the legs in the traps. The simple fact was, that the inhabitants of an adjoining rabbit-warren used to make their way up through the sewers into the deserted mansion, and their gambols through the empty rooms first gave rise to the story of the "Tee Gwyn" being haunted. It is needless to add, that Mr. Thomas forthwith sent for his family, and they now enjoy a house, and as many rabbits as they can eat, for five pounds a-year.

THE PRESIDENT'S GUARD.—AN Englishman in Philadelphia, speaking of the presidency of Washington, was expressing a wish to behold him. While this conversation passed, "There he goes," replied the American, pointing to a tall, erect, dignified personage, passing on the other side of the street. "That General Washington!" exclaimed the Englishman; "where is his guard?" "Here," replied the American, striking on his bosom with emphasis.

THE VALOUR OF HUMANITY.

IN the summer of 1819, the yellow fever caused dreadful ravages among the British troops in Jamaica—particularly among regiments recently arrived. The contagion, like that at Malta, was so virulent, that all who attended the sick, with few exceptions, fell victims to their self-devotion. The soldiers who would have mounted a breach "to the cannon's mouth," were appalled by the terrific strides of disease, and in a body refused to wait upon the sick. The officers represented to them the cruelty of abandoning their brother soldiers in the last extremity of nature. After a short pause, four privates of the grenadiers stepped forward and offered their services for a duty more perilous than the forlorn hope in storming a fortified town. Two of these brave men in a short time fell under the pestilence, and the two others withdrew their assistance. Every heart was dismayed, when Colonel Hill of the 50th Regiment heroically addressed the men: "Then, my men, we must change coats. Since I cannot find a soldier who will risk his own person to save the lives of his brothers in arms, I must take the duty upon myself." In ten days this true hero, this benevolent son of war, added another to the multitude that perished by the yellow fever. He was the oldest officer in the corps, and had served forty-seven years.

CALMNESS OF WASHINGTON.

WHILE Mr. Evans, one of the chaplains of the army, was standing near his excellency, a shot struck the ground so near as to cover his hat with sand. Much agitated, he took off his hat, and said, "See here, General." "Mr. Evans," replied Washington, with his usual composure, "you had better carry that home, and show it to your *wife* and *children*."

MY DOG ROVER.

Rover is now about six years old. He was born half a year before our eldest girl; and is, accordingly, looked up to as a kind of elder brother by the children. He is a small, beautiful, liver-colored, spaniel, but not one of your goggle eyed Blenheim breed. He is none of your lap dogs. No! Rover has a soul above that. You may make him your friend, but he scorns to be a pet. No one can see him without admiring him, and no one can know him without loving him. He is as regularly inquired after as any other member of the family; for who that has ever known Rover can forget him? He has an instinctive perception of his master's friends, to whom he metes out his caresses in the proportion of their attachment to the chief object of his affections. When I return from an absence, or when he meets an old friend of mine, or of his own, (which is the same thing to him,) his ectasy is unbounded: he tears and curvets round the room like mad; and if out of doors, he makes the welkin ring with his clear and joyous note. When he sees a young person in company, he immediately selects him for a play-fellow. He fetches a stick, coaxes him out of the house, drops it at his feet, then retiring backwards barking, plainly indicates his desire to have it thrown for him. Indeed I fear, poor fellow, that his teeth, which already shew signs of premature decay, have suffered from the diversion.

But though Rover has a soul for fun yet he is a game-dog too. There is not a better cocker in England. In fact he delights in sport of every kind, and if he cannot have it with me, he will have it on his own account. He frequently decoys the greyhounds out, and finds hares for them. Indeed he has done me some injury in this way; for if he can find a pointer loose, he will, if possible, seduce him from his duty, and take him off on the same lawless excursion, and it is not till after an hour's whistling and hallooing that I see the truants sneaking round to the back-door, panting and smoking, with their tails tucked up between their legs, and their long dripping tongues depending from their watery jaws—he the most guilty and most bare-faced caitiff of the whole. In general, however, he will have nothing to say to the canine species; for, notwithstanding the classification of Buffon, he considers he has a prescriptive right to associate with man. He is, in fact, rather cross with other dogs; but with children he is quite at home, doubtless reckoning himself about on a level with them on the scale of rational beings. Every boy in the village knows his name, and I often catch him in the street with a posse of little dirty urchins playing round him. But he is not quite satisfied with this kind of company, for, if taking a walk with any of the family, he will only just acknowledge his plebeian play-fellows with a simple shake of the tail, equivalent to the distant nod which a patrician school-boy bestows on the town-boy schoolfellow whom he chances to meet when in company with his aristocratic relations. The only approach to

bad feeling that I ever discovered in Rover, is a slight disposition to jealousy: but this in him appears more a virtue than a vice; for it springs entirely from affection, and has nothing mean or malicious in it. One instance will suffice to shew the manner in which he expresses this feeling. One day a little stray dog attached himself to me, and followed me home. I took him into the house and had him fed, intending to keep him till I could discover the owner. For this act of kindness the dog expressed his gratitude in the usual way. Rover, although used to play the truant, from the moment the little stranger entered the premises never quitted us till he saw him fairly off. His manner towards us became more ingratiating than usual, and he seemed desirous, by his assiduities and attentions, to shew us, that we stood in no need of any other favourite or companion. But, at the same time, he displayed no animosity whatever towards his supposed rival. Here was reason and refinement too.

Besides the friends whom he meets at our house, Rover also forms attachments of his own, in which he shews a great discrimination. It is not every one that offers him a bone that he will trust as a friend. He has one or two intimate acquaintances in the village, whom he regularly visits, and where, in case of any remissness on the part of the cook, he is sure to find a plate of meat. Rover is a most feeling, sweet dispositioned dog. One instance of his affection and kind-heartedness I cannot omit. He had formed an attachment to a labourer who worked about my garden, and would frequently follow him to his home, where he was caressed by the wife and children. It happened that the poor woman was taken ill and died. The husband was seriously afflicted, and shewed a feeling above the common. At this time I observed that Rover had quite lost his spirits, and appeared to pine. Seeing him in this state one day, when in company with the widowed labourer, and thinking, in some measure to divert the poor fellow's thoughts from his own sorrows, I remarked to him the state that Rover was in, and asked him if he could guess the cause. "He is fretting after poor Peggy," was his reply, giving vent at the same time to a flood of tears. He then went on to tell me, that while his wife was ill, Rover was constant in his visits to the cottage, when he would get upon her bed, lie by her, and lick her face; and that when she was borne to the grave, he was foremost in the funeral procession. It was sometime before he entirely recovered his spirits.

Though a most playful entertaining dog, Rover has no tricks; I hate your tricky French dogs. The only feat he performs is that of catching with his mouth, which he will do at almost any distance. Rover is also useful as well as ornamental. He is a capital house-dog; and serves for more purposes than one; he is as good as a thermometer to me. I have the parlour graduated in my imagination from the fire-place to the door. When his back is close to the fender, the glass is down to the freezing point; when he is at the arm-chair, it is rather higher; when he is under the sideboard it is temperate; and when he reaches the door, it is time to leave off fires. Though, like most little dogs, Rover has a great soul, yet, as must be expected, he is no match for the generality of dogs. But what he wants in physical strength, he makes up for in policy. He wisely employs a portion of his riches in subsidizing some poorer but stronger neighbour, and thus acquires a weight and importance among his own race

in the village to which he could not otherwise lay claim. In plain language, Rover keeps a dog in pay to fight his battles for him. This I discovered by observing, that whenever he got a bone or a piece of meat which he could not compass, he immediately hid it, and then went off in search of the baker's mastiff, whose more potent jaws soon demolished the provision. This I at first set down to generosity, or a natural love of patronage, till I ascertained the true state of the case, by observing, that when he was attacked by a larger dog than himself, he forthwith set off in quest of his Swiss, the said mastiff, to whom he delegated the office of thrashing his opponent.

A few specks of grey in his face, a diminution in the buoyancy of his spirits, added to a little peevishness when trod on by the children, (for he will have the rug all to himself,) warn us that Rover has already passed the meridian of life. It shall be our care to smooth his down-hill path, and when the horizon of this mortal state closes on him for ever, his tomb shall be in the rose-bed; and though our persons may not put on the garb of woe, as custom might compel them to do for a less lamented object, our hearts will pay the tribute to the memory of Rover.

CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

In the *catacombs*, underneath the ground, you pass through innumerable streets and lanes, whose buildings, if one may so speak, are composed of human bones, collected from the different cemeteries (burying places, generally, we believe, arched or vaulted with mason-work) of Paris, and arranged according to the receptacles whence they are collected. It is indeed a Golgotha—a place of skulls! you pass through parishes of the dead. It is Paris in the grave. Here its once gay and busy people lie ranged in their last house, according to the houses they occupied while living. It is an affecting sight—it is like going down into the very heart of the empire of death, and intruding into the capital of the king of terrors. One pile alone contains *two millions four hundred thousand skulls*, and the different heaps extend for a mile in length. Nothing can be conceived more solemn and affecting than a visit to these dreary abodes. The indistinctness with which is objects are seen by the feeble light of the taper you carry in your hand,—the intricacy and uncertainty of the path you traverse, and which is only indicated as the right one by a black line drawn along the roof of the cavern, the loss of which clew might be fatal to the party,—the thick and palpable darkness into which the innumerable passages branch out,—the ghastly and affecting materials of which the walls, that on every side enclose you, are composed,—the [numerous] mottos and sentiments engraven upon rude stones, with various sepulchral devices, interspersed throughout the melancholy piles,—the deep silence that reigns around, broken only by the voices of the visitors, in curiosity or terror,—conspire to render this the most interesting and instructive of all the exhibitions I have ever seen. There the gay and volatile spirit of the French seems to have sunk into something like seriousness; and thoughts and words that refer to the Supreme Being, and an eternal world, are recorded.—*Rev. Dr Raffles' Tour on the Continent.*

CEREMONIES AT THE KING'S CORONATION.

A BRIEF review of the principal ceremonies attending the coronation of our own sovereign, will show that his Majesty is only acting in character, and fulfilling the most solemn obligations, when he supports every prudent measure entered on, by any of his subjects throughout his vast empire, for the propagation of the faith to every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue.

After taking an oath in the presence of all the people, on his knees before the altar, that he would govern in justice and in mercy, and according to the laws, the king was consecrated to his office, by anointing with oil,—denoting those gracious influences, and that heavenly unction of the Holy Spirit, without which he could not fulfil his awful obligations. To this end, prayer is put up for those influences, followed by benediction pronounced over the king, for prosperity and success in his royal station. After this consecration to the kingly office, and before the crown is placed on his head, he is invested with the ensigns of royalty, all denoting the graces and virtues which should adorn a king, and the ends and purposes for which he reigns. The four principal emblems are—the Sword, the Robe, the Orb and Cross, and the Rod and Dove;—denoting Power, Majesty, Piety, and Mercy. The king is girt with a sword, to denote that power with which he is armed to punish the wicked, and support the good. Before the sword is girded on, the archbishop offers this prayer:—Hear our prayers, Oh Lord, we beseech Thee; and so direct and support thy servant King *William*, who is now to be girt with this sword, that he may not bear it in vain, but may use it as the minister of God, for the terror and punishment of evil doers, and for the protection and encouragement of those who do well, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

As soon as the sword has been girded on the king, the archbishop exhorts him:—Remember Him of whom the Royal Psalmist did prophecy, saying, *Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou Most Mighty: good luck have thou with thine honour: ride on prosperously, because of truth, meekness, and righteousness;* and be thou a follower of Him! With this sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity; protect the holy church of God; help and defend widows and orphans; restore the things that are gone to decay; maintain the things that are restored; punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order: that doing these things you may be glorious in all virtue, and so represent our Lord Jesus Christ in this life, that you may reign for ever with him in the life which is to come.

The king is then clothed in a royal robe, and has an orb, or emblem of the earth, fixed under a cross, put into his hand. The address which accompanies this ceremony, shews very impressively its purport:—Receive this imperial robe and orb: and the Lord your God endue you with knowledge and wisdom, with majesty and with

power from on high! The Lord clothe you with the robe of righteousness, and with the garments of salvation! And when you see this orb set under the cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the power and empire of Christ our Redeemer: for He is the *Prince of the Kings of the earth, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords:* so that no man can reign happily who deriveth not his authority from Him, and directeth not all his actions according to *His* laws.

A rod, with a dove on the top of it, is placed in the hand of the king,—and the archbishop's exhortation fully explains its meaning,—as an emblem of equity and mercy.

After these solemn introductory rites, the crown is placed on the head of the king, with prayer for the Divine favour and blessing.

After the king was crowned, the Holy Bible was solemnly presented to his Majesty; the archbishop, while a number of bishops surrounded him, saying these remarkable and impressive words:—Our Gracious King, we present unto your Majesty this Book,—the most valuable thing that this world affordeth. Here is wisdom. This is the Royal Lay. These are the lively oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this Book; that keep and do the things contained in it. For these are the words of Eternal Life; able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation; and so, happy for evermore, through faith which is in Christ Jesus; to whom be glory for ever more. Amen.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF WASHINGTON.

Major Ferguson, who commanded a rifle corps a day or two previous to the battle of Brandywine, was the hero of a very singular accident, which he thus describes in a letter to a friend. It illustrates in a most forcible manner the overruling hand of Providence in directing the operations of a man's mind, in moments when he is least aware of it.

"We had not lain long, when a rebel officer, remarkable by a hussar dress, pressed toward our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another, dressed in dark green and blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkably high cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near, and fire at them; but the idea disgusting me, I recalled the order. The hussar, in returning, made a circuit, but he passed within a hundred yards of us—upon which I advanced from the woods towards him. Upon my calling, he stopped, but, after looking at me, proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs to him to stop, levelling my piece at him, but he slowly cantered away. By quick firing, I could have lodged half a dozen balls in or about him, before he was out of my reach. I had only to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was very coolly acquitting himself of his duty, so I let it alone.

The next day the surgeon told me that the wounded rebel officers informed him that General Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in the hussar dress, he himself dressed and mounted as I have before described. I am not sorry that I did not know who it was at the time."

RAVENOUS ANIMALS OF THE EAST.

The predatory animals among the quadrupeds, birds, and insects are extremely numerous in every part of India. Their depredations are often hurtful, and always vexatious; but their presence in a warm climate in any considerable degree populous, seems necessary.

The Jackal holds the most conspicuous place among this tribe, either considered with regard to his annoyances or his utility. The figure and general habits of this animal are sufficiently described in every treatise of natural history. What is remarkable of him here, is the familiarity with which he enters the largest cities, and the mournful howlings by which he interrupts the silence of the night. Each night, about twelve or one o'clock, he enters the suburbs of Calcutta, and soon traverses every lane and square of that capital. The noise he makes is still more loud and mournful than the howling of the dog; at certain intervals, it is constantly renewed during every hour of the night, and its entire cessation is a sure symptom of the approach of day.

The principal characteristic of the jackal is his voracity, which permits little or no discimination in the choice of food. This is probably the chief security of the hen-roosts, which he never robs, if his gluttony can be satiated by the filth and carrion of the bazars and streets. In every large town more or less of such impurities are collected, and would of necessity soon taint the air in a climate as hot as India, were it not removed by these scavengers provided by nature.

The jackal wanders through every village and farm-yard, as punctually as the streets of Calcutta; but there his cravings are more importunate, as his supply is less considerable. It is said that the howl which this animal instinctively utters, is received as a signal of pursuit by every other in the same vicinity; and, by a continual accession of numbers, they are enabled to run down the hare, or the wild pig, because the place of such as become fatigued, and are obliged to desist from the chase, is supplied by fresh assistants who in time accomplish the work of death.

The Pariah dogs roam night and day about the dwellings of the natives, and perform for them, with less noise, the same friendly offices of the jackal. To this animal we have nothing corresponding in Europe, excepting in the streets of Constantinople. It is perfectly tame among the natives, and enters their houses at all times with the familiarity of a domestic. To Europeans his experience renders him more shy, as he is often pursued by the young cadets for want of any other sport. Such a number of dogs prowling about the streets, and under no confinement, because claimed by no person, renders canine madness a matter of serious apprehension in Calcutta. When symptoms of hydrophobia appear, the whole race of pariah dogs is proscribed; and the natives, whose humanity upon almost every occasion yields to their love of money, kill great numbers for two anas a dog, the price put upon each head.

The large long-tailed Ape is another destruc-

tive animal, that hovers around the dwellings of the natives of Bengal. This animal, in this province, is seldom seen far from the neighbourhood of man; there his cravings often instigate him to pilfer the food of the natives, who sometimes repel him, but oftener, from a kind of reverence they have for the tribe, they supply his wants.

In Bootan the natives pay a sort of worship to the monkeys; when invaded by the Chinese they expressed the greatest horror at seeing them eaten by that people.

Almost at every village you hear numbers of them scrambling among the trees. A large ape will run over the whole breadth of a banyan-tree, leaping from branch to branch nearly as quick as it would on the ground. Such feats of agility in the females, are the more remarkable, as they often spring from branch to branch, while a young one, perhaps of half her own size, hangs by its claws from her belly, with its back turned downwards.

When kindly used, they seem grateful, and some become familiar; but they remain always watchful and suspicious. On receiving any injury they are irritable and vindictive in a very high degree.

One of our officers when pursuing game fell in with a tribe of them, and imprudently discharged his musket, and wounded one. The ape rendered incapable of flight, instantly determined to repel force by force, and, in grappling with the officer, threw him upon the ground, and tore his clothes and skin. The officer, after this inglorious combat, was glad to retreat to his budgerrow, in a plight that drew from his companions much more ridicule than pity.

The gentleness of of the Bengalase to all the animals, is an amiable aspect of his character, for which he is, probably, much indebted to the influence of his religious opinions. There can be no doubt but the regard shewn to the cow, the ape, and many of the birds, proceeds from this source. The believe that his soul, by transmigration, may hereafter animate one of these creatures, or that at present it may be the residence of the spirit of a departed friend, certainly creates a strong obligation on his mind to treat them with tenderness, and even with affection.

However this may be, it is certain that gentleness to the brute creation is conspicuously displayed in every part of his conduct. The inferior amimals, which are taught by experience whether to shun or associate with man, seem perfectly acquainted with this disposition of the Hindoo. In that confidence with which they approach him, they pay a compliment to his humanity, which would prove at once indiscreet and dangerous if paid to a European. Even the children seem less mischievous and annoying to the wild animals, than in Europe. Did the same number of jackals enter into a large town in England, and stroll there in the same manner that they traverse each night in the streets of Calcutta, a thousand stratagems and dangers would assail them, and probably few would make good their retreat to the woods in the morning.

Hence it is that the Crow, Kite, Mino, and Sparrow, hop about the dwellings of the Orientals with a degree of familiarity unknown in Europe. The houses of the English are also haunted by these intruders, who frequently pilfer from the dishes of meat as they are carried from the cook-room to the hall. The obvious cause of their impunity in these enterprises, is the inability of Europeans to pursue them in so hot a climate. Perhaps indolence, produced from the same cause, will in part account for the forbearance of

the natives: tenderness, on some occasions to noxious animals, rather merits the appellation of an indolent facility of nature, than a moral virtue.

In some parts of Europe the stork is protected by law, for his services in destroying noisome reptiles. Here the largest bird of that species finds equal security in the gentleness of the natives. This creature, by far the stateliest of his tribe, is ludicrously termed the *adjutant*, from his erect posture and military strut. He stalks about at a few paces distant from the natives; and if he stretches his long neck and bill, he nearly equals them is his tall and portly figure. Toads, serpents, lizards and insects, are his food, of which he is remarkably voracious, being endowed with a stomach of very strong digestive powers. The soldiers about the cantonment sometimes sport with his voracity at the expence of his quiet. A large piece of meat fastened by a rope and a stake to the ground, is thrown out to him: this he soon swallows; but when he attempts to retreat with the rich meal, he is held by the rope, till he submit either to captivity, or to disgorge his food. To an animal so voracious, this is a cruel alternative.

PUNCTUALITY.

Washington accomplished the most part of his great works with great ease, by a rigid observance of punctuality. It is known, that whenever he assigned to meet congress at noon, he never failed to be passing the door of the hall when the clock struck twelve.

His dining hour was four, when he always sat down to his table, allowing only five minutes for the variation of time pieces, whether his guests were present or not. It was frequently the case with new members of congress, that they did not arrive until dinner was nearly half over; and he would remark, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here; my cook never asks whether the company has arrived, but whether the hour has."

When he visited Boston in 1789, he appointed eight o'clock in the morning as the hour he should set out for Salem; and while the Old South clock was striking eight, he was crossing the saddle. The company of cavalry which volunteered to escort him, not anticipating this strict punctuality, were parading in Tremont Street after his departure, and it was not until the president had reached Charles' river bridge, where he stopped a few moments, that the troop of horse overtook him. On passing the corps, the president said, with perfect good-nature, "Major ——, I thought you had been too long in my family, not to know when it was eight o'clock."

The following anecdote was related by Captain Pease, the father of the stage establishment in the United States. He had purchased a beautiful pair of horses, which he wished to dispose of to the president, who, he knew, was an excellent judge of horses. The president appointed five o'clock in the morning, to examine them at his stable. The captain, thinking the hour too early for so great a man to be stirring, did not arrive with the horses until a quarter after five, when he was told by the groom, that the president was there at five, and was then fulfilling other engagements.

Pease was much mortified, and called on Major Jackson, the Secretary, to apologise for his delay, and to request the president to appoint some new time; and he added, that he found the president's time, was wholly pre-occupied for several days, and that he was compelled to stay a week in Philadelphia at great expense, before the examination took place, merely for delaying the first quarter of an hour.

NOTIONS OF UNCIVILIZED NATIONS RELATIVE TO WRITING.

It is amusing to contemplate the effects produced on the minds of savage nations by the arts and inventions of civilized life, many of which would have appeared not less astonishing and supernatural to our ancestors four or five centuries back, than they do at present to the unenlightened children of nature. By some of these, the communication of facts and thoughts by means of writing has been deemed nothing less than enchantment and magic.

We are informed that when the missionaries in Labrador read to the Exquimaux a declaration of friendship from the governor of Newfoundland, they shrunk with affright if the paper was offered for their inspection. They supposed it must contain a living principle, since it could convey the thoughts of a man so far distant; and that this invisible spirit might happen to take offence and chastise them, though they had not intended to provoke him.

Mr. Mariner has given an entertaining account of the embarrassment which Finow, the king of the Tonga Islands, felt, on learning that writing was capable of communicating sentiments. It was a letter written by the former that involved him in this inexplicable puzzle. After the purport of it had been explained to him, he took up the letter and examined it again and again; but it afforded him no information. He thought a little within himself, but his thoughts reflected no light upon the subject. At length, he sent for Mr. Mariner and desired him to write down something. The latter asked what he would choose to have written: he replied, "put down me." He accordingly wrote Feenow, spelling it according to the strict English orthography. The chief then sent for another Englishman who had not been present, and commanding Mariner to turn his back, and look another way, he gave the man the paper, and desired him to tell what it was. He accordingly pronounced aloud the name of the king, on which Finow snatched the paper from his hand, looked at it with astonishment, turned it round and examined it in all directions, at length exclaiming, "this is neither like myself nor any body else! where are my eyes? where is my head? where are my legs? how can you possibly know it to be me?" And then, without stopping for any attempt at explanation, he impatiently ordered Mr. Mariner to write something else; and thus employed him for three or four hours in putting down the names of different persons, places, and things, and making the other man read them.

This afforded extraordinary diversion to Finow, and to all the men and women present, particularly as he now and then whispered a little anecdote, which was strictly written down, and audibly read by the other, not a little to the confusion of some of the persons present; but it was all taken in good humour, for curiosity and astonishment were the prevailing passions. How their names and circumstances could be communicated through so mysterious a channel, was altogether past their comprehension. Finow had long before made up his opinion of books and papers, and this as much resembled witchcraft as any thing he had ever seen or heard of.

Mariner in vain attempted to explain, but his knowledge of the language was yet too slender to enable him to make himself clearly understood. Finow at length imagined that he had discovered the mystery, and observed to those about him, that it was very possible to put down a mark or sign of something that had been seen both by the writer and reader, and which should be mutually understood by them; but Mariner immediately informed him, that he could write down any thing he had never seen.

The king directly whispered to him to put Toogo Ahoo, (the King of Tonga, whom he and his brother had assassinated many years before Mariner's arrival.) This was accordingly done, and the other read it; when Finow was still more astonished, and declared it to be the most wonderful thing that he had ever heard of.

He then desired him to write the name of Tarky, (chief of the garrison of Bea, whom Mariner and his companion had never seen, and who was blind of one eye.) When "Tarkey" was read, Finow inquired whether he was blind or not. This was putting writing to an unfair test; and Mariner told him that he had only written down the sign standing for the sound of the name, and not for the description of the person. He was then ordered to write, "Tarky, blind in his left eye," which was done, and read, to the increased astonishment of every body.

Mr. Mariner then told him, that in several parts of the world messages were sent to great distances through the same medium; and being folded and fastened up, the bearer could not know any thing of the contents, and that the histories of whole nations were thus handed down to posterity, without spoiling by being kept. Finow acknowledged this to be a most noble invention, but added, that it would not do at all for the Tonga Islands, as there would be nothing but disturbance and conspiracies, and he should not be sure of his life perhaps another month.

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A FEMALE EMIGRANT.

In the back settlements of America a poor emigrant was obliged to leave his family, and to take a journey of five days, to purchase utensils for husbandry, and to see some persons lately arrived from the mother country. On the night when he was expected to return, two wandering savages, having discovered that the woman and her five children were unprotected, came to the door of her cabin and demanded admittance. Fortunately she had been in the habit of very carefully securing her door and windows: she replied she was ill and unable to rise to open the dwelling, or to offer them hospitality, and her children were too young and weak to draw the bolt. They said in return that they would come down the chimney, for they must have some brandy, which they were sure she could give them. She immediately bethought herself of making a great smoke with the feathers in her bolsters, and in that manner kept out her tormentors till her husband and three of his countrymen arrived, when the Indians, seeing the white men armed with muskets, immediately decamped.

THE POLAR BEAR.

This animal has with great propriety been called the sovereign of the Arctic regions. Unlike the lion of Africa, his dominion is not confined, entirely to the land; for, by means of the ice, he extends his ravages far from any continent, and disputes the supremacy of the ocean with the walrus himself, even in his own element. His general walk is slow and deliberate; but, when impelled by hunger or danger, he proceeds at a galloping pace, and upon the ice can easily outrun a man.

While one of the whale-ships from Hull lay enclosed by the ice, one of her crew observed, at a considerable distance, a large bear prowling about in search of his prey. The sailor, wishing to appear very courageous, and being emboldened by having partaken freely of his allowance of grog, undertook to pursue and attack the bear, which was now nearer to the crew. Armed only with a whale-lance, he resolutely, and against all the persuasions of his messmates, set out on this dangerous exploit. A fatiguing journey of nearly a quarter of a mile, over a surface of yielding snow and rugged ice, brought him within a short distance of the enemy; who, to the sailor's infinite surprise, immediately faced boldly about, and even seemed to invite him to the combat. This proceeding on the part of Bruin rather cooled the ardour of the sailor, more especially as the stimulus given him by the spirits had now evaporated, and when the undismayed and threatening aspect of the bear met his full gaze, he would willingly have retreated, but it was now too late; he levelled his lance, and awaited, in this attitude, the advance or retreat of the animal. The bear seemed to have formed the same determination, and stood quite still, without appearing the least discomposed. In vain the sailor tried to summon courage for the attack; his enemy was too formidable, and his appearance too imposing. He at length shouted and raised his lance, and made feints of attack. The bear, either not understanding this declaration of war, or despising him, obstinately stood his ground. Already the limbs of the sailor began to shake, the lance trembled in his hand, and his look, which had hitherto been steadfast, began to quiver; yet the fear of ridicule from his messmates still held some influence over him, and he felt unwilling to retreat. Bruin, not having any of these scruples, and being regardless of the consequences, began to growl, and advance. His firm step and ferocious air extinguished the adventurer's last spark of courage; dread of ridicule vanished before his hardy and resolute opponent, and, in haste, he fairly fled, leaving Bruin master of the field. But now was the time of danger. The sailor's flight encouraged the bear, in his turn, to be the pursuer; and having the advantage of better practice in snow-travelling, and of being better provided for it, he was rapidly gaining ground on the fugitive. The sailor, finding that the lance rather encumbered him in his flight, threw it down and still continued on his way. The lance most fortunately attracted the attention of the bear; he stopt in his pursuit, pawed it for a

few minutes, and then continued the chase. Again the panting and terrified sailor heard Bruin at his heels; conscious of the favourable effects of the throwing down of the lance, he dropt one of his gloves. This stratagem succeeded; again the bear's progress was arrested, while he paused to examine it, and the fugitive, taking advantage of this favourable opportunity, made considerable progress a-head. Still the bear resumed the pursuit with the most provoking perseverance, another glove, and finally a hat, was thrown him, which he tore between his teeth and his paws, setting up a most dreadful howl, and would no doubt have soon made the sailor his victim, who was rapidly losing strength, but for the prompt and well-timed assistance of his shipmates, who, seeing that the affair had now assumed a most dangerous aspect, sallied out to his rescue; they opened to him a passage, and then closed to receive the bold assailant.

Though now secure from the fury of his adversary, the dismayed sailor continued onward impelled by fear, and never stopped until he had climbed the rigging of the ship. Bruin had now the prudence and good sense to come to a stand, and for a moment seemed to survey his enemies with due consideration: and, like an experienced general, on finding his antagonists too numerous to hope for success, he very wisely wheeled about, and succeeded in making a safe and honourable retreat, to the great satisfaction of Jack Tar, who never again wished to encounter a polar bear.

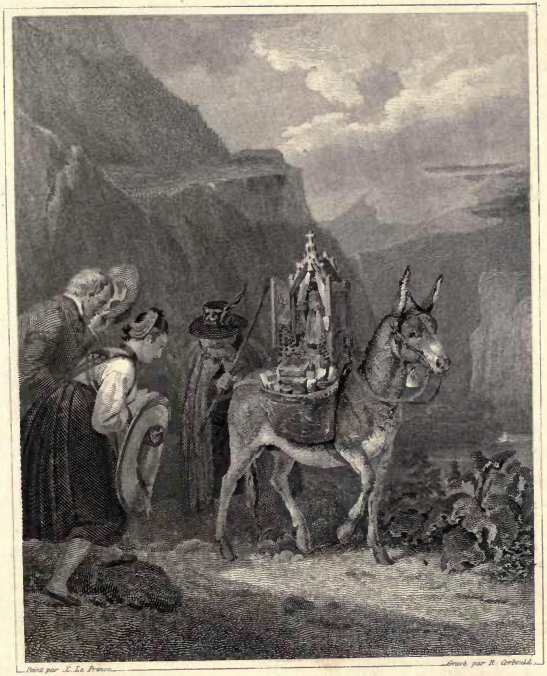
CHARACTER OF THE ROMAN DOMINION.

The general principles of Rome, in the government of her conquest, were manly and wise. When the soldier had done his work—and it was done vigorously, yet with but little violence beyond that which was essential for complete subjugation—the sword slept as an instrument of evil, and awoke only as an instrument of justice.

The Roman supremacy extinguished the innumerable and harrassing mischiefs of minor hostility. If neighbour kingdoms quarrelled, a legion marched across the border, and brought the belligerents to sudden reason, dismissed the armies to their hearths and altars, and sent the angry chiefs to reconcile their claims in an Italian dungeon. If a disputed succession threatened to embroil the general peace, the proconsul ordered the royal competitors to embark for Rome, and there settle the right before the senate.

The barbaric invasions, which had periodically ravaged the Eastern empires, even in their day of power, were repelled with a terrible vigour. The legions left the desert covered with the tribe for the food of the vulture, and showed to Europe the haughty leaders of the Tartar, Gothic, and Arab myriads in fetters, dragging wains, digging in mines, or sweeping the highways.

If peace could be an equivalent for freedom, the equivalent was never so amply secured. The world within this iron boundry flourished; the activity and talent of man were urged to the highest pitch: the conquered countries were turned from wastes and forests into fertility;



DEVOTEES & THE RELICS.

ports were dug upon naked shores; cities swelled from villages; population spread over the soil once pestilential and breeding only the poisonous weed and the serpent. The sea was covered with trade; and the pirate and the marauder were unheard of, or hunted down. Commercial enterprise shot its lines and communications over the map of the earth; and regions were then familiar, which even the activity of revived ages of Europe had scarcely made known.

Those were the wonders of great power steadily directed to a great purpose. General coercion was the simple principle; and the only talisman of a Roman Emperor was the chain, but where it was casually commuted for the sword: yet the universality of the compression atoned for half its evil. The natural impulse of man is to improvement; he requires only security from rapine. The Roman supremacy raised round him an impregnable wall. It was the true government for an era when the habits of reason had not penetrated the general human mind. Its chief evil was in its restraint of those nobler and loftier aspirations of genius and the heart, which from time to time raise the general scale of mankind. Nothing is more observable than the decay of original literature, of the finer architecture, and of philosophical invention, under the empire. Even military genius, the natural product of a system that lived but on military fame, disappeared; the brilliant diversity of warlike talent that shone on the very verge of the sucession of the Cæsars, sank, like falling stars, to rise no more. No captain was again to display the splendid conceptions of Pompey's boundless campaigns; the lavish heroism and inexhaustible resource of Antony; or the mixture of undaunted personal enterprise and profound tactic, the statesman-like thought, irrestrainable ambition, and high-minded forgiveness that made Cæsar the very emblem of Rome. But the Imperial power had the operation of one of those great laws of nature, which through partial evil sustain the earth—a gravitating principle, which, if it checked the ascent of some gifted beings beyond the dull level of life, yet kept the infinite multitude of men and things from flying loose beyond all utility and all control.

FIDELITY OF A SLAVE.

At the commencement of one of the insurrections in Barbadoes, a gentleman, residing on an estate at a small distance from town, was only forewarned of the approach of the rebels in time sufficient to enable him to fly with his family to the capital. He happened, unfortunately, to have a large sum of money in his house, which it was impossible to take with him. He therefore called one of his slaves, an elderly woman, in whom he had great confidence, and giving her the box which contained the money, told her that he relied upon her fidelity to keep it for him, and to restore it whenever the insurrection might be quelled. The woman took the box, and did not abuse the confidence of her master. She contrived to secrete the property as long as the insurrection lasted, and when all disturbance had ceased, she drew it from her hiding-place, and returned it to its lawful possessor, who, in gratitude for her fidelity, emancipated her and her children, and also made a liberal provision for their future comfort.

PROPER IMPROVEMENT OF A CHILD'S BIRTHDAY.

A BIRTH-DAY should not be allowed to pass unmarked, even in the very humblest family. Children, as well as older persons, are influenced and impressed by *times* and circumstances. There should some change be made for the occasion, in the very poorest condition, so as to mark it a holiday. There is enjoyment not only to the child himself, but to the parents, and to brothers and sisters, in looking forward to such a day as it approaches, and enjoyment in looking back to it when it is gone. There is a uniformity in *time* which ought now and then to be relieved, a uniformity in *feeling* which ought occasionally to be quickened; this uniformity is peculiarly felt in the more lowly walks of life, and what season more fitted for giving it an impulse than a birth-day? The return of such a day should be marked by cheerfulness—not folly,—by a measured, sober happiness—not by indulgence in any shape. The family should wear that day their happiest looks, as they would put on their best attire, and interchange their kindliest feelings; and where it can be afforded, and is deserved, some little present, as a suitable book, or article of use, might be given by the parents, and older members perhaps, to mark still further the interesting occasion. The child who is the object of all these little unusual arrangements, must benefit by the mental elevation which is thus moderately and innocently produced, a state of mind very remote from either pride or vanity. He will feel that he is not an unnoticed agent in this world, and may do what he pleases; but that there are many eyes on him. He will understand that he is not a solitary being unconnected with others, but capable of giving them pain or pleasure, and so dependent on others for pain or pleasure in return. The lapse of so large and important a period of time as a whole year may lead to serious inquiry, and humble, or grateful, or penitential recollections. What has been done, or learned, or lost in the past year. What benefit has it conferred on ourselves, or through us, upon others; what errors have been committed; what habits acquired; what resolutions have been made and kept; or what besetting infirmities appeared and triumphed, or were vanquished. What dangers have been escaped, or disappointments borne: what sicknesses have come and gone, and been improved, or otherwise.

A birth-day is not only an admirable season for *review*, by the help of judicious parents assisting the child's *memory*, but no time is better fitted for *planning* for the *future* year. The passing of a whole year is like turning a new leaf in the book of one's life and history. Now is the period for fixing a new object of pursuit for the next year; a new stage in study to be commenced, or new profession to be chosen. Now, it will be proper to settle what new or more useful and solid book is to be begun, as suited to a more advanced age; what new lesson in self-denial must be practised; stronger proofs of love and obedience to parents and friends to be given; and it may be, in some instances, labours requiring greater exertion of bodily strength to be attempted. Such *looking after*, as well as *before*, might make the day one of *use* as well as

of *enjoyment*. And if true piety and the fear of God be inmates of the family, it will not be forgotten *who prospereth the labour of the hand*, or who giveth *strength sufficient*, nor will that *Spirit* be unasked *who worketh in man to will and to do*.

ENGLISH KINGS AND QUEENS.

In Britain's earliest days this lovely land
Knew no invader from a foreign strand;
Druids its priests, its temples woods and fields,
And all its learning what tradition yields.

Then first the Roman emperors sought our shore,
And brought us luxuries all unknown before;
When, tempted by our wealth, a barbarous band
Of Saxons and of Danes invade the land.

King Arthur and his knights their power maintain,
The Saxons struggling, next dominion gain;
Alfred the Great his country's rights restores,
And drives the ruthless Danes from Albion's shores.

Canute, at length, with added force returns,
And now once more the rage of battle burns;
Normans and Danes then mix in angry fray,
Till Harold falls, and Rollo wins the day.

Of Norman kings, First William led the van,
Next, Second William came, a headstrong man;
For learning famed, then Henry Beauclerc shone,
By Stephen follow'd on his tottering throne.

For sense and spirit, Second Henry famed,
And Richard, he as Cœur de Lion named;
In order next, then silly John appears,
And Hal the Third, who reign'd near threescore years.

Edward the First was warlike, wise, and brave,
And Second Edward weak as any slave;
Edward the Third proud Gallia's sons o'ercame,
But Second Richard lost his grandsire's fame.

Henry the Fourth now seized the vacant throne,
Henry the Fifth by war obtain'd renown;
Henry the Sixth a feeble sway maintain'd,
Fourth Edward next, a proud usurper, reign'd.

Edward the Fifth was slain, as stories tell,
A youth—by Richard, who in battle fell;
Seventh Henry now appear'd with great eclat,
And Hal the Eighth, who made his will the law.

Sixth Edward next—mild, virtuous, wise, and good,
Mary, the friend of faggots, fire, and blood;
Queen Bess, to fame through every region known,
And James the First, a perfect Solomon!

Now luckless Charles assumes the high command,
And now affliction desolates the land;
The Second Charles restored, now claims his own,
But James the Second abdicates the throne.

William the Third the crown with Mary shares,
And good Queen Anne in order next appears;
The Hanoverian George then bore the sway,
But to his son, the Second George, gave way.

Of all the illustrious acts of George the Third,
Conquests by land and sea, who has not heard?
Like him did George the Fourth his people love,
And William to his sons a faithful father prove!

THE YOUNG PARTNERS.

"SISTER Ellen, we have just received our allowance," said George Hamilton: "suppose we put our money together, and have only one purse between us."

"So we will," replied Ellen, "and resolve, in future, to make useful purchases, such as books, and work-boxes, and cottons, and tapes."

"And portraits of celebrated characters," returned George; "and if *they* are too expensive for our *pocket*, their images shall adorn our play-room mantlepiece."

"You are quite determined, I see, brother, by your saying our pocket, instead of our pockets," said Ellen, laughing. "Well, so am I. Pray how much have we got between us? We have just received a quarter's allowance from papa, who generously advanced it from twenty shillings a year to twenty-four shillings. Well, six and six make twelve."

"Grand-papa gave us a crown apiece at Christmas, and Aunt Catherine did the same, of which we have only spent a shilling each. Come, we will reckon. Oh, thirty shillings! If we had not laid out those two shillings in sweetmeats, we should have mustered one pound twelve between us," replied George. "Why, Ellen, we never were so rich in all our lives."

"But who is to keep the purse?" asked Ellen, thoughtfully.

"Why, it shall change owners every week; and, as I am the elder, I will be banker till Monday next."

"So it will be the firm of George and Ellen. How droll *Ellen and Co.* will look, when we enter our expenses in a memorandum book. Papa," continued the young lady, "George and I are going to have but one purse between us in future."

"My dear children, you had better remain as you were; for, as your tastes are very different, I fear you will not unite your interests with your money, and will, consequently, fall out."

"But we never quarrel, papa: we love each other too well for that," replied the brother and sister, looking tenderly at each other.

Papa felt doubtful, it was evident, whether their friendship would stand the test; but, as he never interfered in the management or expenditure of their pocket-money, the juvenile partners put their joint-stock into the purse, of which George, for the present, was to be the keeper.

That very day an image-man came to the door, and George and Ellen expended three shillings of their money in the purchase of busts of the Duke of Wellington and the Princess Charlotte, which they placed upon the mantelpiece with mutual satisfaction.

"Papa, you were mistaken in thinking we should fall out," cried the partners: "we are still as loving as doves."

"I hope this harmony will continue, my dears," replied Mr. Hamilton; "but, remember, your partnership is scarcely of a day's standing: I shall be a better judge by the end of the week."

The following Saturday was a day of trial to the juvenile firm. Mr. Hamilton had occasion

to attend an auction in the neighbourhood, and, at George's earnest entreaties, agreed to make him his companion. Things were going "dirt cheap," to use the phrase of the auctioneer; but it was a furniture auction, and chairs and tables were not in the compass of the united purse. Regard for Ellen's interests only prevented George from bidding for a set of fire-irons, that even papa said were worth double the money given for them. The next lot consisted of a pair of bellows, an iron tea-kettle, and three spoons of the same useful metal, all absolutely going for three shillings. Struck with the singular cheapness of these articles, George pulled his father by the sleeve; but Mr Hamilton was engaged in conversation with a friend, and did not attend to the hint. George nodded to the auctioneer, and the lot was knocked down to him. The sound of his son's name recalled Mr. Hamilton's attention to what was going on.

"So you have made a purchase I find, George," said he, surveying the lot with a look of surprise.

"Yes, papa; all these useful articles for three shillings and threepence," replied George, unconsciously adopting the pompous manner of the auctioneer.

"I hope you will find them so, George; but what use you can have for bellows, and kettles, and spoons, I cannot even guess."

"But they are so cheap: mama gave three shillings for a pair of bellows only the other day, papa."

"Then she has no occasion for these, George," replied his father: "I find nothing comes cheap unless its services are required."

George thought his mama would gladly take the lot at a trifling advance; for, even if the bellows were not wanting, the iron tea-kettle and spoons would find in her a purchaser. But Ellen would naturally think he ought to lay out something on her acccount: however, for some time nothing was put up that appeared likely to suit her. At length, at the close of the sale, the following miscellaneous articles were submitted to the hammer:—a babyhouse, a bundle of old almanacks, a "Ready Reckoner," a pair of soiled card-cases, a bag of shot, three gun-flints, a small watering-pot, several netting needles and knitting pins. A general laugh followed the auctioneer's enumeration of this his last lot.

"Some of these things will be of no use to Ellen; but then, the baby-house will suit her doll, and the knitting pins and netting needles are all in a girl's way, and I know she wants the small red watering-pot for her garden: so I think I shall bid." And George did bid: a slight competition followed; for some person run him, out of mischief, and finally left George the master of the whole lot at five shillings and ninepence. Ellen's partner certainly felt some misgiving as he paid down the amount of his purchases, and half repented of having expended nine shillings in things which they could have done very well without. "But Ellen must set the baby-house against the first lot," thought he, as he delivered his goods to the footman to be carried home.

When Mr. Hamilton and his son entered the sitting-room, they found Mrs. Hamilton examining the articles, as John held them in his hand.

"My dear love," said the lady, addressing her husband, "what did you give for these things?"

"You must ask George," replied he, laughing; "they are his purchases, not mine: they belong to him."

"To George!" repeated Ellen, in a state of alarm: "have you been laying out our money in an old leaky tea-kettle, a pair of bellows with a

hole through the leathers, and three odious iron spoons?"

George looked disconcerted.—"I did not know the articles were damaged," answered he: "the auctioneer said they were as good as new, and as cheap as dirt: however, they only cost three shillings and threepence."

"Oh, extravagance!" sighed Ellen: "besides, if they had been good ones, of what use would they have been to us?"

"Well, but the sundries are all in your way; and if I bought the first lot to please myself, dear Ellen, the last I purchased entirely on your account."

"A bag of shot, three gun-flints, a bundle of old almanacks, and a pair of soiled card-cases, are likely to prove very useful to me!" remarked Ellen, pouting.

"Dear Ellen, I was obliged to buy these things, because your baby-house, and netting needles, and knitting pins, were in the same lot."

"My baby-house, sir, and netting needles, and knitting pins!" retorted Ellen, angrily: "I have not played with a doll these three years, and your fine needles and pins are as thick as skewers, and covered with rust,—in short, good for nothing."

"Well, Ellen, I was mistaken about the doll, and you know boys are no judges of pins and needles; but you really wanted the watering-pot."

"But this has no rose: O George! George!" The pathetic tone in which Ellen uttered her brother's name, overcame the gravity of both her parents. How much of our money have you spent to-day," continued she, after a pause.

"Nine shillings in all," was his answer.

"Nine shillings! in an old leaky tea-kettle, a pair of bellows that will not blow the fire, three hateful iron spoons, a worthless baby-house, a bundle of old almanacks, a pair of soiled card-cases, a roseless watering-pot, a set of rusty netting needles and bent knitting pins, a 'Ready Reckoner,' a—"

"I am sure the last article was quite superfluous," remarked Mrs. Hamilton, laughing:—"Ellen, you have enumerated all these bargains, I think."

"Fortunately for me, George's week expires to-morrow," said Ellen: "I am sure *I* shall not spend the money so foolishly."

Ellen's parents were not quite so certain on this head as she appeared to be. However, the following Monday she was put in possession of the purse, according to the original agreement. A few days afterwards a Persian cat was offered for sale; and Ellen, who was fond of pets, gave half-a-sovereign for this elegant animal. Now, this was a large sum to expend at once, and her mama told her so; but Ellen was so taken with her new favourite, that she hardly considered her dear. When George came in from his ride, the young lady displayed her pet with looks that demanded his admiration. To her great mortification, he turned away his head with an air of aversion, and retreated to the other end of the room.

"Now, dear George, do come and pat my pretty puss: one would think you were afraid of her claws," said Ellen.

"Why do you ask me, Ellen, when you know how I dislike cats, and that mama never keeps one on my account?"

"Oh yes! and the pretty wax fruit my aunt Catherine gave me was devoured by mice, in consequence of your groundless dislike to those useful creatures, cats," rejoined Ellen. "Indeed

I forgot your antipathy, or, perhaps, I should not have bought Selima. Still, dear George, the poor pusses you hate are not at all like this fair-skinned, blue-eyed puss, whose coat looks as if it were made of floss-silk."

"I hate all the feline species," replied he, "whether green-eyed or blue-eyed, tortoise-shell, cypress-grey, sandy, or black; though, I confess, my hatred to white grimalkins is greater than to all the rest. Pray send her out of the room: I know you have only borrowed her to tease me."

"Borrowed her, George!" repeated Ellen: "I gave half-a-sovereign for her not two hours since."

"Half-a-sovereign, Ellen! What right had you to spend my money in buying such a worthless beast?"

"Pray don't call my pretty Selima such a rude name: an animal, or a quadruped, would sound much better in your lips, I am sure. However, Mr. George, you need not reproach me with laying out your money to disadvantage: remember the auction, and the bargains you bought there," added Ellen, pouting.

George was silenced; and Ellen remained in quiet possession of the purse till the end of the week. The following Tuesday, George brought home from a neighbouring town two plaster casts, which he showed Ellen with some pride.

"I don't like them at all, George," said she. "Pray who are they, and what did they cost?"

"Only half-a-crown," replied he; "but, Ellen, you look at them as if you did not know them. They are Pitt and Fox. I have ordered several other distinguished characters, who are not yet unpacked."

"We have images enow," returned Ellen; "and I cannot stand your extravagance any longer, Mr. George."

"Extravagance, Miss Ellen! remember the Persian cat, as you choose to call your white grimalkin."

"You forget the auction, Mr. George," retorted Ellen, angrily.

High words would probably have followed this sharp rejoinder, if their parents had not interposed to prevent a quarrel between the juvenile partners.

"My dear children," said Mr. Hamilton, "this scheme has ended, as I thought it would, in mutual discontent. I think you had better dissolve partnership."

George and Ellen eagerly assented to this proposition; and Mrs. Hamilton agreed to divide the contents of the purse between them.

"You have expended, my dears, in the course of a fortnight," remarked Mrs. Hamilton, "twenty-four shillings and sixpence, in useless trifles, to your mutual dissatisfaction; but of how much good this money might have been productive, if expended properly! A small part of it would have paid for the yearly schooling of a little boy and girl, or fed two poor families, during this hard weather, for a week."

"O mama, if we had thought of putting children to school, we should not have wasted our money so foolishly," replied both the children.

"It is not too late to do that yet," said Mrs. Hamilton; "for you can each choose a scholar and pay for their schooling at the end of the quarter, when you will receive your allowance; and the money you have left from this will just buy the books they will want."

"I will take the gardener's boy Tom under my patronage," cried George.

"And I will have Phœbe Bloom," rejoined Ellen; and these poor children were sent to school accordingly.

George and Ellen never had one purse from the day they dissolved partnership, it is true; but they mutually agreed in devoting more than half the contents of their privy purse to the instruction and clothing of their *protégés*. They were so fortunate as to dispose of some of their useless purchases to unhoped advantage; and though the Persian cat still remains in Ellen's possession, George has conquered his antipathy to her company, through love to his dear sister, her mistress.

From the forgoing history, we may infer that it is sometimes easier to have *one heart* between two children, than *one purse*.

LOUISE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

If there be aught on earth that owns
Communion with the sky,
It is the sweet but sadden'd tones
Of woman's melody,
When struggling to conceal the moans
Of grief in music's sigh!"

ANON.

Her face is calm as a waveless sea,
And 'tis even lit with a gaiety,
That like a moonlight seemeth to be
Fluttering there most peacefully!

But a viewless thought of her soul comes on
Like a breeze, and methinks I can hear its moan,
And it ripples her features, calm; 'tis gone,
She smiles again, the young lovely one.

Was it memory waken'd the peaceful sleep
That her features wore, like a tranquil deep?
Could the wings of departed joy thus sweep
Back on her soul, and make her weep?

She's in the morning of beauty's day,—
Peace shall be round her lovely way;
She's yet too early for sorrow's prey—
Hark! she is singing a languid lay!

And her tears are now on her redden'd cheek,
And her tones are faltering, sweet, and weak—
How vainly her lily fingers seek
To bid the music more lightly speak!

See—her raven tresses uncurl their rings,
And mix with the melancholy strings
Of her sighing lute!—the song she sings
Bears other days upon memory's wings!

She weeps for home—her father-land—
She trembles—the lute falls from her hand—
Poor child! so sorrowfully bland—
Would that I might thy tears command!

I'd send them—but where? such tears as those—
Born in a violet—wept on a rose;
Her eye, her cheek, should never repose
In a meaner dwelling;—no flower that blows

Is like that eye, or that blushing cheek—
There be their home then—I'll but seek
To chase her sorrow, and tell the meek,
Sad soul of her beauty thus to speak:—

"I am not unhappy, though here you see
Tear-drops like Sorrow's fall from me;—
They are but my heart's sweet ecstacy—
Wept in its joy—not misery!"

UNCLE GEORGE.

How often has man been indebted to the brute for services for which the most sedulous care, and the most compassionate attention have been but inadequate remunerations! That a kingdom should have been saved by the cackling of a goose, is curious as a matter of history; that a friend or relation should have been preserved by the sagacity and faithfulness of a dog, is interesting as a vindication of nature and instinct, and as a proof of that extraordinary attachment of an animal to his master, which is

> ——"Never to be weaned or changed
> By any change of fortune,"

as well as a decisive acknowledgment of that

> ——"Fidelity which neither bribe nor threat
> Can move or warp."

I will relate an adventure which, although a little romantic in its incidents, owes nothing either to invention or to the fancy of the historian.

In the year 18—, I went to spend my Christmas holydays—pardon that schoolboy term, for I have suffered enough since to love every thing that is reminiscent of my childish joys—at the house of a very old friend of my father's, and whom I will, for once in my life, dress in masquerade, and designate Mr. Herbert. His mansion, antiquated and sombre, was situated in the very heart of an extensive forest, then famous for its fox-covers, and distant some miles from any town or village. There were, however, a game-keeper's house, two or three cottages, and a huntsman's establishment, all peopled by his dependents; and thus the loneliness of his situation was little regarded, for his colony were so knit together by protection on the one hand and respect on the other, that, like Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, my friend would have had few apprehensions, had a whole tribe of savage intruders made an attack upon his fortress. It was on Christmas-eve that I arrived at the dwelling, where I expected to meet the various members of his family, whom it was his yearly custom, one most honoured in the observance, to gather about him on the following day. These, with one exception, live within a morning's ride, but this one, like myself, also a sojourner in far countries, invariably arrived on the night of the holy vigil; and you will now be so good, ever-polite readers, as to fancy you see Geoffrey Fieldsman, his host and hostess, sitting, as people on winter nights would mostly do, before a bountiful fire, and in momentary, anxious expectation of the appearance of "Uncle George." This gentleman had never before failed to arrive e'er the curfew tolled the knell of departing day, for twenty anniversaries: this peculiar punctuality attached to his presence, and it therefore will excite little wonder that, after the finger of time, typified in the old clock, to which our eyes were directed, had told for once a different tale of our venerable friend, we should begin to own the restless symptoms of disappointment and apprehension; a circumstance which, in the case of others. would have

excited no surprise, in his, became full of fear, and wonder, and surmise; each minute prolonged itself into an hour, and "trifles light as air" were distorted into "horrible imaginings." "He cannot fail but come; his letters speak positively as usual," exclaimed Mr. Herbert: "yet the hour is past, and he was wont to be as true to it as the sun to its course. The road is bad, and the down slippery, and the night dark—had I not better send out some of my people to the copse-head? and yet George is careful, and does not like leading-strings—his horse is sure-footed too, and knows the road as well as master." I ventured to observe, "that a hundred little accidents, in themselves only vexatious, might have retarded his progress half of an hour:" and I added, that "both the horse and the rider were a little older than they were, and that we should give them another quarter of an hour on that account." But that quarter also passed, and another still, and I began to enter into the deeper fears of my companions. To arouse them, however, I ventured upon the story of the mercantile gentleman, who so timed his daily and accustomed journies, that the innkeeper invariably provided a dinner for him at a certain hour in every place he stopped, secure of their man, but that even he was once thrown out of his calculations, and so deranged the whole system of every landlord's provisional economy. But I was stopped short in the glee I had effected, by Herbert's asserting that this was a libel on the gentleman of saddlebags and patterns, for that, like the trick played upon Lord Littleton, his watch was altered an hour; and thus foul play, and not natural causes, worked the error.

The minutes marched on heedless of our apprehensions; the completion of each of these notches upon time's calendar seemed to be an additional weight upon our spirits. I could no longer act the comforter. Hope was wounded, and fluttered faintly in its tabernacle of hearts. Our fears were reciprocal.

We continued to look out from time to time upon the night, and it seemed to grow darker and more angry at each visitation. It began also to snow slightly, and the wind, till then tolerably still, suddenly burst forth as if the sea were swelling in its bed, sweeping through the passages of the forest, and the leafless trees, like the cry of "many waters," or the shouts of giants. But our fancy was diseased, and thought grew dizzy on its throne, and imagined terrors that were not.

It was after one of these fearful reconnoiterings, and when we had again fled to the friendship of the fire-side, and had begun, in our despair, to frame excuses for the non-arrival of the lost one,—and, in defiance of our knowledge of his twenty years punctuality, to *pretend to think* he would arrive to-morrow,—that our fears were again excited by a sudden noise in the court before us, followed by the vehement neighings and snortings of a horse. In an instant, too, the large Newfoundland house-dog, the only one of the canine tribe permitted the run of the homestead, dashed into the room, leaped upon his master, and led, or rather dragged him, "with most admired sagacity," into the yard, where with nostrils dilated, his mane disordered, his whole frame agitated—

"The sweat on his sides, the foam on his lip"—

we immediately recognised the old, high-mettled chesnut horse of "Uncle George." He had evidently been down, the saddle was much soiled, and there was a cut over the right eye. We

were not long in forming our determination, and in mustering our array, nor did we forget to take as our auxiliaries, the horse and the Newfoundland dog, the latter keeping close to the former. We had proceeded in this way about four miles, certainly not less, when the horse, snorting violently, broke as in affright from the hold of the person who had been leading him, and the next moment a faint voice groaned out "for God's sake do take away the dog:" it proceeded from a man, whom we now perceived resting against one of the high banks that bounded a coppice, and apparently in much agony. He was so weak, that on our moving him, he became unable to give us any coherent answers to our anxious interrogatories, and we could only glean from his gestures that we were to proceed onward. We did so, dreading, from this prologue, a bloody tragedy. We were not deceived, for within a quarter of a mile, and just recovering from stupor, we found the object of our search. No words passed—he was in no situation to answer them, but we lifted him on his horse, and at last had the satisfaction of placing him in security in the house we were apprehensive he would never reach alive. The stranger had also the offices of humanity performed towards him.

Our friend was the first to recover, and the tale of his delay was briefly this. He had fallen into the track of a celebrated and audacious gang of poachers, that then infested this particular part of W——. He had ever an aversion to these marauders; and he, on their accosting him, answered somewhat sharply, and threatened exposure and punishment. He was known, and the point of his journey; and there were those among the party who would have lost "home and farmstead," had they been discovered. They threatened him, therefore, and he retorted; exasperation ensued, and on their striking at his horse when he attempted to proceed, he lost all self-command, and one of his assailants fell beneath a bullet from his pistol. Ere he could discharge his second, he was struck from his horse, and he remembered no more.—The man we had found, and whose broken arm we deemed a sufficient punishment, merely added, that on feeling himself wounded, he had crept as well as he could towards a hovel that stood at a little distance from the place of the affray, but that his strength failed him ere he could reach it. His companions did not, or could not render him assistance, and but for the sagacity of the horse, which performed such a conspicuous part in the adventures of the night, both of those, whom, by its means, we were enabled to recover from danger, would in all probability, have fallen victims to death: the one for his ill-timed hardihood in defence of right, the other for his audacious participation in wrong.

The old hosre and the old rider are gone now, but if there are any of my readers who would feel a satisfaction in beholding some memorial of such worthies, let them say they will dine with me next Christmas-day, and they shall, the following morning, ride a-hunting—weather serving—in Uncle George's jockey cap, and a pair of boots made from the skin of his faithful steed, Guardsman.

Vengeance belongeth only to the Omnipotent, and he who assumes the power to punish, arrogates to himself an unjust right, that involves him in equal condemnation.

THE JOYS OF CONTENTMENT.

In the garden of the Tuilleries there is a sunny corner under the wall of a terrace which fronts the south. Along the wall is a range of benches commanding a view of the walks and avenues of the garden. This genial nook is a place of great resort in the latter part of autumn, and in fine days in winter, as it seems to retain the flavour of departed summer. On a calm, bright morning it is quite alive with nursery-maids and their playful little charges. Hither also resort a number of ancient ladies and gentlmen, who, with laudable thrift in small pleasures and small expences, for which the French are to be noted, come here to enjoy sunshine and save firewood. Here may often be seen some cavalier of the old school, when the sunbeams have warmed his blood into something like a glow, fluttering about like a frost-bitten moth thawed before the fire, putting forth a feeble show of gallantry among the antiquated dames, and now and then eyeing the buxom nursery-maids with what might almost be mistaken for an air of libertinism.

Among the habitual frequenters of this place, I had often remarked an old gentleman, whose dress was decidedly anti-revolutional. He wore the three-cornered cocked hat of the *ancient régime;* his hair was frizzed over each ear into *ailes de pigeon*, a style strongly savouring of Bourbonism; and a queue stuck out behind, the loyalty of which was not to be disputed. His dress, though ancient, had an air of decayed gentility, and I observed that he took his snuff out of an elegant though old-fashioned gold box. He appeared to be the most popular man on the walk. He had a compliment for every old lady, he kissed every child, and he patted every little dog on the head; for children and little dogs are very important members of society in France. I must observe, however, that he seldom kissed a child without, at the same time, pinching the nursery-maid's cheek; a Frenchman of the old school never forgets his devoirs to the sex.

I had taken a liking to this old gentleman. There was an habitual expression of benevolence in his face, which I have very frequently remarked in those reliques of the politer days of France. The constant interchange of those thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life, have a happy effect upon the features, and spread a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age.

Where there is a favourable pre-disposition, one soon forms a kind of tacit intimacy by often meeting on the same walks. Once or twice I accommodated him with a bench, after which we touched hats on passing each other; at length we got so far as to take a pinch of snuff together out of his box, which is equivalent to eating salt together in the east; from that time our acquaintance was established.

I now became his frequent companion in his morning promenades, and derived much amusement from his good-humoured remarks on men and manners. One morning, as we were stroll-

ing through an alley of the Tuilleries, with the autumnal breeze whirling the yellow leaves about our path, my companion fell into a peculiarly communicative vein, and gave me several particulars of his history. He had once been wealthy, and possessed of a fine estate in the country, and a noble hotel in Paris; but the Revolution, which effected so many disastrous changes, stripped him of every thing. He was secretly denounced by his own steward during a sanguinary period of the Revolution, and a number of the blood-hounds of the Convention were sent to arrest him. He received private intelligence of their approach in time to effect his escape. He landed in England without money or friends, but considered himself singularly fortunate in having his head upon his shoulders; several of his neighbours having been guillotined as a punishment for being rich.

When he reached London, he had but a louis in his pocket, and no prospect of getting another. He ate a solitary dinner on beefsteak, and was almost poisoned by port wine, which, from its colour, he had mistaken for claret. The dingy look of the chop-house, and of the little mahogany-coloured box in which he ate his dinner, contrasted sadly with the gay saloons of Paris. Every thing looked gloomy and disheartening. Poverty stared him in the face; he turned over the few shillings he had of change; did not know what was to become of him, and—went to the theatre!

He took his seat in the pit, listened attentively to a tragedy of which he did not understand a word, and which seemed made up of fighting, and stabbing, and scene-shifting, and began to feel his spirits sinking within him; when, casting his eyes into the orchestra, what was his surprise to recognize an old friend and neighbour in the very act of extorting music from a huge violoncello.

As soon as the evening's performance was over, he tapped his friend on the shoulder; they kissed each other on each cheek, and the musician took him home, and shared his lodgings with him. He had learned music as an accomplishment; by his friend's advice he now turned to it as a mean of support. He procured a violin, offered himself for the orchestra, was received, and again considered himself one of the most fortunate mer upon earth.

Here, therefore, he lived for many years during the ascendency of the terrible Napoleon. He found several emigrants living like himself, by the exercise of their talents. They associated together, talked of France and of old times, and endeavoured to keep up a semblance of Parisian life in the centre of London.

They dined at a miserable cheap French restaurateur in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, where they were served with a caricature of French cookery. They took their promenade in St. James's Park, and endeavoured to fancy it the Tuilleries; in short, they made shift to accommodate themselves to every thing but an English Sunday. Indeed, the old gentleman seemed to have nothing to say against the English, whom he affirmed to be *braves gens;* and he mingled so much among them, that at the end of twenty years he could speak their language almost well enough to be understood.

The downfall of Napoleon was another epoch in his life. He had considered himself a fortunate man to make his escape pennyless out of France, and he considered himself fortunate to be able to return pennyless into it. It is true that he found his Parisian hotel had passed through several hands during the vicissitudes of the

times, so as to be beyond the reach of recovery; but then he had been noticed benignantly by government, and had a pension of several hundred francs, upon which, with careful management, he lived independently, and, as far as I could judge, happily.

As his once splendid hotel was now occupied as a *hotel garni*, he hired a small chamber in the attic; it was but, as he said, changing his bedroom up two pair of stairs—he was still in his own house. His room was decorated with pictures of several beauties of former times, with whom he professed to have been on favourable terms: among them was a favourite opera-dancer, who had been the admiration of Paris at the breaking out at the Revolution. She had been a portegée of my friend, and one of the few of his youthful favourites who had survived the lapse of time and its various vicissitudes. They had renewed their acquaintance, and she now and then visited him; but the beautiful Psyche, once the fashion of the day and the idol of the *parterre*, was now a shrivelled little old woman, warped in the back, and with a hooked nose.

The old gentleman was a devout attendant upon levees: he was most zealous in his loyalty, and could not speak of the royal family without a burst of enthusiasm, for he still felt towards them as his companions in exile. As to his poverty he made light of it, and indeed had a good-humoured way of consoling himself for every cross and privation. If he had lost his chateau in the country, he had half a dozen royal palaces, as it were, at command. He had Versailles and St. Cloud for his country resorts, and the shady alleys of the Tuilleries and the Luxembourg for his town recreation. Thus all his promenades and relaxations were magnificent, yet cost nothing. When I walk through these fine gardens, said he, I have only to fancy myself the owner of them, and they are mine. All these gay crowds are my visitors, and I defy the grand seignior himself to display a greater variety of beauty. Nay, what is better, I have not the trouble of entertaining them. My estate is a perfect *Sans Souci*, where every one does as he pleases, and no one troubles the owner. All Paris is my theatre, and presents me with a continual spectacle. I have a table spread for me in every street, and thousands of waiters ready to fly at my bidding. When my servants have waited upon me I pay them, discharge them, and there's an end: I have no fears of their wronging or pilfering me when my back is turned. Upon the whole, said the old gentleman, with a smile of infinite good humour, when I think upon the various risks I have run, and the manner in which I have escaped them; when I recollect all that I have suffered, and consider all that I at present enjoy, I cannot but look upon myself as a man of singular good fortune.

Such was the brief history of this practical philosopher, and it is a picture of many a Frenchman ruined by the Revolution. The French appear to have a greater facility than most men in accommodating themselves to the reverses of life, and of extracting honey out of the bitter things of this world. The first shock of calamity is apt to overwhelm them, but when it is once past, their natural buoyancy of feeling soon brings them again to the surface. This may be called the result of levity of character, but, it answers the end of reconciling us to misfortune, and, if it be not true philosophy, it is something almost as efficacious. Ever since I have heard the story of my little Frenchman, I have trea-

sured it up in my heart; and I thank my stars I have at length found, what I had long considered as not to be found on earth—a contented man.

P.S. There is no calculatin on human happiness. Since writing the foregoing, the aw of indemnity has been passed, and my friend restored to a great part of his fortune. I was absent from Paris at the time, but on my return hastened to congratulate him. I found him magnificently lodged on the first floor of his hotel. I was ushered, by a servant in livery, through splendid saloons, to a cabinet richly furnished, where I found my little Frenchman reclining on a couch. He received me with his usual cordiality; but I saw the gaiety and benevolence of his countenance had fled; he had an eye full of care and anxiety.

I congratulated him on his good fortunes. 'Good fortune?" echoed he; "bah! I have been plundered of a princely fortune, and they give me a pittance as an indemnity."

Alas! I found my late poor and contented friend one of the richest and most miserable men in Paris. Instead of rejoicing in the ample competency restored to him, he is daily repining at the superfluity withheld. He no longer wanders in happy idleness about Paris, but is a repining attendant in the anti-chambers of ministers. His loyalty has evaporated with his gaiety; he screws his mouth when the Bourbons are mentioned, and even shrugs his shoulders when he hears the praises of the king. In a word, he is one of the many philosophers undone by the law of indemnity, and his case is desperate; for I doubt whether even another reverse of fortune, which should restore him to poverty, could make him again a happy man.

A MELANCHOLY MAN

Is a strayer from the drove, one that nature made sociable because she made him a man, and crazed disposition hath already altered, unpleasing to all, as all to him; straggling thoughts are his content, they make him dream waking—there's his pleasure. His imagination is never idle, it keeps his mind in continual motion, as the poise the clock; he winds up his thoughts often, and as often unwinds them. Penelope's web thrives faster; he'll seldom be found without the shade of some grove, in whose bottom a river dwells; he carries a cloud in his face—never fair weather; his outside is framed to his inside, in that he keeps a decorum, both unseemly. Speak to him, he hears with his eyes, ears follow his mind, and that's not at leisure. He thinks of business, but never does any; he is all contemplation, no action; he hews and fashions his thoughts as if he meant them to some purpose, but they prove unprofitable as a piece of wrought timber to no use. His spirits and the sun are enemies, the sun bright and warm, his humour black and cold. Variety of foolish apparitions people his head, they suffer him not to breathe, according to the necessity of nature, which makes him sup up a draught of as much air at once, as would serve at thrice. He denies nature her due in sleep, and over-pays her in watchfulness; nothing pleases him long but that which pleases his own fancies, they are the consuming evils, and evil consumptions that consume him alive. Lastly, he is a man only in shew, but comes short of the better part, a whole reasonable soul, which is man's chief pre-eminence, and sole mark from creatures sensible.

HUTS OF THE NEGROES.

Mr. M—— led the way to the houses of the slaves, through a very beautiful avenue of palm and cocoa-nut trees, and surrounded by a copse of the richest and most variegated foliage. When we entered this little shrubbery, I found the huts as far from what I expected, as the little dwellings themselves were from the north pole. The greater part of them were built of wattling, lined on the inside with a plaster of clay, and roofed with a thatch work of palm or cocoa-nut branches; some, however, were of wood, and others had shingled roofs.

Each hut was divided into two rooms; the one a bed room, and the other a hall, which in the West Indies is synonymous with parlour. These chambers are furnished with every necessary convenience: one, containing a bed and table, is the sleeping room allotted to the parents; and the hall, which is stocked with tables, stools and chairs, has usually a long bench, on which the children take their nightly rest. These little dwellings were furnished according to the circumstances of the owners; and contained a cup and saucer, a mug or two, a knife and fork, a tin can, a pail which held the water, and some half dozen of calabashes.

A calabash in shape somewhat resembles a gourd, although it grows to a much larger size; it contains a milk froth full of seeds, which the negroes scoop clean out of a small hole which they cut in the top: it then serves as a bottle to contain rum, &c. or by sawing it in half, they are provided with two vessels, which answer the purpose of basins or dishes. These calabashes are sometimes dyed by the slaves, who carve figures on them with a regularity and order that display much ingenuity;—but to return to the huts.

I observed that some of them were much better furnished than others, and this I believe, arose, rather from the disposition of the owners to be neat and cleanly, than from their superiority of privileges over the other slaves. The mechanics of the estate, however, such as masons, coopers, carpenters, &c., have certainly an opportunity, from their knowledge of their trade, of making their abodes more comfortable and convenient than the rest. One, I particularly remarked, which contained a neat four-post bedstead, of polished hard wood of the country, somewhat resembling cedar, on which was a good mattress, bolster and pillows, stuffed with dried plantain leaves. The hall was furnished with a half dozen chairs and two tables; on one of these stood a pair of decanters, with some tumblers and wine-glasses, besides about eight cups and saucers of different patterns, while on a shelf above were ranged some dozen of plate and dishes. The negroes cook their little messes before their doors, in stew-pans, which, by the way, are very commodious articles.

To each hut is attached a small garden, which is generally pretty well cultivated, for the slaves have always time to attend to their little portions of ground; they grow yams, taniers, plantains, bannanas, sweet potatoes, okros, pine-apples, and Indian corn; and the luxuriant foliage that shades their little dwellings from the burnings rays and scorching heat of a tropical sun, usually consists

of trees that bear sweet and pleasant fruits, such as the mango, the Java plum, the bread-fruit, the soursop, the sapadillo, the pomegranate, and other grateful and delicious fruits, with which nature has so bountifully stocked the West India Islands.

In every garden I observed a hen-coop, which formed a receptacle for some half dozen of fowls, and in many a pig-sty, that might have contained a pair of grunting gormandizers, and near each hut was a goat, tied under the shade of some spreading tree, and feeding on the green herbage that grew around it.

We next repaired to the nursery, which was a large and airy room full of young negroes, some old and stout enough to crawl about, or even to stand upon their legs, and others lying, kicking in their trays which stood scattered about the floor, and which for safety are considerably better than a cot or cradle, since no harm could accrue to the child if he chanced to roll out. An old nurse, who sat in one corner of the room, had had the care of these younglings, and truly they throve well under her charge: from the youngest to the eldest, from the fairest to the blackest, all were plump as puddings and as fat as pigs. In sooth, they were a noisy group, and I blessed my fortunate stars as soon as I got out of the hearing of their clatter; and as it was now getting late, we returned to the great house, where we partook of a luncheon which the ladies had prepared for us, with their usual kindness: our hospitable friends even pressed us to dine with them again; this we, however, refused, and after expressing our high sense of their kind attentions, we took our departure for, and after an oppressive ride, arrived without farther accident, in the homes, not of our worthy and important ancestors, kind reader, but of our still more worthy and important selves.

MODESTY AND BASHFULNESS.

Modesty is a very good quality, and which generally accompanies true merit: it engages and captivates the minds of people; as, on the other hand, nothing is more shocking and disgustful than presumption and impudence. We cannot like a man who is always commending and speaking well of himself, and who is the hero of his own story. On the contrary, a man who endeavours to conceal his own merit—who sets that of other people in its true light—who speaks but little of himself, and with modesty; such a man makes a favourable impression upon the understanding of his hearers, and acquires their love and esteem.

There is, however, a great difference between modesty and an awkward bashfulness, which is as ridiculous as true modesty is commendable. It is as absurd to be a simpleton as to be an impudent fellow; and one ought to know how to come into a room, speak to people, and answer them, without being out of countenance, or without embarrassment. A mean fellow, or a country bumpkin, is ashamed when he comes into good company; he appears embarrassed—he does not know what to do with his hands—is disconcerted when spoken to—answers with difficulty—and almost stammers: whereas a gentleman, who is used to the world, comes into company with a graceful and proper assurance—speaks even to people he does not know without embarrassment, and in a natural and easy manner. This is called usage of the world, and good-breeding; a most necessary and important knowledge in the intercourse of life. It frequently happens that a man with a great deal of sense, but with little usage of the world, is not so well received as one of inferior parts, but with a gentleman-like behaviour.

EARTHQUAKES IN THE WEST INDIES.

It may not be amiss to offer some remarks on earthquakes, which, with the exception of hurricanes, have proved more detrimental to the Antilles than any other of the very awful and terrific phenomena of nature.

Earthquakes have been experienced in regions colder and more temperate than the torrid zone; but it is nevertheless well known that in the West Indies, and among the Tropic Islands, they are more frequently felt than in any other part of the earth.

The fact is, there are few of these islands that do not contain lands or mountains more or less volcanic, and it generally happens that when such mountains have ceased to emit portions of flame, smoke, and lava—in a word, when their tumult has subsided, their quiet calm may be considered, or at least feared, as the forerunner of that terrible calamity, an earthquake. So do the desperate, the deep in crime, the despairing and the depraved, wear a countenance that is most smooth and undisturbed when they are meditating the darkest schemes; so do they decoy, with the fawning flattery of a parasite, the victims they are about to destroy.

Nearly all the islands in the West Indies have suffered more or less from earthquakes, but there are some that have been more particularly the victims of those calamitous afflictions. Jamaica, for instance, has most frequently experienced their dreadful effects, and seldom does a year pass away in which the inhabitants do not feel one or two shocks.

The earthquake sustained by that island in 1692 was too remarkable to be ever forgotten, and it will serve the reader as an instance of the severe misfortunes to which this otherwise prosperous colony is continually exposed. The account given of an earthquake by Dr. Coke, whose work is, I believe, nearly if not quite obsolete, may prove as interesting and as curious as any that may have preceded it.

He says, "The terrible earthquake, which happened on the 6th of June 1792, may be justly considered as one of the greatest natural calamities that ever afflicted the world. It was a concussion which shook the island from its circumference to its centre. The mountains tumbled from their summits, and tottered from their bases. It was a commotion which was felt to the remotest extremity of the island, and threatened a dissolution to that portion of the world. The catastrophe was unexpected, because it was sudden; the presages and the awful event which followed were closely linked together, and the tremendous monitors which warned the inhabitants, at once discovered their danger, and pointed to them their doom." The season previous to this awful event had been remarkably dry and sultry; and, on the morning of the catastrophe, the skies were transcendently serene. "Nature (says Raynall) in one moment destroyed this brilliant appearance. The sky on a sudden grew turbid and angry, the air seemed agitated by some unusual conflict, and a degree of redness gave a new tinge to the atmosphere, which was evidently discomposed. An unusual noise, somewhat resembling the

rumbling of distant thunder, was heard issuing from the hidden caverns of the earth. The noise, alternately subsiding, and then bursting out with redoubled violence, preceded the movement which was felt on the surface. The inhabitants were surprised rather than alarmed, and waited in suspense, without much anticipation of their approaching fate.

"At length, between eleven and twelve at noon, the dreadful shock came on. The edifices tottered, and about nine-tenths of the houses fell. In less than three minutes the large and populous town of Port Royal was a scene of desolation. About three thousand inhabitants, with their houses and their wealth, found one common grave. Their wharfs and quays first yielded to the inevitable stroke; and disappeared beneath the encroaching ocean, which advanced to overwhelm the sinking lands.

"The sinking of the wharfs was a prelude to that of the town. Those houses nearest to the water first disappeared; the next in succession followed next in fate. In the meanwhile the streets began to gape, opening those dreadful fissures into which the miserable remnant of the inhabitants fell who had escaped the previous ruin, and were seeking for safety in the open air.

"The water, gathering strength by that power of resistance which the land had lost, began to roll where the town had flourished, and swept from the sight of mortals the devastations which the earthquake had made.

"Several of the inhabitants, in the violence of the commotion, were carried through some subterraneous passages, and returned again to the surface of the earth through distant apertures, that had no visible connection with that which first yawned to receive them. Of bodies thus restored, many were shockingly mangled; most were dead, though some were returned alive, and even without any material hurt. The houses that escaped the general overthrow could not escape the general inundation. The water, rising to a prodigious height, not only overwhelmed the streets and ruins of the demolished houses, but entered those houses which survived the shock, and filled them to the upper story. It was a preternatural tide, that was to ebb no more." Thus does the author conclude his description of the destruction of this town; and in a succeeding page he tells us that Port Royal, although embosomed in the ocean, still bears the dreadful evidence of its fate. Though buried beneath the waves which have rolled over its desolated edifices, and triumphed over its departed grandeur for one hundred and fourteen years, yet in calm and clear weather the ruins are awfully conspicuous to the present day. The boats which support the living, and carry them on the surface of the deep, bear them over the bones and moistened ashes of thousands who sunk in that tremendous hour into this watery abyss. The earthquake has written the epitaph of this devoted city in indelible characters, "presenting," says Edwards, "an awful monument or memorial of the anger of Omnipotence." "What has thus happened," continues that author, "will probably happen again; and the insolence of wealth, and the confidence of power, may learn a lesson of humility from the contemplation."

HABIT.—Those who have conquered the habits of childhood, have almost performed a miracle.—A good habit is acquired with difficulty, and lost with ease; whereas a bad one is just the reverse.

CROMWELL.

THE following traditional anecdote of Cromwell is from the relation of an old man, who had heard it repeated many times in his youth by some ancient members of his family. During the times of the Commonwealth, there befell a scarcity of corn, in consequence of a short harvest. Though it was known that the preceding years had produced plentiful crops; yet the farmers of those days, like forestallers and controllers of the markets in latter times, artificially increased the scarcity by withholding their grain from the public, till a famine appeared to threaten the metropolis. Upon a market-day, (I was told by my narrator,) at Uxbridge, a stout, rubicund, respectable, gentlemanly man, dressed like a substantial country yeoman, purchased nearly all the supply of grain in the market. The farmers, supposing him to be employed by some merchants, or probably by government, were well pleased with him, and invited him to dine at one of the inns in their company, which invitation he accepted. After dinner, whilst regaling themselves over their tankards, &c. he told them he had a large commission for corn and was disposed to give a good price. He likewise offered a premium to him who brought the greatest quantity for sale. Accordingly, on the next market-day, Uxbridge had never displayed a larger supply of corn. Then, too, appeared our substantial yeoman, with several attendants, and bags of gold. He purchased and paid for nearly all the grain that was brought. The competition amongst the farmers for the prize had emptied many a groaning granary, and the lucky farmer who had brought the greatest quantity was called for by the gentlemanly purchaser to receive at his hands the promised douceur. Exultingly he received and pocketed the money; but as he was turning away from his liberal customer, he was asked by that gentleman to return him twopence, which the farmer did accordingly. The gentleman, with a commanding air, and severe tone, thus addressed him: "Dost thou know what thy twopence is for?" He answered, "No." "Well, then, I'll tell thee; I consider thou art the greatest rogue in this market. This twopence is to purchase a cord to hang thee withall.—Corporal Stubbs," addressing one of his pretended servants, "there lives a cord twister over the way; with this twopence buy thee a rope, and hang this fellow upon the sign-post of this very house, as a warning to all such accursed Achans; for surely, as saith the Scripture, 'Cursed is he that withholdeth bread from the poor.'"—The immediate execution of the farmer took place, for it was Cromwell who commanded it; and Uxbridge market, for the future, was well and regularly supplied with grain.

JEALOUSY.—The benevolent are less subject to jealousy than the selfish; their affections not being centred in one object.

THE ART OF PLEASING.

The art of pleasing is a very necessary one to possess; but a very difficult one to acquire. It can hardly be reduced to rules; and your own good sense and observation will teach you more of it than I can. Do as you would be done by, is the surest method that I know of pleasing. Observe carefully what pleases you in others, and probably the same things in you will please others. If you are pleased with the complaisance and attention of others to your humours, your tastes, or your weaknesses, depend upon it, the same complaisance and attention, on your part, to theirs, will equally please them. Take the tone of the company that you are in, and do not pretend to give it; be serious, gay, or even trifling, as you find the present humour of the company: this is an attention due from every individual to the majority. Do not tell stories in company: there is nothing more tedious and disagreeable. If by chance you know a very short story, and exceedingly applicable to the present subject of conversation, tell it in as few words as possible; and even then throw it out that you do not love to tell stories, but that the shortness of it tempted you. Of all things, banish the egotism out of your conversation, and never think of entertaining people with your own personal concerns, or private affairs; though they are interesting to you, they are tedious and impertinent to every body else: besides that, one cannot keep one's own private affairs too secret. Whatever you think your own excellencies may be, do not affectedly display them in company; nor labour, as many people do, to give that turn to the conversation which may supply you with an opportunity of exhibiting them. If they are real, they will infallibly be discovered without your pointing them out yourself, and with much more advantage. Never maintain an argument with heat and clamour, though you think or know yourself to be in the right; but give your opinion modestly and coolly, which is the only way to convince; and, if that does not do, try to change the conversation, by saying, with good humour, "We shall hardly convince one another, nor is it necessary that we should, so let us talk of something else."

Remember that there is a local propriety to be observed in all companies; and that what is extremely proper in one company, may be, and often is, highly improper in another.

The jokes, the *bon mots*, the little adventures, which may do very well in one company, will seem flat and tedious when related in another. The particular characters, the habits, the cant of one company, may give merit to a word, or a gesture, which could have none at all if divested of those accidental circumstances. Here people very commonly err: and, fond of something that has entertained them in one company, and in certain circumstances, repeat it with emphasis in another, where it is either insipid, or, it may be, offensive, by being ill-timed, or misplaced. Nay, they often do it with this silly preamble—"I will tell you an excellent thing;" or, "I will tell you the best thing in the world." This

raises expectations, which, when absolutely disappointed, make the relater of this excellent thing look, very deservedly, like a fool.

If you would particularly gain the affection and friendship of particular people, whether men or women, do justice to what you find out to be their predominant excellency, if they have one, and be tender to their prevailing weakness, which every body has, unless it is of the nature of vice, or you can mend them by reproof. Cardinal Richelieu, who was undoubtedly the ablest statesman of his time, or perhaps of any other, had the idle vanity of being thought the best poet too; he envied the great Corneille his reputation, and ordered a criticism to be written upon the Cid. Those, therefore, who flattered skilfully, said little to him of his abilities in state affairs, or at least but *en passant*, and as it might naturally occur. But the incense which they gave him, the smoke of which, they knew, would turn his head in their favour, was as a *bel esprit*, and a poet. Why? Because he was sure of one excellency, and distrustful as to the other. Every man's prevailing vanity may be easily discovered by observing his favourite topic of conversation; for every man talks most of what he has most a mind to be thought to excel in. The late Sir Robert Walpole, (who was certainly an able man) was little open to flattery upon that head; for he was in no doubt himself about it; but his prevailing weakness was, to be thought to have a polite and happy turn to gallantry, of which he had undoubtedly less than any man living; it was his favourite and frequent subject of conversation; which proved, to those who had any penetration, that it was his prevailing weakness. Do not mistake me, and think that I mean to recommend to you abject and criminal flattery: no!—flatter nobody's vices or crimes; on the contrary, abhor and discourage them. But there is no living in the world without a complaisant indulgence for people's innocent weaknesses.

There are little attentions, likewise, which are infinitely engaging, and which sensibly affect that degree of pride and self-love which is inseparable from human nature, as they are unquestionable proofs of the regard and consideration which we have for the persons to whom we pay them. As, for example, to observe the little habits, the likings, the antipathies, and the taste of those whom we would oblige, and then take care to provide them with the one, and to secure them from the other; giving them, genteelly, to understand, that you had observed they liked such a dish, or such a room, for which reason you had prepared it; or, on the contrary, that having observed they had an aversion to such a dish, a dislike to such a person, &c. you had taken care to avoid presenting them. Such attention to such trifles, obliges much more than greater things, as it makes people think themselves almost the only objects of your thoughts and care.

These are some of the arcanas necessary for your initiation in the great society of the world. I wish I had known them better at your age; I have paid the price of three-and-fifty years for them, and shall not grudge it, if you reap the advantage.

CHESTERFIELD.

Hear much, and speak little; for the tongue is the instrument of the greatest good and greatest evil that is done in the world.

The want of due consideration is the cause of all the unhappiness a man brings upon himself.

ENIGMA.

I WISH to describe, to my young friends, the characters of three gentlemen, whom they are perfectly well acquainted with, and in the habit of meeting constantly during the winter. They are bred to the bar, and all their dependants are connected with that profession also. As they have some qualifications in common, I shall mention them first, before I enter upon their individual merits. Though sometimes rough and uncouth, they are generally neat in their appearance, and possess the polish of high-bred gentlemen, for which they deserve no inconsiderable praise, as their birth is very lowly; to be sure, the greatest pains, toil, and trouble, have been taken in their education, and in forming them for the sphere in which they now move. I say toil and trouble, because they were, in their infancy, very untractable, and it required unremitting attention and pains to make an impression upon them: however, they are now much improved, and are become such universal favourites, that there is scarcely a house in town or country which they do not visit; and so little pride have they, that they do not scorn to be inmates of kitchens, kindly lending their aid to the cook. Yet, notwithstanding this condescension, they retain their natural untractableness, and are sometimes said to be as hard as steel in their dispositions. In form they are not much alike: one being slender throughout, one broad across the shoulders, and the other rather flat and wide about the feet.

The slender one is the greatest favourite with those who love cheerfulness, for he often succeeds in enlivening the fireside, though sometimes, unfortunately, notwithstanding the greatest efforts, his endeavours end in smoke; but this failure may, generally, be attributed to other causes than his want of ability. His employment causes him to soil his feet; but he sometimes keeps a poor relative to perform the dirty part of his business for him.

His broad-shouldered brother is not quite so active; indeed, he sometimes passes whole days without exerting himself. His usual employment is to find subjects on which his brother is to plead: and though his business is not of the cleanest kind, I think he very seldom has a substitute; indeed, he claims so little attention from any one, that he might very well be dispensed with, as the third brother could do all his work for him.

This third brother seems to have more pride than the other two; for, though some of his acquaintances are very humble, he has a particular inclination to be associated with the *great*, whose asbes he often disturbs, with what view I cannot tell, unless it be to create a noise in the world, and, as we may say, (though not very elegantly,) *to kick up a dust among us*. Being economical and saving, he is an esteemed friend of the penurious.

It is rather singular that these relations seldom come in contact with each other without clashing

violently, and raising their voices against one another; yet are they very seldom separated, living together in chambers. They usually dress alike, sometimes wearing a whitish dress, and sometimes a yellow one: and, I believe, lately they have adopted a habit of a bronze colour; but this suit they keep for their grand acquaintances. They are very capricious in the fashion of their habiliments, which are often exceedingly plain and neat, and, at other times, are much ornamented. The broad-footed one has, not unfrequently, an odd fancy of wearing little holes in his shoes, arranged in divers queer ways, which, I am told, he finds useful when employed in the service of the *great*.

I have said these brothers visit the cottage: they are also inmates of the palace, and I dare say that royalty itself sometimes shakes hands with them.—Adieu, my young friends: I hope you will never lose their friendship, nor be wanting in the means to make their services useful to you.

THE FIRE IRONS.

SKATING IN HOLLAND.

DURING the winter Holland presents a spectacle which may be enjoyed at a small expense. When the canals and lakes are frozen, the people travel on the ice with skates. In all the provinces, but especially in Friesland, this art is carried to so great a degree of perfection, as to become the wonder of all foreigners; and it is surprising to see with what agility and boldness they will pass over three or four leagues in one hour of time. All the countrywomen know how to skate. Sometimes thirty persons may be seen together, that is, fifteen young men, with as many young women, who, all holding each other by the hand, appear, as they move along, like a vessel driven before the wind. Others are seen seated on a sledge fixed on two bars of wood, faced with iron, and pushed on by one of the skaters. There are also boats, ten or fifteen feet long, placed on large skates, and fitted up with masts and sails. The celerity with which these boats are driven forward exceeds imagination; and it may be said, they equal the rapid flight of a bird. They go a league in less than a quarter of an hour, and sometimes even a quarter of a league in two minutes.

The Friesländer, who is generally considered to be the most skilful skater, often goes five leagues an hour, and is even able to support this pace for a long time. In the province of Friesland, there are annually several public courses, which may be considered as national festivals, where the two sexes are indiscriminately admitted to dispute the prize; and whoever arrives first at the goal, is always proclaimed conqueror. Here no regard whatever is paid to the fine movements of the body, each taking the attitude which appears to him the most proper to accelerate his course. Often the skater in Friesland is seen with his body leaning forward, assisting himself with his hands, which he places on the ice to increase his impulse. Here the women are the rivals of the men, nay, often surpass them in quickness; and in many of these contests, at which we were present at Lewarden, we have seen the young women carry off different prizes in the skating race. In 1808, two young females, named Scholtens and Johanes, won the prize in a skating race at Groningen; they went ten leagues in the course of two hours.

DUTY TOWARDS FRIENDS.

THE Poet has truly said, that

"What fashion calls Friendship, dishonours the name;"

and he as truly calls it

"The cloak of convenience;"

for any thing like real disinterested friendship is rare indeed, and the virtues which are indispensable to it are not *very* fashionable. Friends and friendship are upon every one's lips; but to few indeed is the blessing given to have a real friend, or to entertain a real friendship. An essential ingredient of friendship is, that sweetness and equality of mind, which every trifling accident or misfortune cannot ruffle. That young lady who possesses this happy temper, has a perpetual fund of cheerfulness and good humour; and sheds joy and satisfaction upon all around her. At ease with herself, she is blind to others, slow to anger, and willing to forgive those by whom she is unavoidably offended. Without good nature there can be no such thing as friendship. The ill-natured and the peevish are by nature unfit for this delightful intercourse. Friendship is too tender a plant to grow in so coarse a soil.

Great care should be exercised in the choice of a friend; and we should take equal care not to mistake the possession of what are called *companionable* qualities, for certain proofs of that degree of worth which render a person fit for friendship. Many are very agreeable in manner, and fascinating in their person and discourse, while in public company; who are nevertheless vain, capricious, selfish, and prone to tattling. Can such persons be fit for friends? A vain person is so full of her own imagined perfection, that she has neither time nor inclination to do justice to even the most brilliant qualities of others; nor can a capricious person possibly possess that almost holy constancy, which is one of the grandest characteristics of friendship, and which stands firmly by friends through good report and evil report, in prosperity and in adversity, in sorrow and in gladness, and which only fails when friends cease to live, or cease to be virtuous.

But even vanity and capriciousness are scarcely so fatal to friendship, as that incontinent love of tattling, which tells all that it knows. She who cannot keep a secret, can never be a true friend. For what is a friend? Is it not one, to whom we can without reserve impart our thoughts and wishes, our designs, our hopes, our fears, and all that we have heard, done, or said?

Let our young friends then beware of entering into a friendship with one of whose secresy they have any doubt. If she publish her own secrets, she of a certainty will not be more careful of those of another person; if she be not possessed of sense enough to consult her own, she is not very well fitted to promote that of her friend; and if she will *to* her friend intrust the secret she has received *from* a third person, *intrust her not:* she who has betrayed one, is very likely to betray a thousand. Fidelity is the very keystone of friendship; whenever the former is in the most trivial degree violated, the latter falls into irretrievable ruin.

In their prosperity we should be candid to our

friends, in their adversity constant to them, in our kindness to them profuse, in our demands of them very sparing; we should love their interest as our own, and we should at once confide in them, and justify their confidence in us.

Virtue is as necessary to friendship as the air we breathe is to us; and so long as *that* remains untainted and undiminished in our friends, whatever they may suffer from the shafts of fortune or of malice, our motto should be *Toujours la meme*—(always the same.)

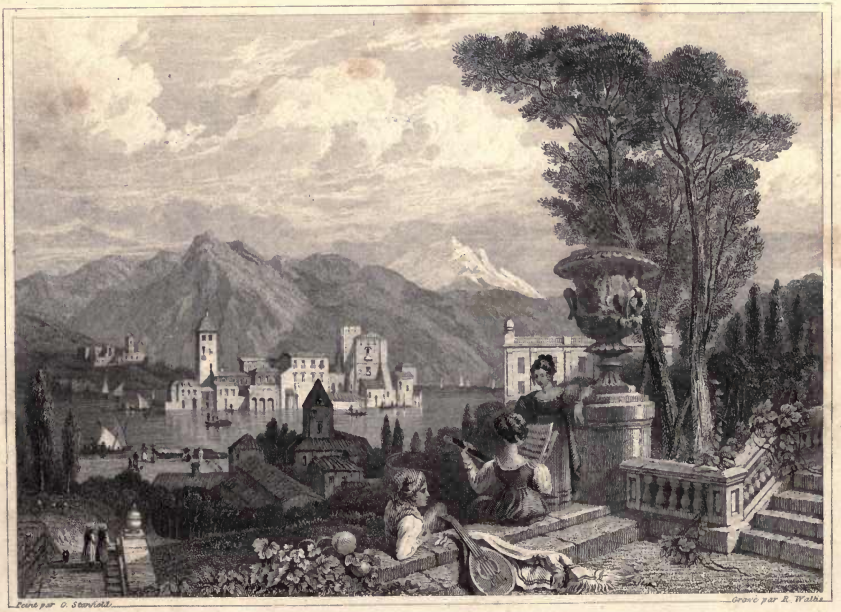
DEPORTMENT TOWARDS INFERIORS.

It is scarcely of less importance that a person should deport himself properly towards his inferiors, than it is that he do so towards his superiors. Indeed it is principally by our manner of treating and speaking to our dependants and inferiors, that our real dispositions are estimated by the judicious portion of society. Interest, a desire to conciliate, or a dread of offending, have unavoidably some influence in modelling our address and manner to those who rank above us; and there is, consequently, more of *reality* in our words and actions, when they refer to those whom we neither greatly fear to offend or desire to conciliate.

In this particular, as in every point of ethics, perfection lies in a golden mean. Familiarity and haughtiness must be equally avoided. The former, in addition to its being productive of many other ill effects, as infallibly as proverbially breeds contempt; the latter is most contemptible in itself, and will inevitably make an enemy in every servant, and inflict unhappiness upon every dependant. It was beautifully said by some author, that we ought to consider servants as "unfortunate friends;" by which is meant, not that we ought to encourage them to an undue familiarity, but that we ought not to render their situation unnecessarily irksome by a haughty bearing, insulting words, or capricious commands; but make their situation as happy as is consistent with servitude, and be as kind to them as is consistent with a proper observance of the difference of their and our rank. Not only is it our duty to act thus, but we shall, in reality, find it greatly to our interest to do so. A courteous tone and manner of asking any service, always secures a willing and effective compliance. Servants are always acquainted with other servants, and are, moreover, frequently changing their situations, and they never fail to make known the good or ill tempers of those with whom they live or have lived.

A truly good disposition is better appreciated by none than by servants; and thus, even on a merely selfish principle, our young readers will see the propriety of a kind deportment towards them. But there is a still more cogent reason why we should bear ourselves mildly towards our inferiors. Christianity commands us to do so. Our Saviour gave us a practical lesson of humility; and his words breathe the purest and most perfect benevolence.

We must again remark, however, that *a due mean* must be observed between a too great familiarity, and a chilling and insulting hauteur. For though we ought by no means to inflict needless pain upon those who administer to our ease and convenience; so, on the other hand, we ought carefully to avoid contracting the vulgarities of thought, speech, and manner, which are more or less inseparable from servitude.



LAKE OF COMO.

THE LAKE OF COMO.

The lake of Como, the Lacus Larius of the ancients, is upwards of thirty miles long, and between two and three miles broad. It is divided into two branches, one of which leads directly to the Town of Como, while the other, called the Lake of Lecco, discharges the Adda, and communicates, by means of that river and its canals, with Milan. The borders of the lake are lofty hills, covered with vines, chesnut, walnut, and almond trees, and enlivened with numerous villages. The temperature is mild, and not only the inhabitants of Milan, but numerous strangers, amongst whom are many English, retreat to the delightful villas with which the lake is surrounded. Like its neighbour the Benacus, the Lacus Larius is subject to tempests, which sometimes render its navigation dangerous.

In consequence of the lake being fed by the melting of the snow on the neighbouring mountains, the water is higher in summer than in winter.

On the eastern side of the lake is situated the Pliniana, a villa belonging to a Milanese nobleman, and supposed to be the site of one of Pliny's beautiful residences on the borders of the Lacus Larius. He has himself described the situation of two. "We are pretty much agreed, likewise, I find, in our situations; and as your buildings are carrying on upon the sea coast, mine are rising upon the site of the Larian Lake. I have several villas upon the borders of this lake, but there are two particularly in which I take most delight, so they give me most employment. They are both situated like those at Baiœ: one of them stands upon a rock, and has a prospect of the lake, the other actually touches it. The first, supported as it were by the lofty buskin, I call my tragic, the other as resting upon the humble rock, my comic villa. They have each their particular beauties, which recommend themselves to me so much the more, as they are of different kinds. The former commands a wider prospect of the lake: the latter enjoys a nearer view of it. This, by an easy bend, embraces a little bay; the promontory upon which the other stands forms two. Here you have a straight walk extending along the banks of the lake; there a spacious terrace that falls by a gentle descent towards it. The former does not feel the force of the waves; the latter breaks them: from that you see the fishing vessels below: from this you may fish for yourself, and throw your line from your chamber, and almost from your bed, as from a boat. It is the beauties, therefore, these agreeable villas possess that tempt me to add to them those which are wanting."

The resemblance of the Pliniana to either of these descriptions has been questioned by Mr. Eustace. Some writers have supposed that one of the villas which Pliny possessed, in the neighbourhood of Como, occupied this site; but, though he had many in the vicuity of the lake, he yet describes only his two favourite retreats, and the situation of the Pliniana corresponds with neither. The one was, it seems, on the very verge of the lake, almost rising out of the waters, and in this respect it resembled the Pliniana.

The attachment which Pliny felt for his Larian villas, and the longing desire which, amidst the bustle of Rome, he experienced to visi

those delightful retreats, are beautifully expressed in one of his letters to Caninius. "How is my friend employed? Is it in the pleasures of study or in those of the field? Or does he unite both, as he well may, on the banks of our favourite Larius? The fish in that noble lake will supply you with sport of that kind, as the surrounding woods will afford you game: while the solemnity of that sequestered scene will, at the same time, dispose your mind to contemplation.

Whether you are engaged with some only, or with each of these agreeable amusements, far be it that I should say I envy you, but I must confess I greatly regret that I cannot also partake of them,—a happiness I long for as earnestly as a man in a fever for drink to allay his thirst, or for baths and fountains to assuage his heat. But if it be not given to me to see a conclusion of these unpleasant occupations, shall I never at least break loose from them? Never, indeed, I much fear; for new affairs are daily rising, while the former still remain unfinished: such an endless train of business is continually pressing upon me and rivetting my chains still faster."—In a amall court at the back of the villa Pliniana rises the celebrated ebbing and flowing spring, which has been described by both the elder and younger Pliny. It rises from the rock about twenty feet from the level of the lake, into which, after passing through the under story of the villa, it pours itself. The following description of it, from the letters of the younger Pliny, is inscribed in Latin and Italian upon the walls of the villa: "There is a spring which rises in the neighbouring mountain, and, running among the rocks, is received into a little banqueting room, from whence after the force of its current is a little restrained, it falls into the Larian lake.

The nature of this spring is extremely surprising: it ebbs and flows regularly three times a day. The increase and decrease are plainly visible, and very amusing to observe. You set down by the side of the fountain, and while you are taking a repast, and drinking its water, which is extremely cool, you see it gradually rise and fall. If you place a ring or any thing else at the bottom when it is dry, the stream reaches it by degrees, till it is entirely covered, and then gently retires: and if you wait you may see it thus alternately advance and recede three successive times." The rising and falling of the water is said to be affected by the direction and force of the wind, and at the present day the fountain presents the same phenomena described by Pliny. Similar springs exist, in different parts of England. On the borders of the Lake of Como is situated the villa occupied by the late Queen, of which the following short description is given by Mr. Caddell in his journey through Carniola, Italy and France;—"To see the lake we proceed in a boat. Two miles and a half up, and near the waters edge, on the west bank of the lake is a villa belonging to the Princess of Wales, bought from General Pino, and now (1818) for sale.

The house presents a front of considerable size. The ground attached to the villa is of small extent. A road has been made, at the expense of the Princess, along the slde of the lake, from the village of Como."

W. J. Sears, Printer, 44, Paternoster Row.